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MURILLO.

BY T. D. I.

"Who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men—
The power of thought, the magic of the mind."

"What taste, what execution these Italians have! See you this exquisite landscape? are not the lights and shades truly beautiful? those Alpine, snow-capped heights; and that lovely village, blossoming in beauty at their base! Ah, it is a gem, indeed! Velasquez can show us nothing like this, proud of him as we are."

"That is just like you, Sebastiano; always making unfavourable comparisons between us and our soft neighbours of Italy. Velasquez, I admit, can show us nothing like this picture of still life you admire so much; but it is because his strong expression, his freedom of pencil, forbid the delicate touches which make the beauty of this landscape; but compare his figures with those in most of these paintings—take, for instance his 'Brothers of Joseph,' (you have seen it, I know)—and contrast them in your mind's eye with this bandit group. Why these are but shadows of men—the outline of the figure, and the common features of humanity, but disproportioned and wanting vitality—they are but painted semblances; while those of Velasquez are starting from the canvas, seemingly full of robust life. Give me Velasquez, the painter of nature."

"Ah, but see the variety of this Pedro de Mayo! this vase of flowers—that fruit—that lovely St. Cecilia; no wonder she draws those angel faces down to listen and to look at her—that group of children, with their roguish eyes, almost talking of the mischief they are bent on; and yet his name is one almost unknown. If these are the works of an artist, whose fame has never yet been wasted to us, what think you must be the productions of a Raphael, a Caracci, or a Correggio? and even you must acknowledge that Velasquez owes much of his fame to the study of the Italian artists. Had he not caught

the striking beauties of Caravaggio's style, he would never have excelled as he now does."

"I know he acknowledges his obligations to that master as his model; but, believe me, wherever Velasquez had been placed, he would have created for himself a school, and I doubt not his own genius would have led him to the bold and striking style of Caravaggio; and had he never gone to Italy, he would have been an originator rather than an imitator."

"Well, well, De Silva, we shall not agree as to the merits of our favourites, so let us enjoy and criticise, without comparing. See you, my beautiful ideal of a picture there, has a worshipper ardent enough, if one may judge from his manner, to satisfy even the cravings of genius for admiration."

De Silva turned, and saw a youth gazing upon the landscape which had so pleased his companion. He was tall and slight; his long black hair fell in masses about a face full of genius and expression; his dark grey eyes were absolutely luminous with the intensity of the gaze he riveted on the painting; he seemed unconscious of all about him; and at times would clasp his hands towards the picture, as if longing to press it to his heart. The two young Spanish nobles passed round the room which contained the collection—a rare one indeed to be seen in Spain, for seldom had the works of the Italian artists found their way across the blue Mediterranean. And here were not only those of Pedro de Mayo, but many others of exquisite beauty, which his taste had led him to purchase. Throughout the day the room was crowded with visitants, led thither more by the excitement of seeing something new, in the dull city of Seville, than by a true taste for the beautiful art. They came and went, the sitting throng, and each new group found an object of

interest, not only in the paintings, but in the stripling youth, who lingered, unheeding the bustle of the changeful crowd. The day passed on—morning deepened into noon—the broad day faded into twilight—still he was there, apparently feeling no earthly want; he had not tasted food since morning; but his eyes burned brighter—the expression of his face had become more elevated, and his step loftier, as if with conscious inspiration. As the last rays of the twilight threw their farewell gleams on the paintings, De Mayo entered the room, to see that all was safe ere it was closed for the night. He started, as he perceived the youth kneeling before the picture of the Virgin. He had entered unperceived, and as he drew close to him, he heard the half-murmured aspiration which fell from his lips. Gently laying his hand upon his shoulder, he said:

"You are a true Catholic, my lad; but now you must seek the church for your vespers; and there the Holy Mother will not refuse to listen to the prayers of so humble a worshipper."

The young man sprang from his kneeling posture. "Alas! alas!" he said, "I am a sinner; I fear it is not the Holy Virgin to whom my heart offered its devotion, but the genius which could so portray the ineffable spirit which filled the blessed Mother of our Lord. He must have been indeed inspired!"

"Well may you say so, and a good judge must I acknowledge you. This is one of the Madonnas of Coreggio, the early lost and long deplored. He was summoned from his earthly task, but perhaps only to exchange the implements of his studio here, for immortal canvas and a pencil of light, with which to paint the seraph throng that surround the throne of Heaven. Would that in his upward flight he had dropped his mantle upon some of his longing admirers. But he did not; none are like him; his Madonnas, are and always will be, unrivalled; this one I value as a priceless treasure, which no money could purchase of me. But you love painting, I see—are an enthusiast in it—have you ever tried it?"

"Yes, I have painted. My friends have praised my work, and I fancied I was a genius; but now, now I feel I am nothing; that the poor things I so proudly laboured on, are but mere daubs."

"This is not the right effect of viewing such a collection as this; it should rather stimulate you to exertion, and prove to you what you can do. You must not imagine these exquisite paintings to have been the first work, or even the early work of any artist; much labour, daily, yearly toil, was lavished in acquiring the skill and finish, which have rendered perfect these productions. If you

could compare the early efforts of these masters with those of their later days, you would gain hope rather than discouragement from the study. Your enthusiasm interests me; tell me your name—perhaps I can aid you—my experience at least can teach you the best mode of improving your hours."

"My name," said the youth, proudly, "shall never be known, unless it is written in undying characters—the colours of the canvas shall speak it—the conceptions of my pencil shall breathe it. Those who look upon them shall say it is *his* work, or I will go down to a nameless grave. No one shall point the finger of scorn at my name, and say, 'he aimed at that which he never could attain.' But I thank you for your interest. Farewell!"

He turned to leave the apartment. De Mayo followed him—locked the door—and, descending the stairs, they soon stood in the narrow street.

"Success to your efforts, young man," said De Mayo, kindly grasping his hand. "I will only give you one word advice. Go to Italy; there you can inhale the very spirit of painting. It is the home of the fine arts; and there are collected all the most approved models; there you can study Vandyke, and his style I would recommend before all others. Ah! he is the master genius! It has been my aim to copy him; and I am repaid for all my toil, when I hear any one say of my pictures, 'It is a Vandyke.' His glorious colouring, his graceful delineation, are unrivalled. To my taste, even the softer graces of Coreggio fade before the masterly productions of the Flemish painter. But the evening wanes. I shall hope to see you in my saloon again. Mutual enthusiasm should make us friends."

They parted; De Mayo, to join a gay throng in one of the lordly palaces, to which his talents had gained him the *entrée*; whilst the young man threaded his way through lonely streets, with feverish haste, till he came to a poor, though neat looking house on the outskirts of the town. He gently raised the latch of the door, entered, and passed up the steep staircase, without pausing to listen to the sounds of mirth, the merry laugh, the tinkling of the guitar, and the light fall of dancing feet, which came from the lower room. He paused not till he came to a door at the upper story of the house. He took a key from his bosom, unlocked it, and entered. It was dark; but he had the means of striking a light, and in a few moments the glimmering of a taper showed a small and desolate apartment, the walls of which were covered with sundry paintings of various designs, imperfect in their execution, but sketched with much truth to nature, and possessing remarkable sweetness of colouring. With

the aid of his taper, the young artist looked long and earnestly at the paintings, as if comparing them in his mind with those he had been gazing on during the day; but he soon turned from them with a heavy sigh, and an expression of despair; and, opening a desk, he took from it a purse, and, sitting down by a table, poured forth its contents. Few and small they were; and, as he counted them one by one, they scarce numbered a doubloon. He pushed the coin from him: "Fool that I am," murmured he; "I thought I might find enough of my hoarded savings left to carry me to Italy. Vain hope!" Leaning his head upon his hands, his own excited feelings found vent in a passionate burst of tears. The door of his room opened; but he heeded it not; a lovely girl looked timidly in. Seeing the young man in such an attitude of grief, she sprang forward—knelt by his side—laid her hand gently upon his shoulder, and said:

"Ah, Esteban! why is this? what troubles you? tell me the cause of your grief? Cheer up; or you will make me sad too, and on this night, when we should be so happy!"

At first, Esteban, as she had called him, seemed inclined to repulse the fair girl; but her gentle accents soothed the tempest of his spirit, and checked his convulsive sobs. He took her hand, and, pressing it to his lips, said:

"Ah, Petrilla! you are ever my guardian angel, and yet you are the cause of my grief. I weep that I shall never be worthy of you. I have learnt today that I am no artist—that what you have so loved to praise are mere daubs—and that I can never deserve the glorious name of painter; for even if I have any talent within me, it can never be perfected."

"Why, why is this, cousin dear?" said the girl. "Does not every one praise your works? do they not all say you will soon rival Velasquez? Did not even Father Muratori say your Madonna was just like our Mother of Grace, and could not fail to please her, and draw down her blessing?"

"Tush! tush! it was thy sweet face I copied, that the good father praised, and not the careless daubing. I can never, never excel, unless I go to Italy, and study there under some of her divine artists."

"Go to Italy!" echoed Petrilla, her large eyes dilating with surprise. "And would'st thou leave us, Esteban, to go to that far-off land, where robbers and bandits dwell? Ah! be content with the reward you meet here. Whose colours are so eagerly sought as yours? Do they not cross the broad sea, with every sailing squadron? do they not float proudly in those golden hunds? our returning sailors tell us of it; has not even the royal governor of Cuba ordered some from

you? and why will not this satisfy you, even though it is not the highest branch of the art?"

"Ah, Petrilla! you cannot read or understand my feelings. I have been lauded by my friends, and told I had genius and power; my productions, my flags, and colours, have been eagerly sought for, and I have nourished the hope of one day standing on the same proud eminence with Velasquez; but I knew not what it was I desired. Today I have studied, till my brain is on fire with envy and the spirit of emulation, the works of Pedro de Mayo, and other Italian artists—I burn to be like them, or die! I have, heretofore, desecrated the divine art, and I feel humbled and subdued. Methinks I see them all—those noble men—looking with anger and disgust upon me—Coreggio turns his gentle eyes away from me—Vandyke glares fiercely at me—and Caravaggio threatens, with uplifted hand, to punish me for my daring aspirations. Spare me! spare me!" he said, his overwrought feelings conjuring up the phantoms his imagination had suggested. "Look not so upon me, and I will never, never more strive to imitate you!"

Petrilla attempted to soothe him, but in vain; and, fearing his brain was really affected, she turned to leave the room for assistance; but the action recalled his wandering thoughts.

"Ah, leave me not, Petrilla! and forgive me for thus distressing you. I am very weak, and very foolish; but I believe I am faint with hunger. If you can give me a glass of wine and a crust of bread, I shall better control myself."

It was in truth what he wanted—the long day he had not eaten any thing—and the excitement he had been under had exhausted him. Petrilla sped forth with light foot, and soon returned with a jug of wine, some bread, and a cluster of delicious Malaga grapes. Esteban eat and drank with the avidity of a starving man, and his manner became more calm and collected.

"I have lived years in this one day, dearest," he said; "years of suffering, years of experience. I went into that picture gallery a boy; I left it a man."

"We will not talk any more of this now, Esteban; leave these thoughts till tomorrow. You are refreshed now, and we will join the party below. Have you forgotten that this is my birth-night, and that all our family are collected to celebrate it? you alone, the absent one, and they wonder at your seeming neglect. I was listening for you, when I heard you open the door; and, as you did not come in, I ventured up stairs to remind you of the occasion on which we were met, little dreaming to find you, who had anticipated so much from this evening, so sad; but we will think no more of it now. Come, come."

Esteban, though reluctant to give up the luxury of indulging his own excited feelings, could not refuse his cousin. As she took his hand to lead him from his room, he with an effort shook off the weight that oppressed him :

"Yes, I will go with you ; I can refuse you nothing. Tomorrow will be time enough to mature some plan for future improvement."

They joined the gay circle below, where Esteban was welcomed with a shout of delight, and many questions asked as to his tardy appearance. The evening passed away most merrily—the wild fandango, the light coquetish bolero, the guitar, the song, occupying every moment, till the striking of the great clock at midnight warned the party to retire.

As soon as the festive group was broken up, and Esteban had printed a good night kiss on the fair hand of Petrilla, he sought his own room, but not to sleep ; plan after plan was formed, and then rejected. The last words of De Mayo had made a great impression upon him, and he thought it was only by going to Italy, he could obtain the necessary instruction in the art, and by studying the most perfect models, learn to imitate them. But how could he obtain the means for so expensive a journey ? A thought, which soon became a hope, floated through his mind. His little sketches had been most popular among his own circle—had been even prized by Father Muratari—perhaps he could sell enough to enable him to carry out his darling project. This plan seemed more feasible than any other that had presented itself ; and full of hope, no sooner had the day dawned, and the tread of feet been heard in the streets, than he sallied forth with the small sum he owned—purchased with it a large piece of canvas—hurried home, and, with the eager trembling hand of excitement, divided it into different sized squares, and seated himself, with his pallet and brush, at his work.

Most rapidly did the beautiful sketches grow beneath his touch ; now an exquisite landscape—the spreading cork tree—the silvery Guadiana winding through its verdant banks—the village chapel—the picturesque peasant—the fleecy clouds—all combined with that sweetness of colouring and harmony of detail, which, when perfected in after life, placed him at the head of the Spanish school of art. Exquisite bunches of flowers, too, sprang blushing with their beautiful tints, upon the coarse canvas. Petrilla brought him, day by day, bouquets from her own garden : the delicate jessamine, the graceful fuschia, the bright-hued carnation, with the fragrant orange, and living myrtle ; and she watched to see them grow beneath the young artist's pencil, almost as eagerly as she had for their first bloom in the sunny nook

of her own parterre. A month thus passed on, Esteban scarcely leaving his room till evening came ; and then, when he could no longer see to distinguish the colours, or sketch the outline, he would wander forth, his guitar carelessly slung upon his shoulder, and seek rest and refreshment by sauntering on the banks of the Guadalquivir, with Petrilla ; the connexion between the two families allowing him much more familiar intercourse with his pretty cousin than was usual between the sexes, even among the lower classes of the country.

All the canvas was soon filled, but the two largest squares, and it was quite a subject of wonder and speculation to Petrilla, what Esteban designed to fill these with ; but some evasive reply was always given to her questionings. One day when she went, as usual, to watch his progress, she found his door fastened, and no answer was returned to her pleadings for admittance. Day after day she came again and again, but without being able to obtain an entrance. All at once, too, Esteban's evening visits were discontinued. She wearied herself with vain conjectures ; but she was too proud to complain ; her heavy step and languid eye were the only murmurs. What would have been the effect of this neglect upon her sensitive nature, if long continued, it is impossible to say ; but one evening, after a fortnight had elapsed, she was walking alone in her quiet garden, recalling the happy days when her cousin was ever by her side, when she heard a light step behind her—an arm was thrown around her waist—and the voice of Esteban sounded joyously in her ear.

"Ah, cousin mine !" he said, "sad truant that you are ; why have I not seen you ? indeed you have deserted me of late."

She looked up in surprise at this speech, and would have uttered the reproaches and complaints which her heart had been dictating only a moment before ; but the peculiarly happy expression of Esteban's face, the beaming smile, so full of love, and the soul's first affections, with which he was gazing upon her, produced such a revulsion of feeling, that, bursting into tears, she laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept away the grief which had for so many days embittered her cup. She looked down to weep—she looked up to smile—and in an instant all was forgotten. She did not even remember to question the truant as to where he had been, and why he had so neglected her.

"Come, dearest," he said, "arrange your mantilla, and come home with me ; I have become possessor of a treasure, and I cannot enjoy it till you share it with me."

With graceful hand she folded the mantilla over

her head, and it fell so as to shade, nay almost conceal, the sweet face, which the excitement of the moment, and the sudden rise of her spirits, made more lovely than ever; then they passed out of the garden, and loitered their way through the narrow streets, beguiling the time with the converse of young and loving hearts. They arrived sooner than they could have thought possible, at the crazy mansion of Esteban's father. They paused but to look in at the old couple, who were smoking together at the open window, a picture of happy content; then they passed up the dilapidated stairs, and entered Esteban's studio. It was too dark for Petrilla to distinguish any thing, but a large object upon the table. Esteban, playfully blinding her eyes with her mantilla, bade her not look till he gave her permission. He then lighted half-a-dozen lamps, which were placed on the table, and displayed a beautiful painting. With an artist's eye, he arranged the lights so as to give the best possible effect to the picture; then, unbinding Petrilla's eyes, he watched earnestly the effect it produced upon her. She looked up, and then sprang forward, with a cry of surprise, for she beheld a second self—she could not mistake it: there she was—the basket of tempting fruit upon her arm—the very same oranges and grapes she had carried to the market—that apron-full of bouquets, which she had tied and arranged herself, and which many a dark-eyed cavalier had purchased, to drop at his lady's feet, or throw into her latticed window—and the face, too, it looked just as she had felt: so shy, and yet so anxious to sell her fruit and flowers. Her artless expressions were sufficient to satisfy her cousin of the success of his work; and as he compared it with the living reality, which stood glowing by his side, he had no reason to doubt his ultimate success. This, then, explained the mystery why the door had been closed against her, and her cousin had so avoided meeting her; he dared not trust himself with her, lest her questionings should extract his secret, and he should lose the pleasure of surprising her.

He now required her aid to complete his pictures; one more remained to be painted, and he wished her to sit to him for it. He had been much struck with the beauty of a little scene which occurred just before the fever of painting had seized him. One most lovely moonlight night he had, guitar in hand, placed himself under Petrilla's window, and was pouring forth his lover's feelings, in a sweet low song. She had come to the balcony, and, leaning on her arm, was listening and replying to the melody, her mantilla just thrown over her white night drapery. The whole night might have been

passed in this way, but for the appearance of a third actor in the scene. Petrilla's mother, having lost much of the romance of her early youth, found it rather wearisome to be kept awake by the murmur of voices and the tinkling of the guitar, and finding there was no prospect of a close to the entertainment, suddenly, with a duenna-like step, presented herself behind Petrilla, and requested the young man to cease his serenade; her round full face, surmounted with its snowy cap, was fully revealed by the bright rays of the moon; and the contrast of the two females—the exquisite richness of the whole scene—had so impressed itself upon Esteban's mind, that he had longed to transfer it to the canvas. But he wished Petrilla to sit to him in the same sweet careless attitude, which had been the chief charm of the scene; and the old mother, too, he must see her once more in her "bonnet de nuit." In both of these things Petrilla promised him her aid; and in another three weeks the picture was completed. It is still preserved; and many a one who has visited Gibraltar has paid the earnest tribute of admiration to the almost living semblance of the lovely young Spanish girl, and her artist lover, which smiles upon him from the walls of one the stately mansions of the rock-bound fortress.

Now came the disposal of the various paintings, and, much to Esteban's surprise, he found not the least difficulty in selling them. He stationed himself at the corner of the great church of Seville, with his pictures spread upon a table beside him. Their beauty soon attracted a crowd, and in a few days he found himself with a full purse and an empty table; all his pictures gone, but the exquisite one of the young fruit girl, for which he had been offered a good price, but he would not part with this. It was too dear to him, as a perfect resemblance of his beloved cousin; and he wished also to keep it as a fair specimen of his style of painting. Animated by the success he met with, his hopes rose, and it was with a buoyant heart, and a joyous spirit, he arranged the few essentials to his limited toilette, his paints and picture, and, without one word of farewell or explanation to his friends, left them, with the design of visiting Italy.

CHAPTER II.

"To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or, crushed in its ruins, to die."

In a few days our young traveller stood at the door of one of the beautiful houses, which bordered the magnificent *prado* of Madrid. With trembling hand he raised the small silver knocker, and his heart beat quick, as a liveried lacquey answered the summons.

"Is Don Diego Velasquez de Silva within?"

"He is, but much engaged; I doubt if he can see you."

"Will you give him this roll, and say one craves admission for his counsel and advice?"

The young artist placed in his hand the picture he had painted of Petrilla, as the young flower girl. He thought it would best explain his hopes, and from Velasquez's opinion upon it, he could judge of his future success.

In a few moments the man returned, and, requesting Esteban to follow, led the way through a vestibule and superb saloon, such as he had never before seen, into a circular hall, where sat a man, in the prime of life, before an easel, on which was extended a large painting. His brush and pallet, spread with glowing colours, in that kind of confusion which only an artist's eye could distinguish and blend, were in one hand, and in the other he held the roll which had just been sent up to him. He himself formed a beautiful "tableau vivant," surrounded as he was by the creations of his own pencil, which have made him famous throughout the world, and the glory and admiration of his country. His artist-like face was shaded by a purple velvet cap, and a dressing-gown of the same hue was wrapped loosely around him. He seemed the fit creator of the almost breathing figures that looked upon him from their gilded frames. The life-like aquaduc, or water-carrier, which is now honoured by a conspicuous place in the palace at Madrid; the self-condemning brothers of Joseph, waiting their fiat of life or death, as the fearful truth dawns upon them, that they are in the power of their deeply-injured brother; the patient Job, bending in lowly submission to the will of his chastening Father; the infant Moses, in his dripping cradle, just taken from among the rushes; while the pining daughter of the hard-hearted Pharaoh, bends over him, with love and compassion in her melting eye; and, though last, not least in the glorious catalogue, the magnificent painting of the expulsion of the Moors, by Philip III., which had so delighted the king that he had honoured Velasquez with a command to paint himself and the royal family, and this was the picture on which he was now engaged, and which, when completed, won for him a patent of nobility.

As Esteban was ushered into the studio of the artist of Spain, he was more subdued than if led into the presence of royalty itself. He idolized the genius of painting, and he felt as if about to look upon its impersonation. He stood at the door, scarcely daring to enter, his mind so confused by the dazzling images which filled it, that he hardly perceived Velasquez himself; but

he, seeing the young man's embarrassment, rose, took him kindly by the hand, and, by the gentleness of his address, soon reassured him.

"Is this your work, young friend?" he said, as he opened the picture of Petrilla.

"It is, it is," said Esteban; "but it shames me, as now I look upon the speaking canvas about me, that I have dared to intrude upon you with it. I never realize my own weakness till I see the strength of others. Pardon me, I will disturb you no longer."

"Why is this, young man? You do not do yourself justice. Be assured that at your age I could never have produced any thing like this; and, though time, constant practice, and study, have given me more power, expression, and freedom of pencil, yet I have never attained the sweetness of colouring which distinguishes this picture, and which is more in the Coreggio style than any I have ever seen."

"Can I believe you? Is it truly so?" said Esteban, looking up as imploringly in the face of Velasquez, as if he held the fiat of life. "Is this your judgment? I cannot live without it! My life and soul are bound up in this divine art; and yet I would not strive, to be a nameless painter—to be lost among the thousands, whose names are never heard beyond the few, who become the unfortunate possessors of their pictures; but if I could paint a name, that should reverberate like that of Velasquez, from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules, while its echo reaches the glorious artist cities of Italy, then life would be a boon I could not be too grateful for, and every hour should be consecrated to the one great aim: Coreggio! Coreggio! Can you in truth say this rude sketch bears any of the marks of that great artist. The Holy Virgin bless you for the word!"

"Yes, my young friend, I can with truth encourage you. Fear not. With trustful boldness take the pencil, and this burning enthusiasm will soon carry you to the summit you desire. Your name shall be placed by the side of Caracci, and the gifted masters of the Italian school. But I would know your name, where you are from, and whither you are now going?"

The young man hesitated a few moments, then replied:

"My friends call me Esteban, and, though the hidalgo blood flows in my veins, I am the son of poor parents, and the noble's cloak covers naked shoulders; yet let me, but be successful in my art, and the wealth my pencil earns shall restore us to our rank. I left Seville without the knowledge of my family, determined to find my way to Italy; but first I wished to see Don Velasquez, that I might say I had seen the pride of Spain."

"Have you the means to defray your expenses, and to live comfortably when you arrive in Italy? The skies of Italy are clear, and its airs balmy, but you must have shelter; the vine and the olive yield abundantly, but the seeds are needed, wherewith to purchase them, and the poor artist, without friends and without money, can have but little chance for improving in the divine art. The soft Madonnas of Coreggio, the bold and striking saints of Caravaggio, or the lovely Fornarini of Raphael, cannot feed and clothe you; and the enthusiasm which is now your support, will soon become extinct, when you find yourself subjected to the gripping hand of want. If you cannot go in ease and comfort, I would advise you not to leave your own country."

"It would be but a present sacrifice to me. I should reap enough benefit from the study of the creations of such minds as Michael Angelo, Guido, and Poussin, to atone for all the physical suffering and deprivations I might be called upon to endure."

"No, no, my young friend; besides I doubt it being so much benefit to you, at present, as you seem to imagine. I have tried it; and there has been many a one ready to say, if Velasquez had remained at home, and preserved his own manner, he would have ranked far higher than now, when he is only a copyist of Caravaggio. I was young, as you are, when I visited Italy. My judgment was not ripened, and I could not distinguish between the merits of the different artists. I passed by the exquisite chiar oscuro of Coreggio, the loftiness of Caracci, the grandeur of Michael Angelo, the breathing dignity of Raphael, the exquisite tint of Guido, and became fascinated with the showy and striking style of Caravaggio. His freedom charmed me—his glowing colours, dashed on with a reckless hand, and yet combining into a striking whole, blinded me to the imperfections of his design, and the want of harmony, which prevented his easy transition, from the bright colours to the half tints, and I became an enthusiastic admirer of his style. I studied it till I made it my own; and in that way, lost that individuality which might otherwise have distinguished me. To avoid this fault, I would advise you not to visit Italy till your own style is formed, and your judgment matured; then you can gain a little good from all, without becoming imbued with the imperfections of any of the schools. If you are willing to give up this Italian journey, I should like to have you remain with me. I think I can get you employment, which will place you above want, and enable you to cultivate your own powers."

With a thankful heart the young artist ac-

cepted the kind offer of Velasquez, whose noble nature, untinged with any of the jealousy that disgraced many of his brother artists, cared not that he was assisting to form one who might rival, and divide with him the homage of Spain. By the recommendation of Velasquez, Esteban was employed to paint several rooms in the Escorial; and the grace of his designs, their truthfulness to nature, and harmony of colouring, soon made him known and sought. By the king's command he painted a number of pictures for the palace at Madrid, and his fame soon spread over the city. He was known at first only as Esteban, the poor youth from Seville. When his fame reached that city, the Sevillians wondered who he was, this youth with name unknown, who acknowledged his birth place to be their own loved city, but who seemed to have no kin among them. But ere long he was recognized, by an old acquaintance, who found him painting the walls of the palace, as the son of old Murillo, the water-carrier; and then his parents' hearts were made glad by the tidings of their child's success. They had mourned him as dead, from the time of his mysterious disappearance.

In six years he returned, honoured and happy, to Seville. How he sped in his roving—what success crowned his art—and his untimely death, in the very meridian of his glory, caused by a fall from a scaffolding, on which he was standing to paint the celebrated picture of St. Catherine, for the grand altar of the Capuchins—behold! are they not written in the Chronicles of Spain?

Murillo's style of painting was very varied. To the greatest merit, as an historical painter, he added equal excellence in flowers and landscapes. As a colourist, he was second only to Vandyke; and though sweetness and harmony of colouring was his distinguished trait, he preserved with it strength of outline and freedom of touch. He was faithful to nature; and he delighted to portray the young in their innocent enjoyments: flower girls, just budding into beauty like their own fragrant burthens; tatterdemalson boys, with their roguish eyes and olive skins, "in all imaginable attitudes, joyous in their rags, eating the fruits of their own sunny climate, or sporting together in the happy carelessness of childhood. The arch expression he gave to such subjects renders them chef-d'œuvres of art. His works afford proofs of the excellence of the Spanish school; for, as he never quitted his native country, he could not have been influenced by any foreign style; and he may well be ranked with the master geniuses, who have made Italy the home of the arts, and painted her name and their own in undying characters, in the cartoons

and the altar-pieces, the gems of the Vatican,
and the ornaments of the galleries, which still
draw the homage and admiration of all to the
now humbled and prostrate mistress of the world,
who, though bowed in the dust, points with up-
raised finger to those magnificent creations of her
children, and breathes forth:

"Honour me for what I have been."

DREAM.

BY C. F. H.

YOUNG Lesbia slept. Her glowing cheek
Was on her polished arm reposing,
And slumber closed those fatal eyes,
Which kept so many eyes from closing.

For even Cupid, when fatigued
Of playing with his bow and arrows,
Will harmless furl his weary wings,
And nestle with his mother's sparrows.

Young Lesbia slept—and visions gay
Before her dreaming soul were glancing,
Like sights that in the moon-beams show,
When fairies on the green are dancing.

And first, amid a joyous throng,
She seemed to move in festive measure,
With many a courtly worshipper,
That waited on her queenly pleasure.

And then—by one of those strange turns,
That witch the mind so when we're dreaming—
She was a planet in the sky,
And they were stars around her beaming.

Yet hardly had that lovely light,
(To which one cannot here help kneeling),
Its radiance in the vault above
Been for a few short hours revealing.

When, like a blossom from the bough,
By some remorseless whirlwind riven,
Swiftly upon its lurid path,
'Twas back to earth like lightning driven.

Yet brightly still, though coldly, there
Those other stars were calmly shining,
As if they did not miss the rays
That were but now with their own twining.

And half with pique, and half with pain,
To be from that gay chorus parting,
Young Lesbia from her dream awoke,
With swelling heart and tear-drop starting.

INTERPRETATION.

Had she but thought of those below,
Who thus were left with breasts benighted,
Till heav'n dismissed that star to earth,
By which alone our hearts are lighted—

Or, had she recollected, when
Each virtue from the world departed,
How hope, the dearest, came again,
And staid to cheer the lonely hearted.

Sweet Lesbia could not thus have grieved,
From that cold dazzling throng to sever,
And yield her warm young heart again,
To those that prize its worth for ever.

LINES

WRITTEN AMIDST THE RUINS OF A CHURCH:

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"What hast thou seen in the olden time,
Dark ruin, lone and gray?"
"Full many a race from thy native clime,
And the bright earth, pass away.
The organ has pealed in those roofless aisles,
And priests have knelt to pray
At the altar, where now the daisy smiles
O'er their silent beds of clay.

"I've seen the strong man a wailing child,
By his mother offered here;
I've seen him a warrior fierce and wild;
I've seen him on his bier,
His warlike harness beside him laid
In the silent earth to rust;
His plumed helm and trusty blade
To moulder into dust!"

"I've seen the stern reformer scorn
The things once deemed divine,
And the bigot's zeal with gems adorn
The altar's sacred shrine.
I've seen the silken banners wave
Where now the ivy clings,
And the sculptured stone adorn the grave
Of mitred priests and kings.

"I've seen the youth in his tameless glee,
And the hoary locks of age,
Together bend the pious knee,
To read the sacred page;
I've seen the maid with her sunny brow
To the silent dust go down,
The soil-bound slave forget his woe,
The king resign his crown.

"Ages have fled—and I have seen
The young—the fair—the gay—
Forgot as if they ne'er had been,
Though worshipped in their day:
And school-boys here their revels kept,
And sprang from grave to grave,
Unconscious that beneath them slept
The noble and the brave.

"Here thousands find a resting place
Who bent before this shrine;
Their dust is here—their name and race,
Oblivion, now are thine!
The prince—the peer—the peasant sleeps
Alike beneath the sod;
Time o'er their dust short record keeps,
Forgotten, save by God!"

"I've seen the face of nature change,
And where the wild waves bent.
The eye delightfully might range
O'er many a goodly seat;
But hill, and dale, and forest fair,
Are whelmed beneath the tile.
They slumber here—who could declare
Who owned those mansions wide!

"All thou hast felt—these sleepers knew;
For human hearts are still
In every age to nature true,
And swayed by good or ill:
By passion ruled and born to woe,
Unceasing tears they shed;
But thou must sleep, like them, to know
The secrets of the dead!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

BY A VISITOR.

A RAINY DAY.

FINE, clear, sunny weather, is the most delightful thing in nature. It is the elixir of life—a sovereign cordial for low spirits, ennui, and a thousand ills the spirit as well as the flesh is heir to.

During the first three weeks of my sojourn at the Caledonia Springs, day succeeded day with cloudless splendour. More than once in that period, it is true, our slumbers were broken by the war of elements—heaven's own artillery—reverberating through the woods, succeeded by rain, falling fast and heavy, like tears of contrition for the late violence. The mornings succeeding these nocturnal conflicts invariably beamed with renovated beauty. The refreshing influence of a purified atmosphere, extending itself through all creation, from the lowest stem to the towering tree, through every gradation of flower and shrub, bud and blossom, up to Nature's elaborate and perfect work—the beaming eyes and blooming looks of the many fair ladies that graced this pleasant retreat. Yes, three weeks passed as agreeably as cloudless skies, gay company, and improving health, could render time. But, alas! for all sublunary enjoyments! where, oh, where, is there perpetual sunshine! The few feathery clouds, that for some days floated, like graceful drapery, over the clear azure, became at length condensed and murky—the sun's bright rays were veiled, and rain set in, not with the impetuous fury that soon expends its power, but coldly and calm, commencing with a drizzling mist, and gradually increasing to an incessant rain. Engaged in the various occupations that home affords—in this hemisphere, at least, where want of useful employment is not amongst the evils complained of, these changes of the elements are little regarded—we conform with unrepining facility to their arbitrary decrees; but when we have relinquished employment in search of pleasures, and thrown ourselves upon extraneous resources for mental food and employment, we then watch, with an anxious eye, the workings of those powerful and invisible agents of upper air, that for the time hold our destinies in control. If, for instance, a gay party, enjoying the refreshing coolness of a twilight walk, proposed an excursion for the following day, by water, to the Bluffs—by land, to Point Fortune, Caledonia village, or any of the hundred places to which they might betake themselves—all eyes instinc-

tively turned to the firmament, to read in its present loveliness the promise of a cloudless morning—and all attention was paid to the gentle rustling of the leaves, to learn in what direction that restless and willful agitator, Eolus, was then wending his course, that we might be sure easterly vapours did not compose his train. Such speculations were now suspended—rain had declared hostilities to out-a-door amusements; but fortunately, unlike the improvident husbandman, we had resources within. We were there, brothers and sisters, an inconsiderable portion—if looking to the aggregate number of the sons and daughters of Adam—but a very large collection, if simply considering the space in which we were assembled. Thrown together from almost all parts of the globe, if not bound by traceable consanguinity, at least, the harmony of our little community was maintained by the exercise of those social and beneficent qualities we inherit from our common ancestors.

The anticipation of evil is ever worse than the reality. Every one entertained a horror of rainy weather; yet the morning passed most agreeably. It possessed for us the charm of novelty—the novelty of repose. Yes, in that sylvan retreat—in the heart of a North American forest—there was so much of bustle, life, and excitement attendant on incessant change—the departure and arrival of visitors—the constant introduction of new faces, new fashions, and new amusements—that I at least rejoiced the elements forced us to assume, for a few hours, the tranquil and staid habits of country life. The eye was not, as on those bright days past, allured from the moral page to gaze upon groups, passing and repassing in quick succession—or on parties, in merry mood, setting out for the new Spring; neither were the infirm or sedate matrons attracted, by the prancing and neighing of horses, to the verandah, to behold the departure of some fair equestrians, with their attendant cavaliers, each alike ready to display, to timid minds and to admiring eyes, the skill and grace with which they managed their high-mettled steeds. The whizzing sound of the railroad cars was mute: oftentimes it told me, plainly as vision could, that whilst I supinely passed my mornings in inglorious ease, adventurous dames and demoiselles, envious of fame, were pushing to the goal. The nine-pin alley was at peace—the rattling pins—the merry peals of laughter,

announcing victory and defeat—burst not on the ear; but then the billiard-room was crowded—the newspapers and periodicals, profuse as was the supply, were nearly all engaged—every one found amusements suited to their tastes.

Some dozens, remembering the claims of friendship neglected for the pleasures of preceding days, devoted the morning to writing. Several ladies had recourse to needlework; and two very gifted persons employed their pencils—Miss F—, in finishing a picturesque view, with Mr. P—'s handsome cottage in the foreground—the other, Madame La Marquise de Lisle, painted with flowers she had collected in the woods; specimens, she told me, to be exhibited, at a future day, in her saloon, at Paris.

Never was there being more formed to cheat time of weariness, and make life a pleasant holiday, than this lovely French woman. The brilliancy of her conversational powers, joined to manners the most *scduissant*, made me forgetful of all else. I passed the morning beside her, and was delighted with the originality and piquancy of her remarks, and the vividness of the descriptions she gave of the different countries she had visited. The anecdotes related by her, illustrative of the peculiar customs of the South Americans, were most amusing; but what particularly gained my attention was a sketch of her own life. On expressing admiration of the beauty and perfection of her style in painting, she carelessly said, in reply to my compliment:

"Yes, the flowers are well enough. I have learned to paint; but the acquirement will never repay the cost. The price, do you know, was tears. At twenty I knew little of drawing, or indeed of any thing else. Hundreds of pounds had been lavished on my education; yet at that age I had to learn assiduously the little I know, that I might earn my daily bread."

I could with difficulty restrain a start of surprise at such an avowal. I knew, as a matter of history, that the French noblesse had suffered the darkest reverses of fortune; but the vicissitudes of the early revolution had passed, and society had regained its equilibrium, long before Madame La Marquise made her appearance on the stage of life. It was probably in reply to my look of extreme astonishment, that she continued:

"You are surprised, my dear friend. Well, as I have excited your curiosity, I must gratify it. What do you say to a glance over my little history? it will serve, at least, to pass the morning; but, that you may have it in your power to reconcile apparent inconsistencies, I must, like all autobiographers, begin with my father."

LIFE OF MADAME LA MARQUISE DE LISLE.

"My father was an officer in the French army. He passed his best days in the service of his country, and bore with him, in after years, honorable testimony to the gratitude with which she repaid the devotion of her sons. As a simple soldier, he had commenced his military career; but whilst Napoleon's star was in the ascendant, he was raised, through the usual gradations, to the rank of colonel. A short time previous to the invasion, he married a dowerless orphan, and love cemented a union, which was, unhappily, of short duration. My mother died, whilst I, her only child, was but a few days old. My father promised to remain faithful to the memory of a wife he had tenderly loved, and to consecrate his days to the daughter she had left him. But, though religiously adhering to his vow, the first years of my childhood were passed far from his presence, under the eye of his aged mother: there was bestowed on me all the affectionate care that the concentrated love for her absent son and helpless granddaughter could inspire. I had just attained my seventh year, at the period of the second restoration. My father, on that event, was dismissed the service, and came to reside at his maternal home. Of course, his person was unknown to me; but his inexhaustible tenderness soon created a corresponding love in my tender mind, and it was not without shedding a deluge of tears, that I was separated from him, when it became necessary to place me at school. He had chosen one of the most celebrated seminaries in Paris—recommended me particularly to the care of the mistress, with instructions to procure for me the best masters in every branch of education. My kind old grand-mamma died: he then came to live in Paris. I was now the only object of his affection, and his love became an idolatry. He took up his abode, as near as possible, to my school, so that he might have the satisfaction of seeing me every day; and every day he made me recount to him all my little joys and sorrows, delighting in whatever delighted me, and sympathizing in all my childish griefs. The complaints sometimes made of my want of application were coldly listened to by him; but the slightest praise sent the flush of pleasure to his brow, and his eyes would sparkle with paternal pride. The most trivial restraint imposed upon me appeared to him an act of barbarity: he could not support the thought of my suffering in any way. Truth to say, the great affair of his life was my happiness, my immediate, my instant happiness. Proud of the little I knew, he allowed me to learn just what I pleased, without reflecting on the effect this injudicious indulgence must have on my future life.

"When I had attained my sixteenth year, I was installed mistress of an establishment suited to our rank and circumstances. My debut in society was successful: my father was flattered. It was well known that, besides his pay, he possessed some millions of francs in a banking house in the city, the destined dower of his daughter. I was, in consequence, much sought after. Mothers were assiduous in their attentions, for the sake of favourite sons; and fathers, who had spendthrifts to establish, made advances to mine. Many were the offers of marriage addressed to him. He never failed to communicate to me these flattering proofs of my importance, and, to his infinite joy, I steadily rejected all such overtures. My love was as necessary to him as my happiness; and he looked forward to my marriage, as that period when my affections must be divided, if not entirely engrossed, by another. Yet he never sought to influence my decision. In this, as in all other things, I was mistress, to follow my inclinations.

"You will, from this general description of my admirers, suppose me deficient in the sensibility natural to my age; but suspend your judgment. I was early enough conscious I had a heart to bestow; and, before eighteen, it was awaked to a profound attachment. Cupid has discovered two avenues ever open to the youthful breast. The shortest, most common, and easiest of access, is vanity; the more elevated and least likely to afford a retrograde movement, the imagination. Mine was reached by the latter road.

"Enjoying one morning, with some young friends, a walk on the Boulevards, we were alarmed, by seeing the crowd before us turn, and fly in every direction. The panic seized on me and my party. Ignorant of the threatened danger, we did as we saw others do. I was arrested in my wild retreat by a hand on my shoulder, and the most pleasing voice I ever heard, assuring me that the man was secured, and no further danger to be apprehended. I looked to the person addressing me for an explanation. Our eyes met, and I never afterwards forgot the expression that beamed upon me at that moment. In a few words he informed me of the cause of my terror. A lunatic had escaped from confinement, entered an armoureur's boutique, and, seizing a sabre, rushed amongst the crowd. Flourishing the glittering weapon, as a madman would, he threatened indiscriminate destruction, and, naturally enough, he was left a clear field for exercise. With some hazard, the gens-d'armes, assisted by the most resolute amongst the throng, secured him, and we were left free to pursue our course, laughing at the adventure. The interference of the stranger, to stay my rapid progress, was a

trifling courtesy; any one might have done as much, old or ugly, lame or blind, without exciting extraordinary gratitude; yet had he stepped between me and a dreadful death, I could not have felt more deeply grateful. For some weeks after this occurrence, I frequently met him in public: he was always accompanied by persons of distinguished and fashionable appearance. Our recognition was confined to a slight bow on my part, and one of marked courtesy in return from him; but as he made no advances towards a more intimate acquaintance, my demeanour was guardedly formal. He could little judge, by the cold, reserved salute, how much his image occupied my mind; how often, in my dreams, those dark, expressive eyes looked sweetly on me, as they ever did in waking; and how hours and days were consumed in vain conjectures, relating to him. My efforts to ascertain his name and station in life were unsuccessful; but fancy very soon settled that perplexity, by investing him with rank and fame; and for once the ideal painting bore a true resemblance. At length I missed his presence at the promenades, the theatre, and all public resorts, where my eyes vainly wandered in search of their favourite object. Months passed away. Shall I acknowledge it? His image was fading from memory, when a really perilous incident made him more than ever the idol of my imagination. I had joined a pleasure party to Versailles, and was attended by a young gentleman, who would fain be regarded in the light of a lover, and I was really balancing his claims. He was handsome, intelligent, spiritual,—but the worst charioteer in the world. On entering a square, where a military parade was being held, some object startled our horse. He plunged violently—my companion lost his presence of mind—and we would inevitably have been dashed from the vehicle, but for a strong arm that seized on the reins, and restrained the impetuous animal. Imagine my surprise, my emotion, on again, and in such peril, encountering the sweet, I might say fond, expression of those eyes that in a moment of equal terror reassured me on the Boulevards. I alighted from the carriage to join my friends. He offered to be my conductor—restored me to their protection—and, after a few brief words, in reply to the warm acknowledgments made him, he withdrew. Yes! without evincing a desire to profit by the introduction his courage gained him—without a single request, or a hope expressed, of seeing me again—without even enquiring the name of one he had so providentially saved; and yet, the language of his eyes was not that of indifference—far otherwise. There was a tenderness, mingled with respect, in their expression;

and the flush of joy that mantled over his whole countenance, when we casually met, contrasted strangely with the restraint of his manners. Thus, my vanity was flattered by the involuntary homage paid me, whilst my pride was deeply wounded by the reserve he chose to maintain. These conflicting sentiments were precisely such aids as a lover might wish to gain; they strengthened the influence he already held over my imagination. To think of him became the business of my life. I loved my father tenderly, delighted in his society, yet would I steal from his presence, to indulge in solitude the day dreams my fancy wove. I had no *confidante*—in truth, I had nothing to confide; if I had, my father's breast would have been the repository of my secret. He already knew that a gentleman of prepossessing exterior had, with great urbanity, calmed my apprehensions, when alarmed by a manne on the Boulevards, and that, by a fortunate coincidence, the same person, with unprecedented courage and presence of mind, averted from me a dreadful accident at Versailles. These events formed sufficient claims upon his gratitude, and he often regretted that chance denied him an opportunity of acknowledging the obligations he owed to my deliverer. A mother might have divined my feelings; but a father's pride forbade the possibility of his idol daughter's nourishing a chimerical and unrequited passion. How could I disclose the impression made on my too facile mind? how describe the eloquent and impassioned looks, the tender and respectful air of the stranger, whilst he studiously declined an introduction to my home, and sought not to inspire a reciprocity of sentiment. It was impossible. His sojourn in Paris was short. For a few brief weeks I met him, I believe, daily; for many more, I watched vainly his reappearance. Whether he had gone was a mystery to me; but that his image had a permanent home in my breast was too certain. Months passed. I despaired of ever seeing him again; but it was decreed we should meet, and that, for the third time, he should present himself in the character of my preserver.

"The popular amusement of the Parisians of the day took its tone, as usual, *avec les gens de non pays*, from the political current of feeling that agitated society. It now set strongly against the court and royal family, and to hear these objects of public aversion satirized and shown up to public ridicule, drew crowds, night after night, to the Theatre Français. A piece, surpassing all that had yet appeared, in wit, brilliancy of fancy, and poignancy of satire, had, whilst in course of preparation, obtained circulation amongst the author's friends: it was much talked of, and the

curiosity of the Parisian world was strongly excited. My father, a zealous Bonapartist, always gave the sanction of his presence to every thing offensive to the Bourbons; and he was much chagrined that a severe cold prevented his seeing the expected chef-d'œuvre on its first presentation. He resolved, however, to enjoy it at second hand, and I was deputed reporter.

"The theatre was crowded to suffocation, and the piece elicited thunders of applause; but, before the conclusion of the third act, an order arrived from the minister for the suppression of the play. The order was enforced by a posse of *gens-d'armes*, and these again backed by a company of lancers. Their orders were to clear the stage, if obedience was not promptly rendered. It is impossible to describe the scene of confusion, terror, and bloodshed that ensued. The yells with which the announcement was received were terrific. The uproar increased. Hundreds sprang wildly upon the stage to repel the minions of authority, who had the temerity to enter. Seats were torn up—partitions pulled apart—every thing was seized upon that might serve as weapons against the armed intruders. The screams of terrified women and children added to the horror of the scene. In the *mêlée* I was separated from my friends. Since that time, (and I have often tried to recall my sensations), I could never comprehend what my feelings were. Memory only retains recollection of the efforts I made to force my way through the dense mass of living beings that choked up every outlet—of the struggles—the suffocation to death—the trampling under foot of miserable beings, who like myself, with bewildered senses, rushed on destruction, to avoid witnessing the *demoniac* passions that raged around us. For a minute or two I was sensible that an arm encircled my waist, and that great force was used to draw me from the crowd; but so closely did the throng press on every side, that I could not look around. I resisted with the energy of despair; and my insane struggles for release might have frustrated the humane efforts made for my rescue, but that a voice, never for a moment forgotten, fell upon my ear, even in that hour of terror, as entrancingly sweet as the music of cherubims to the sinner in the opening of paradise.

"It was my mysterious protector, the hero of my fancy, that entreatingly pronounced my name. I heard no more—the reaction was too great—my senses forsook me. On recovering consciousness, I found myself in the open air, supported in the arms of my nameless friend. A cabriolet was in waiting—he assisted me to it—took his seat beside me, and, as a familiar friend would do, directed the way to my father's residence.

The strife still continued at the theatre—the execrations and noise of the infuriated crowd reached us at a distance—the sounds became fainter and more indistinct—we hurried on, and in a few moments more, I was clasped to my father's breast. An account of the *émeute* had already reached him through one of the domestics, and, in a state of mind bordering on distraction, he was departing in search of me when I arrived. An instant was yielded to the emotions of filial love—an instant to paternal joy—ere I named my preserver. 'He is here,' I whispered; 'my father, he is here—my deliverer, thrice my deliverer—will you not thank him?' I drew the old man to the stranger; he could not utter his thanks; but the tears that coursed down the veteran's cheek, as he pressed him to his heart, were more eloquent of gratitude than words. At last I learned his name—a name I had ardently longed to hear, that I might associate it with my father's, in supplications to heaven for blessings on those I loved.

"In my day dreams, when fancy's enchanted wand was freely at command, it was a favourite amusement of mine to bestow the dignity of a foreign prince, a French marshal, or some equally imposing title, upon my hero; for my father was an imperialist, and loved such sounds. Yet when he announced himself simply as M. de V., I felt neither disappointment nor regret; in truth, I forgot I had ever raised him in my mind to other dignity than that of the best, the bravest, and the most gifted of mankind. It is easy for the mind, in its ideal delineations, to portray personal beauty, physical bravery, the symmetry that delights the eye, the wit that charms the ear and understanding—to surround this shadow of fancy with scenes of gorgeous splendour befitting a high estate. This the imitative faculty can pencil at will upon the memory, and youth will readily shed its *couleur de rose* tint over the picture; but, to personify the high intellectual powers—to compass, to give existence, and clothe an object with the emanations of the divinity, with sentiments that exult, with eloquence that fascinates, with that courage of the soul that braves the scorn of the world, and is happy in conscious rectitude—this was a conception of character beyond the grasp of an enthusiast of eighteen, and it was in these gifts my living hero excelled the ideal I had dreamed.

"His introduction on this eventful night removed the barrier his reserve had placed between us. The next day he came—and the next, and every succeeding one, saw him an expected or welcomed guest at my father's. I was happy as a summer bird—happy in the present—regardless of the future. Yet he never spoke of love—

not once; but what need of it—I never wished he would. It was enough that he sought a place beside me; that his voice took a softer tone—his eyes a deeper, a more tender shade, when he addressed me. Seated between him and my father—listening to the conversation of these idolized beings—I had no earthly wish ungratified.

"Politics was the engrossing theme of every circle—none were so elevated, none so low in the scale of society, as not to take a part in the exciting subject. The palace and the cottage, the bureau of the wealthy *commerçant* and the *atelier* of the humblest tradesman, were alike familiar with the complaints of a discontented people; even my favourite boudoir was not held sacred from these noisy debates. Politics apart, with what tender recollections that little apartment is associated! It was there I used to indulge in the sweet reveries of youth, before sorrow and care flung their dark shadows over the future—there every object spoke to my heart of the affection of a fond father, from the *petit jon-jou* of childhood to the tasteful decorations and expensive souvenirs suited to a more elevated rank than ours; but when did affection ever stop to measure its gifts by the cold standard of prudence? There I would sit in the twilight hour, when the spirit loves to retire within itself, and revel in its own creations—when it delights to shape out worlds so airy, that the attempt to colour them in language dissolves the visionary outline—these fleeting glances of our destined state, that in the fading light of the material world will sometimes steal upon the soul, and, with celestial brightness, shows us earth is not our home. From such visionary musings the voice of M. de V. oftentimes recalled me to the bliss of actual existence; but his presence never destroyed the sweet illusions of fancy—far otherwise: he was the mystic link that bound me to the ideal world—from him I caught that exaltation of soul that bore me from earth—and wherever my thoughts wandered his image was the leading star.

"Wrapped thus in the elysium of my own feelings, I was insensible to the approaches of the social tornado, that swept over society with fatal effect, to me and thousands beside. My father and M. de V. were not exactly of the same party; but there was a point of union in their mutual contempt for the reigning family. My father hated with all his soul the whole race of Bourbons; M. de V. was warmly attached to the Orleans branch. Their disputes on this subject gave but little messiness; and the startling changes in the state, which I sometimes heard discussed, still less.

"The revolution of July was at hand, and I slumbered peacefully; it came, and I dreamed not of danger. The morning of the 26th broke fair and bright; the evening closed in strife, and blood, and the darkness of death to many.

"I watched, with mingled feelings of terror and curiosity, the gathering crowds; I marked the look of consternation in some, of despair and determined resolution in others; I heard their suppressed murmurs, their indignant exclamations, as hurriedly they passed. Sometimes groups of ill-dressed, ruthless-looking men would meet, and, stopping, fiercely grasp each other's hands, and, through their clenched teeth, swear that death was preferable to slavery, or pledge themselves to brotherly support in the destruction of their enemies; ragged urchins, too, haggard and endeavourous in their looks, carrying their favourite emblem, the tri-color, and making the air resound with their shrill cries, mingled with the crowd; persons of every age, sex and condition, were in that ever moving throng. Shouts of exultation at one time resounded through the air—then cries of wild despair smote upon the ear, as the soldiery, in obedience to the hasty mandate of their commander, ruthlessly cut down the unarmed citizens. I saw the people fly from their sanguinary pursuers; I saw women slain—women young and beautiful—whilst others, undismayed, cast themselves as shields between the infuriated soldiery and their husbands, sons, and brothers. This scene of terrible disorder aroused me at last to a perception of the precipice on which I stood.

"My father had been absent from an early hour—such absence was not unusual—but need I say with what intense anxiety I watched for his return on this eventful day? The shades of evening were rendering objects indistinct, and despair was pressing on my heart, when his voice, and that of one equally beloved, removed my apprehensions. I listened to receive them: I found they were surrounded by strangers—men whom I had never before seen—but their presence did not restrain me. I threw myself upon my father's neck, and relieved my full heart by weeping. He begged of those around him to pardon the weak fondness of an only child, and led me to an adjoining apartment.

"When I summoned courage to attend to their proceedings, I found, with inexpressible alarm, that M. de V. was the presiding genius of the meeting, and that whatever was going forward, or whichever party triumphed, his was the post of danger. With coolness and precision he appointed each one present to a particular duty for the night: he gave instructions, he received information, with the authority of a leader. In

the exigency of the moment, he assumed the rank to which his superior judgment and commanding genius entitled him. Weaker minds, appalled by the surrounding danger, and uncertain what course to pursue, looked to him for support, or yielded implicit obedience to his commands.

"With fervid eloquence he expatiated on the patriotism and self-devotion of the citizens that day in defence of their liberties—he exhorted them to perseverance—and, with vehement indignation, denounced the guilty parties that had imbued their hands in the blood of the youthful props* of their country, and wantonly ordered the indiscriminate massacre of an unarmed multitude. 'The groans of our dying brothers,' said he, 'still ring upon our ears; their blood is yet wet upon our garments, and appeals to us, not for the futile vengeance of life for life, but that we may persevere in the glorious effort to free our children from tyrants.'

"Whilst his animated address created a corresponding enthusiasm, and aroused every latent feeling of pride, ambition, and patriotism, in those for whom it was intended, it fell like an ice-bolt on my heart. Restless and agitated, I paced, with rapid steps, the small apartment. I tried, in vain, not to hear him, not to understand his words; but still they fell upon my ear, and conveyed a dreadful import. At length, when the mingled sounds of many voices ceased—when I heard the receding footsteps of the throng—all courage failed me. I threw myself in mute despair upon a couch: 'He seeks me not—he thinks not of me—I shall never see him more!' These thoughts coursed wildly through my burning brain; my brain that throbbed and burned with this sudden weight of misery. But I wronged him: he came. I sprang to meet him, and, clasping his extended hand, besought him to tell me what the scene I had witnessed might portend. 'Freedom to our country!' he animatedly answered; 'freedom to France. Agn e! You are a French woman, the daughter of one of her soldier sons, and will rejoice in the success of a noble cause, though it should be won by the blood of those dearest to you.' He took my hand, pressed it to his lips—to his heart—and continued: 'The moment has at last arrived, Agn e, for which I have long and ardently toiled—for which I have made the dearest sacrifices of life; kindred has been forsaken—friends resigned—

* The revolutionary tendencies of the citizens of Paris received their strongest impetus on the morning of the 26th of July, from the dispersion, by the armed civil force, of some students of the Polytechnic and other schools, who had assembled round the hotel of Cassimir Perrier, to ascertain the decision of the deputies.

and, more precious still, I long resisted the spell your beauty cast around me. It was in anticipation of this trying hour, that I withdrew from your influence, that I tried to steel my heart against the soft emotions you were the first to awaken; but in vain I fled—your image had erected its shrine within my breast—and my devotion to France became a divided worship. Yet I would not seek your love, to ally it perhaps with early sorrow. Blame me not if destiny overmastered my will. We love, Agulé—I know it. At another time you might resent this as presumption; but, on the brink of eternity, the soul casts aside all disguise—heart stands revealed to heart. We love—and if we meet no more on earth—'These were the last words I heard—the rest was but a confused murmuring on my ear—the light swam before my eyes—a chilliness like death was round my heart—my senses forsook me. On recovering, my father was kneeling beside the couch on which I lay—his arm supported my head—his warm tears fell upon my brow. I clasped my arms round him, and drew him wildly to me, as the deafening sounds of the busy multitude without recalled to my scattered recollection the perils with which we were surrounded. Throughout that long night there was not one instant's intermission from the labour of destruction, and the preparations for the defence of the morrow. Crowds pressed on to take the place of crowds wearied with toil—the incessant motion of that vast concourse—the mingling of their many voices—the noise of various implements used in the erection of the barriers—the cheers to inspire fresh zeal—the shout of exultation—and, above all these, there came at intervals the wild chorus of the Marseillaise song, taken up and re-echoed by thousands and tens of thousands. From every quarter these combined sounds proceeded, and produced an effect that language never can describe—for which the past can afford no comparison—and to which the future perhaps may never present a parallel. The night wore on. I must have slept; but how long I know not—whether for minutes or for hours. The gray dawn of morning was breaking, when I started from the couch, on which I had thrown myself, and with a foreboding of misery so keen, that the reality was less agonizing, I found that my father had left me, whither he had gone no one could tell; but it mattered not, there was danger on every side. The strange uproar of the night was now exchanged for the more dreadful sounds of conflict. The booming of artillery—the rapid firing of musketry, at a distance—the clashing of swords, and other weapons in the pent up streets—told of the dreadful work without. Stationed by a window that afforded a

distant view of the Port St. Denis, where, in the course of the morning, I learned my father commanded, I watched, with breathless anxiety, the furious contest that for many hours raged with alternate success. At one time the barriers were broken, the people repulsed and trampled upon by the fierce troopers; in a moment they rallied—fresh bodies poured from adjoining houses to their aid—they pressed with irresistible fury upon their sanguinary assailants—and recovered their post. But the triumph was momentary. The guards returned to the charge, and thus brave men fell on every side, and the carnage was continued. My anxiety to distinguish my father and M. de V. amongst the combatants, made me in some degree insensible to the horrors presented to my eyes. It was well that distance rendered such painful knowledge uncertain. A hundred times I fancied I discerned his erect and martial figure; but others, as erect and martial in appearance, would interpose between me and the object my fancy had selected.

"The day was far advanced. The wounded, dead, and dying filled the house. In the apartment I occupied two men were expiring. Humanity had calls upon me. I relinquished my unavailing watch, and devoted myself to the sufferers; but often the recollection of my father, as an aged veteran appeared among the victims, recalled me to my former post. At last I heard the cheers of victory prolonged by the people: the guards were broken and dispersed. I saw the dismounted cuirassiers flying in every direction from their intrepid pursuers, who, possessing themselves of the horses, turned them to disperse their owners. The contest was over in that quarter, and the victory complete on the part of the citizens. I turned to communicate the intelligence to those enthusiasts, whose thoughts were more engrossed with hopes for the cause, in support of which their life's blood was fast ebbing, than with dread of that unknown world to which they were hastening. As I did so, the first object my eyes encountered was my father, bleeding and nearly lifeless, borne between two men. Strange to say, this sight did not appal me as the anticipation of the morning had. I was calm and collected, and gave the necessary assistance and directions for dressing his wounds. A sabre cut in the arm, which was inflicted early in the fight, and attended with great effusion of blood, caused extreme weakness; but, in the excitement of the fray, he did not feel it, nor relinquish his command, till a gun shot wound in the side obliged him to retire in the moment of victory. The complete success of the people, in the direction of our residence, led to the speedy restoration of order, and to comparative tranquillity. The

dent were taken from private dwellings, the wounded removed to appropriate asylums, and, in the course of a few hours; I was alone with my father and our little household. His wounds were not dangerous; but perfect quiet, and the exclusion of exciting subjects, were pronounced by the physician essential to his preservation. Alas! it was not in my power to obtain for him this repose, whilst the stormy passions of men yet raged with unabated violence. From time to time intelligence was brought of the progress of the revolution. These favourable reports might have tranquillized his mind, but for the impatience with which he momentarily expected M. de V. Little those around me knew how deeply I participated in this inquietude! How anxiously I watched, how breathlessly I listened to approaching footsteps, hoping to recognize his well-known step! and how bitter was the pang with which each disappointment came, as persons entered the apartment, with whom my heart held no sympathy. In vain we watched. That night—the next—he came not—nor did he ever see again my father's brightened glance, his happy smile, nor meet the warm welcome of his grateful heart.

“The accounts gleaned of him, after repeated enquiries, were vague and contradictory. There were but few of our friends to whom he was much known. From his first introduction to my father, he evinced a reluctance to mingle in society. Whether this disposition was confined to the circle we moved in, or extended to others, I never knew, and never sought to ascertain: it was enough that he was happy with us. In accordance with this taste, though without acknowledging the motive even to myself, every day I narrowed the circle of my acquaintance. Home was my paradise; but my gay young friends found little pleasure in it: casual visits and formal calls soon took the place of daily intercourse, till at last my father's veteran friends were the only familiar guests that remained. What increased the difficulty of obtaining any accurate information of his fate, was our total ignorance of his friends and connexions. On this subject he had always maintained the most perfect reserve. We knew that he was in frequent attendance at the Palais Royal; that he was in the confidence of the Orleans family, and was occasionally seen in public with them; but this was the extent of our knowledge. Perhaps there did not breathe in Paris two beings less worldly or more simple minded than my father and myself. With me, it was the consequence of youth and inexperience of the world: in the full enjoyment of the present, my calculations for the future rarely extended beyond the morrow. A sanguine temperament, and a frank confiding

disposition, rendered my father perfectly satisfied with the friendship of one to whom he felt bound by the strongest ties of gratitude; and a wish to learn more of his guest than was voluntarily expressed, or a shade of distrust because so little was imparted, never crossed his generous mind. To very many of those who had taken part in the sanguinary conflict, his person seemed familiar, as one of those master spirits to whose vigilance, energy, and decision, the successful issue of the enterprise was mainly attributable; but none, excepting our domestics, and a few that had seen him at my father's, could recognize him by the name of M. de V. Some professed to have seen him at one post of danger, some at another; one asserted that he had seen him ent through Marmont's division, at the Pont Neuf—another, the brother of one of our servants, was equally positive that he had closely followed the intrepid young *Arcole* over the suspension bridge the Swiss defended. These conflicting reports admitted but one conclusion—that he had fallen. unnoted, amongst crowds of his valiant countrymen—that his last words to me were, but too prophetic, and with his life, the sacrifice of feeling he had vowed to his country, was consummated: Keeping solitary watch beside my father's bed, my grief had free indulgence, yet the tears that fell were few. The carnage and destruction I had witnessed, his probable fate amidst such revolting scenes, was too dreadful to produce the soothing relief of tears. My mind, ever prone to exaggerated colouring, presented his disfigured and mutilated corpse at every point to my view. It was only when the recollection of a look, or smile, or word of tenderness came back upon my memory, and veiled for a moment the recent horrors, that I could weep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TALENT.

ONE man perhaps proves miserable in the study of the law, who might have flourished in that of physic or divinity; another runs his head against the pulpit, who might have been serviceable to his country at the plough; and a third proves a very dull and heavy philosopher, who possibly would have made a good mechanic, and have done well enough at the *useful philosophy* of the *spade* or *anvil*.—*South*.

INNOVATIONS.

SCARCELY every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator; and, if time, of course, alters things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?—*Bacon*.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

No. II.

MUSIC.

I WANT to express to you some vague notions that lie crudely in my mind, on the subject of music. You need fear no technicalities; for of music, as a science, I know nothing. I merely intend to consider it in relation to our general humanity, and in relation to those impressions which it is its object to make on universal sensibility. Writing freely, as I do, I am not ambitious of unity or of order; and, therefore, whatever feelings or incidents, suggested by the present topic, come to my mind, shall also come to my pen.

Memory is the faculty with which music has the most endeared and the most inspiring connexion; for memory it is that revives experience, and experience it is feeds emotion. We soon begin to live in memory, either by discovery or delusion. What we have been is soon more pleasant to us than what we are likely to be; and ever and anon our transient thoughts retrace their ways, and feel the hours too short, that once had seemed too long. The slightest and most unexpected analogies call before us the scenes of other days: the finest thread of association has a strength to pull us back to the Eden or the wilderness of departed hours. The odor of a flower will make the field bloom with ethereal softness to our fancy, and in fancy we have in them again our childhood's gambols: the whistle of a bird will give us to the sunny groves, where we read and mused, where we slept and dreamed: a river, like one that flowed near the dwelling of our youth, in which we angled and in which we bathed, will annihilate half a century: it is the same bright sun that gilds its surface; it is the same clear sky that beams from its cloudless waters; and we are not awakened to reality until we catch the shadow of a wrinkled face winking at our fantasy. A countenance, passed rapidly in the street, by the force of affectionate remembrance, will cause us to forget that one we loved has long been formless in the dust. And so, the vapours of a summer's morning, hanging sleepily on meadow or on mountain, or the chase of brilliant clouds in the gorgeous heaven of an autumn evening, will reanimate the past within us, in musings that we cannot shape, and in recollections that we cannot define. I was about to compare their influence to that of music, but I am going to speak of music itself.

The music which touches our primitive emotions we feel at once: complicated and high-wrought harmony, we must hear often before we can appreciate. But harmony is not on this account the less exalted or the less excellent. A song which sweetly expressed a single sentiment would delight a thousand, and ten of the thousand would but faintly appreciate the choral verse of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." A pathetic ballad can move a multitude, but few in this multitude would read the "Paradise Lost," and fewer still would enjoy it. And so in music; compared with those whom a pleasing melody can charm, the number is small whom the might of Handel, or the magic of Beethoven, can profoundly ingratiate; while those who have no sympathy with loftier music depreciate what they do not comprehend; as many also affect an admiration which they do not feel. From indiscreet enthusiasm, or from ignorant pretenders, a cant has begun to prevail in musical criticism, which, if not the most tormenting of all casts of criticism, is the most unintelligible. Men who thus rave, will talk to you, as if musical sounds had the definite significance which arbitrary usage gives to words. But it is not so; and, in the nature of things, cannot be. The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but emotions; suggestive, certainly it is, but suggestive to each mind; with an indefinite variety of association. Test this position. Take, for example, any given combination of sounds, and let the effect be startling and sublime; ask, then, two men, whose imaginations have been trained in different modes of life, each to offer an interpretation; each will explain it in his own way, and each, though contrary to the other, may not be inconsistent with the original. Suppose these two men to be a sailor and a soldier. The sailor will call it a thunder-storm, and the soldier will maintain it is a battle. By what peculiarity of sound can the specific difference be determined? By what rapid shrillness may a flash of lightning be implied, which will not, with as correct analogy, imply a flash of powder? and what heavy movement of deep bass will call to mind the rolling of thunder, that may not as naturally represent the rolling of cannon? If any zealot for the precision of musical expression, should tell me, that military airs could easily be so interspersed as to distinguish a battle from

a tempest: I say it is little to the purpose, if the sounds which should directly suggest the conflict do not, without mistake, suggest it. To criticise music, as if it had the qualities which belong to articulate speech, is to put it in positions as ludicrous as some characters were wont to hold in the ancient drama, in which one man represented a wall, and another a grove—and in which each was obliged to indicate his part by saying—"I am the wall!"—"I am the grove." Every art has its own limit; and to endeavour to convey it beyond that, tends to degrade it from genius to quackery.

From the very fact that music is not bound to a rigid and arbitrary articulation, it is the most spiritual, the most impressive, and the most universal of all arts; it is thence, the voice of humanity, for it is the voice of the heart. Poetry and music act on the same elements of our nature, but in a diverse method. Poetry awakens emotion, by means of thought, but music awakens thought, by means of emotion. The effect of music is more immediate and intense than that of poetry, but the impression of poetry is more indwelling and more lasting. Poetry, also, has the great advantage, that its power can be carried to the heart at once, and does not need, as music, an agency, which, even in moderate skill, cannot always be commanded, and that in perfect skill can rarely be found. Music, however, in the works of its greatest masters, is to me more marvellous and more mysterious than poetry—of all that proceeds from creative genius, I regard it as the most wonderful emanation. The spirit of a sublime poet, however remote from me, is not beyond my conception; but that of a sublime musician, is enshrouded from my ken within a sanctuary which my imagination has never been able to pierce. Listen, for instance, to a complete orchestra, in the performance of any noble musical composition—be it opera or oratorio, mass or symphony—and you will apprehend what I am unable to explain. Now a strain, almost rudely simple, comes upon your ear—then there rolls a swell of harmony, hugely onward, as the waves of ocean: now there are tones of sorrow—then a burst of choral gladness: now, groanings from the depths of a wounded spirit—then, gushings of praise, such as angels might have shouted when earth was born into sunshine: now, the wrangling discords of anger—then, the wild incoherencies of madness—then, the breathings of holy thoughts, the purity of saintly feelings, so chastened that they seem not for the coarse air of our hard world, so celestial that they seem fit only for the harps of seraphs. What imaginations must they have been, in which all these were conceived a forethought! what a combination of reckless en-

thusiasm with consummate art! what a union of the spontaneous and the reflective, of the instinctive and the æsthetic!

Marvellous as the variety is in all the most glorious music, the unity of it is yet more marvellous—unity of spirit, unity of purpose, and unity of effect. Consider the mechanism by which this unity is to be produced, the arrangements and adjustments of so many sounds, with so many modes of producing and combining them, in song, hymn, anthem, symphony—in all harmonies of dramatic fancy, sacred and secular—these things, then, considered, tell me whether an inventive and a creative musical genius is not, in the known works of God, among the rarest and the most surprising.

The desire for popular effect has injured music, as in these days it has injured every other art. And the mischief, as in the case of all permanent mischief, has come from the abuse of genius. Paganini, who had the capacity of a wizard, to rule human passion as he listed, either from the vulgar inclination for notoriety or gain, chose to wed empiricism to power. Not content with the high sovereignty of a mighty artist, to hold a perfect sway over emotion, by cutting antics on a single string; he entered into competition with a dancer on the tight-rope. Men of genius, on other instruments than the violin, have unfortunately been tempted to make that the rule which Paganini made the exception, and to take that for their system, which, with him, was only sport. These men of a true inspiration, capable, if just to that inspiration, of moving souls in their profoundest consciousness, have preferred the wages of ingenuity to the immortality of fame. The noblest art is thus turned into elegant jugglery; and the musician that so degrades it, is, to a cultivated audience, precisely what a conjuror, who can eat fire or balance a poker on his nose, is to country clowns. True art, to be sure, delights in overcoming difficulties; but it overcomes them for a purpose; and the conquest it uses as a means, but never stops in it as an end. Within the last two winters I have heard, in common with enraptured crowds, two musicians, who, in the spirit of right enthusiasm, have subdued the obstinacy of a most obstinate instrument. The men I allude to are Knoop and Bolzer—and the instrument is the violincello. Most glorious sounds have they flung upon the winds of Yankee-land, and most devotedly have such of our free and enlightened citizens, as the grace of God has blessed with taste, gone to hear. Both these men are masters, and both are different. Knoop is a zealot, and you cannot but observe his zeal. He is a dogged adorer of his instrument, and he clings to it with ungainly gesture, but with fervid

love: onward he careers, in zephyr and in tempest, and, rising into ecstasy himself, seems unconscious of the ecstasy he has created. Bohrer is earnest as well as Knoop; but he is earnest with more external grace. He is perfectly at his ease—looks blandly towards the audience, from time to time—evinces his consciousness of their sympathy—throws out his floods of rapture with a facility that almost appears indolent: in sprightly sallies, seems to cheer his instrument with smiles—and in pensive passages, hangs over it with a languid and indulgent fondness. I constantly see things in the way of analogy; and, after this fashion, regarding the instruments of these men as their wives, I will show in what aspect each artist was presented to my vagrant imagination. Knoop was an inspired rustic, that clasped his bride and kissed her, and cared not who was present. Bohrer was a polished and well-bred gentleman, whose affection was evident, but *comme il faut*—in fact, Bohrer, with his loved one, “behaved himself afore folk.” Yet, with all this apparent ease and self-possession, his soul was concentrated in his work—every touch, every movement, contributed to increase the excitement, or to deepen the impression, until the brain was giddy to sickness—until the heart was full to suffocation.

Glorious, however, as such music is, its effect is by no means universal. It is too highly artistic for instinctive appreciation. The tones to which the common heart responds are never elaborate or involved. The tones to which our most touching associations are linked, it does not require training to feel. Thence it is, that the music which longest holds its power on us— which earliest begins its influence, and loses its influence the latest—the music which delights our childhood and cheers our age—which the popular memory preserves, and which the popular affections cherish—this music is always simple. Thus it is with the music of love. Love, being the simplest of sentiments, rejects all but the simplest expression, be this expression in word or tone. The love-lyrics of Burns are among the finest that were ever written, and they are all adapted to old popular tunes, not only familiar, but even homely. Burns, with the instinct of a true poet, saw that whatever a nation preserves for successive generations is not conventional, but human. Guided by such an instinct, he took up the old airs of his country, and wed them to immortal verse. Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, a man of rare genius and of noble heart, was in melody what Burns was in verse—a production of nature’s finest moulding. Moore has given words to many of these airs; but there is small congruity between the words and the airs; the words seem written with the oil of roses, but

the airs are as the echoes in lonely caves, or as the breezes over mountain heather. The music of patriotism is simple. All national airs are simple. The power of such airs you do not need to be told. In father-land, these airs, as you know, can endow the heart with the bravery of a lion—in exile they subdue it to an infant’s weakness. The Swiss, in foreign armies, you are aware, cannot bear the “Ranz de Vaches.” The Swiss are not in this peculiar. What Briton does not feel his heart beat more quickly as the swell of his national anthem comes upon his ear? I have seen Irishmen aroused almost to madness by a local melody. I knew a blind harper, who, after years, recognized an early friend by the manner in which he danced to a certain tune. I have heard of a poor Irish girl, running into a parlour, convulsed in tears, when a lady was playing one of her native ballads: “O ma’am!” she exclaimed, “dear, dear ma’am! play that again, play that again! O, dear lady, play that! I love to hear it!” These sounds transported, over distance and years, the spirit of the poor home-sick girl. She was again in the scenes of her infancy, of her youth—the hut where she was born, was before her—the parents that reared and blessed her, started to her view—her kindred—her playmates—her passages of girl’s love and romance—the tragedy and comedy of her unsophisticated woman’s life—were all summoned in those pregnant tones. The music of piety, too, is simple. Simple were those strains which the early Christians murmured in dens and caves of the earth: simple are those Gregorian chaunts, which the church has since poured out in her triumph and glory: simple is that *Miserere*, which, if all Christendom could hear, all Christendom would weep: simple is that *Stabat Mater*, which describes the divinest of women, in the holiest of sorrows: simple were those psalms, and hymns, and godly songs, by which the Scotch raised, among their glens and mountains, in the hard days of persecution, the voice of an honest testimony. This allusion to Scotland, calls to mind a very remarkable effect of simple devotional music, to which I once was witness. The church in which I heard it was not in connexion with the Kirk, for it had the advantage of an organ. A young student of the university, on this occasion, played this organ. The first verses of the hymn were hopeful and aspiring, and the youthful artist adapted his modulation to the sentiment, with admirable skill. The last stanza was deeply plaintive: without changing the tune, by a rapid turn he altered the manner. The minister and his audience suddenly burst into tears. How many histories of the invisible Spirit—how many secret annals of the heart—

how many thoughts of affection, of grief, of penitence—sad recallings of the past—melancholy bodings of the future—did these few touches awaken! Alas! the minstrel who called them up is now himself but a memory. He has passed from earth: like the sounds which his genius awakened, his life was a transient sweetness that soon melted into silence. The hand which once had such enchantment in its touch, is now rigid in the palsied grave: the heart so accordantly strung has had its living chords dissolved—a lute broken to fragments in the dust—it will no more, to the ear of mankind, discourse most eloquent music. Of this young musician, with other matters, I will tell you something in my next.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM, UNDER A PICTURE REPRESENTING A GIRL LOOKING FROM A WINDOW, WITH THE WORDS, "WHY DON'T HE COME?"

BY H.

THE shadows o'er the mountain creep,
And deeper, deeper lower;
The bird on its nest has sunk to sleep,
And the dew steals o'er the flower:
The stars in heaven, like angels' eyes,
Are gazing from out their home,
And the child on the breast of its mother lies,
But yet: "Why don't he come?"

The night wind sighs with its lonely moan,
Oh! why tarries he so late?
The turtle-dove to her home has flown,
And is nestled away with her mate:
The darkening hours in silence speak,
That the night must soon be run,
And the cold rear steals o'er her burning cheek—
Oh! why, "Why don't he come?"

He'll come no more! To another's ear
His false, false vows he's breathing;
And the spells that once lured thee in fancy dear,
O'er another's heart he's weaving:
He strains her in love to his faithless breast,
Where oft in thy trust thou'st clung,
And the lips, once thine, now to her's are prest—
Oh! ask not, "Why don't he come?"

No, no, fair girl, thy loved visions bright
He has left in their youth to wither,
Like a meteor flashing across the night,
To illumine, but to warm thee never:
Then think not again he e'er will breathe
The vows that so oft have rung,
Or sunk on thine ear, but thus to deceive,
And ask not "Why don't he come?"

MODERATION IN DISPUTES.

WHEN we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly, and with an air of contempt; but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute falsehood.—*Hierocles.*

IN MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY M. W.

THE young bride reclined in her new home's gay bowar,
And where all was fair, the fairest was she,
Cherished by one, who, by each sweet passing hour,
Dwelt with delight on her smile's witchery.

As I gazed on that bride, and her vase of bright roses,
That shed round their perfume, their fast-fading bloom,
She said, "they were pluck'd from the spot where reposes
The form of the dead!"—nay, from near the lone tomb.

Where the fairest of beings, (sister grace to that bride,)
Young mother and wife, sleeps in yonder cold grave;
And as I looked out, the moon's radiant tide
Fell on that spot, round which many flowers wave.

Ah! what then seem'd earth, with its roses and love!
The sad contrast o'erpowered my senses in gloom;
One sister was near me, 'mid pleasures to rove—
The other! alas! she lay still in the tomb!

Her spirit was guileless, and pure as the dew,
Resting on those gay roses at morn's orient bright;
Like that was exhaled in her morn of life, too,
And recalled to its source, the best fountain of light.

Thus, in the midst of our joys, is death ever near,
Then so let us live, that when its sleep comes,
Our mem'ry, like hers, to our friends may be dear,
And the flowers of tenderness dwell round our tombs.
Quebec, April, 1813.

FROM HORACE.

(Ode IV. Lib. 1.)

BY H. C.

Now the hard winter yields to smiling spring;
Soft breezes waft the bark across the main;
No ploughman now, or herds, to shelter cling—
The meads throw off their wilty shroud again.

Now wanton Love, his shaft by moonlight plies,
Whilst youths with graceful nymphs in dances win;
Or fresh-born doves cull in rich supplies—
Or fragrant chaplets round their tresses bind.

Grim Mulciber once more lights up the fires,
Where Jove's dire bolts the busy Cyclops cast;
And sylvan Faun a votive gift requires,
Where leafy groves exclude the chilly blast.

Yet, ah! how fleet's the wasting course of Time!
Still pallid Death stalks on with ruthless state,
Calling the blithesome cottager away—
Now thundering at the portals of the great.

Yes, Sextius, know our days decrease apace—
Let us our hopes of phantom joy restrain;
Doom'd soon to where sad shades their vigils keep,
Forego false pleasure, and her riot train.

HATRED.

HATE is of all things the mightiest divider, nay, is division itself. To couple hatred, therefore, though wedlock try all her golden links, and borrow to her aid all the iron manacles and fetters of law, it does but seek to twist a rope of sand.—*Milton.*

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY E. L. C.

Without stopping, as was often her custom on returning home from a gay party, to discuss in the drawing-room the events of the evening, Cecilia passed directly on to her chamber, her weary frame, and wounded spirit, longing for repose and solitude. Dismissing her maid, whom she found fast asleep, she cast aside, without one glance at her mirror, the rich dress and adornments of her person, and, like a drooping child, crept gladly to her couch—though not, like that, so happy as to lose, in the sweet forgetfulness of sleep, the poignant remembrance of waking care and pain; for on this night she found not her pillow strewed with roses—thorns had usurped the place of love's own flower, and they pierced her cruelly with their sharp and unsheathed points.

Already had her confidence in her husband's principles been more than once shaken; yet, with woman's own fond and trusting faith, she thought still to win him, by gentle words, and loving acts, to tread with her that path of rectitude, which she had ever found so full of pleasantness—which, though leading, as it sometimes may, through darkened valleys, and over treacherous sands, is still a path of safety—showing to the eye of the steadfast pilgrim, many a way-side flower, fraught with celestial beauty, and revealing, through its narrow vistas, the glorious light of that spirit land, where the weary foot shall find a haven of undying rest, and the faithful heart be crowned with the full fruition of its hopes.

But the observation of this night had made Cecilia fear that her fond and pure desire was cherished in vain—it had revealed to her some traits of her husband's mind and character, which circumstances had not before unveiled to her partial love—it had shaken her trust in the constancy and depth of his affection for herself, and convinced her, that neither the sentiment she inspired, nor the sterner restraints of virtue and of honour, would secure him from the temptations of pleasure, or enable him to resist the spells which a brilliant and fascinating woman might choose to cast around him.

Oppressed by such fears and fancies, it is no marvel that Cecilia should have passed a restless and wakeful night; and the day was just dawning when, exhausted by unbroken agitation, she fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till the morn-

ing was far advanced. Then she arose, but with a violent head-ache, which quite unfitted her for any effort; and, repairing to her dressing-room, she threw herself upon the sofa, and lay there, each moment expecting Evelyn's appearance, who, as she learned, had not yet gone out. Eagerly she listened for his step upon the stairs—he came not; and her breakfast, for she could not taste it, still remained untouched on the little table beside her; when the door softly opened, and a bright young face peeped smilingly upon her.

"May I come in?" asked a gay, sweet voice.

Cecilia quelled the pang of disappointment that smote her heart, and, holding out her hand:

"Oh yes, Grace; you are always welcome," she said; "though you will find me shockingly stupid this morning, I assure you."

"That does not alarm me—in all moods I find you delightful," said Grace Cleveland, a fair girl of fifteen, as, with the wild gaiety of a child, she bounded into the apartment, and, fondly kissing Cecilia's pale cheek, seated herself upon a low ottoman beside her.

"You are abroad early, Grace," said Cecilia, languidly.

"You are up late, you mean to say, fair lady; for indeed I thought myself very self-denying to wait till this hour before I came to talk over with you last night's enchanting *fête*. How can you look so ill after it, dear Cecilia?"

"I do not look half so ill as I feel, Grace; for in truth these gaieties are quite wearing me out. I have no taste to enjoy them—and I, for one, long to have the spring return, that we may go back to dear and quiet Hazeldehl again."

"Oh, it is always charming there, Cecilia; and if mamma would only permit me to launch forth at once into gay society, I dare say I might soon feel as weary of it as you do. But Mrs. Sinclair's *fête* was the only large and brilliant party I ever attended. I confess, to me it was an evening of unmingled delight."

Poor Cecilia sighed. "I scarcely saw you," she said, with a faint smile. "You were so engrossed and surrounded by the gay and the gallant, that I found it quite impossible to gain access to you. But indeed, Grace, I am not a little surprised that your mother permitted you to visit at a house, which she herself never enters."

"Why, as you know, Cecilia, I have been

passing the Christmas holidays with my aunt Julia, and I may thank her for the privilege of going last night. I was included in her invitation, and was, of course, half crazy to accompany her; so she joined me in teasing mamma, till she was wearied into granting me the permission I desired."

"You are really too young to mingle in such a scene, Grace; you are yet a school-girl, recollect, and I am sure such early dissipation must unfit your mind for study."

"Not in the least, Cecilia: and as for my youth, pray consider, staid matron as you are, that I am scarcely two years your junior; and if I am to take upon myself, as early as you have done, the most responsible duties of life, it is quite time that I should begin to taste some of its pleasures—so pray, in your wisdom, do not put it into mamma's head, that I ought still to be kept in the nursery."

"Ah, dear Grace, do not be impatient to overpass the happy bounds of childhood—there are few of us, believe me, who do not too soon look back to its innocent and simple pleasures with fond regret, and an earnest longing to recel them—ay, and with vain self-reproach, too, that we so early and so eagerly pressed beyond them, in search of happiness less pure, and seldom more enduring."

"Bless me, Cecilia! you moralize like Doctor Johnson this morning! Who would expect such sentiments from the lips of a young bride, whose beauty, whose establishment, and whose husband, proverbially the handsomest and most agreeable man of the day, make her an object of universal admiration and envy. Now I declare, Cecilia, you look more annoyed than pleased at all this," continued the light-hearted girl, quite unconsciously how much her gay words pained her sensitive friend. "But I must just tell you, for I do not think you are in the least aware of it, what a model of elegance Evelyn is considered, though some are tasteless enough to award the palm of superiority to your cousin Arthur Mayburne."

"That, in my opinion, argues no want of good taste," said Cecilia, quietly. "There are few, indeed, who surpass Arthur in personal graces, and none—no, I know not one—who can compare with him in purity and excellence of mind and heart."

"Ah, well, all have their favourite fancies. Cecilia, and it seems you had yours, or you would not have chosen Maurice in preference to Arthur. I know two young ladies in Mrs. Devereaux's school, who promenade Chestnut-street every day, on purpose to meet your fascinating caro, they admired him so prodigiously; and—don't be jealous now—if you are, I will not tell

you that I spent a good half-hour with him in the library, before I thought of coming up to you."

"You are an untamed child, Grace," said Cecilia, with a faint blush, and a fainter smile; "and if you ran on thus with your wild prattle to Maurice, you must have put to flight all his grave thoughts, and sadly hindered his writing."

"Writing, Cecilia! it was nothing of importance—only a note to Mrs. Sinclair, which he had sealed before I went in, and —"

"To Mrs. Sinclair!" repeated Cecilia, in dismay.

"Why, yes—how astonished you look," said Grace, unconsciously. "She wrote him about the tableaux; and, as I passed the library door, I caught a glimpse of him, half buried though he was in huge volumes, and piles of engravings, among which he was seeking subjects for representation. So I just stepped in a moment, *en passant*, and, once there, found so much to admire and talk about, that I came very near forgetting every thing except him and the tableaux, for the rest of my life."

"But when and where are these tableaux to be exhibited, Grace? I have heard nothing of them," said Cecilia, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Have you not?" asked Grace. "But no, I recollect now; they were mentioned after you left last night; and this morning Mrs. Sinclair sent an early note to acquaint Mr. Evelyn with her intention of exhibiting, within ten days or a fortnight, at farthest, a series of splendid tableaux vivants, to a party of select friends."

"And why, pray, was it necessary that she should communicate this information to *him*?" faintly enquired Cecilia.

"Why?" repeated Grace, "verily, because he is the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form,' to every aspirant of the day—a sovereign arbiter in all matters of taste—and, consequently, a very proper person to be consulted in the selection and arrangement of subjects which are to form the entertainment of a *recherché* evening, in the brilliant saloons of an admired woman of ton."

Cecilia grew deadly pale, but she struggled against her emotions, secretly reproaching herself with unworthy weakness, and eager to resist the encroachment of that fearful sentiment which she felt was striking its baneful root deep into her heart. The quick eye of Grace, however, marked her changing colour with alarm.

"You are ill, Cecilia," she said, anxiously, "and I am wearying you with my idle gossip. Let me bathe your forehead with lavender—it is burning hot, and this will cool it. But you have tasted nothing this morning—no breakfast—here it all stands, quite cold and spoiled," she con-

lined, glancing at the untouched tray. "I will call Rose to bring you a cup of fresh tea—it will do you so much good if you will take it," and she laid her hand upon the bell-rope to summon Cecilia's maid, who on her entrance had withdrawn.

"No, no, dear Grace! this will do—I prefer it cold—I will drink it presently, but not now. I have a sad head-ache, and must persuade Maurice to let me give up gay parties and late hours, they agree so ill with me."

"Promise to go just once more," said Grace, with childish eagerness, "only to see these beautiful tableaux, Cecilia; I have such a curiosity about them, and I am sure mamma will not refuse to let me accompany you?"

"Do not ask me this, dear Grace," said Cecilia, quickly. "Your aunt will surely be a more proper chaperone for you than I am."

"But she leaves for Washington in three or four days, and, as mamma will not go to Mrs. Sinclair's, I too must relinquish the pleasure upon which I have set my heart, unless you consent to take me under your matronly wing, and then all will be right."

"No, not right, Grace—not right that you should visit Mrs. Sinclair under any circumstances," said Cecilia, gravely; "her free manners, and freer morals, can have only a corrupting influence on the young and pure-minded, and I love you too well voluntarily to expose you to it."

"You do not intend going, then?" asked Grace, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, I cannot—and perhaps I may not even be invited, for it is often, as rumour says, the pleasure of this gay lady to summon a circle of gallant admirers around her, to the utter exclusion of her own insipid sex. But we will talk no more of this now, for the time will probably come when we shall be weary of canvassing the subject, and therefore it is best not to forestall it."

"Well, I have quite worn you out, Cecilia," said Grace, rising to go, "and so in mercy I will now leave you to enjoy a little rest."

"Pray, remain with me today, Grace—your cheerfulness is like a sunbeam shedding light and warmth upon my languid spirit. Come—throw aside your hat and cloak, and we will have a quiet time together. I shall hardly feel like dining below, and Maurice and Arthur will be so glad to have you fill my place, which they cannot endure to see vacant."

"But my aunt will be expecting my return," said Grace, hesitating.

"I will send to tell her I have kept you," said Cecilia; "or write a note yourself—there are materials on the table—and if there is any blame attached to your stay, I will bear it all for you."

Grace was not at all averse to remain with Cecilia, whom she loved with the affection of a sister, and with whom she had spent a large portion of her life in the beautiful retreat of Hazel-dell—for her mother and Cecilia's had been bosom friends—and Mrs. Cleveland saw with pleasure the strong attachment which Grace cherished for the daughter of one whom she had tenderly loved and mourned.

Divesting herself, therefore, of her street dress, Grace wrote a brief note of apology and explanation to her aunt, and had just given it to the servant who answered the bell, when Evelyn entered the apartment. A heightened colour tinged Cecilia's cheek, as he approached her, and almost forgetting, at the sight of his bright and handsome face, all that had recently pained her in his conduct, she extended her hand towards him, with a smile of glad and tender welcome.

"Why, you look really worn and ill, my poor Cecilia," he said, bending down, as he spoke, to kiss her. "Is it indeed so, or are you only suffering from weariness and late hours?"

"That is all, Maurice; I was never intended, you see, for a fashionable lady; but a little rest and quiet will soon restore me."

"I fear not," he said, as with an anxious look he watched the bright yet changeful flush which the excitement of his presence momentarily called forth upon her pale cheek. "I am sure you are more seriously ill than you choose to acknowledge."

"And if I were, I would not conceal it from you, Maurice," she said, touched by the concern he evinced for her; "but in truth I am only suffering from a head-ache, which, as Grace has consented to remain with me, I am sure will soon pass away, so that at dinner I shall hope to meet you quite well again, and without any excuse for being stupid and disagreeable."

"I am glad to have Grace with you, Cecilia, for it unfortunately happens that I have promised to dine with Frank Etheridge today, and, as you know, he lives several miles out of town, I may be detained later than I wish. Keep her with you, however, till my return, which shall be as soon as possible after dinner."

All the short-lived joy of poor Cecilia's heart faded into darkness at these words—for Frank Etheridge was a cousin of Mrs. Sinclair's, and, as his house was one of her familiar resorts, no doubt she was to be among the guests whom Evelyn expected to meet there on this occasion. But if the bare suspicion of this so deeply pained her, what would she not have suffered, could she have known that her husband had actually engaged to drive the gay lady out in his own stanhope to the house of Mr. Etheridge. This

knowledge, however, she was for a brief time spared; yet Arthur was informed of it—for, by accident, he had heard Mrs. Sinclair, under pretence of her coachman's illness, propose the arrangement to Evelyn on the preceding night—and, though he thought him wrong in consenting, he cast on her, and she deserved it, the blame of a *preconcerted plan*.

Cecilia could not immediately reply to this announcement, and, fearful of betraying her emotion, she turned her face quickly from her husband's gaze. But it did not escape his observance, and, slightly piqued by it, he mentally said:

"Would she keep me ever by her side? It would seem so indeed. I have indulged her too long, and find it quite time to put an end to this foolish expectation."

Before, however, he could frame this thought into courteous speech, Grace Cleveland turned round from the little writing-table, where she had remained examining the contents of Cecilia's portfolio, and holding up a small and exquisite copy in oil of a Magdalen, reading, from the original of Ludovico Caracci:

"What a lovely subject for one of your tableaux is this, Mr. Evelyn," she exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Look at that brow! that radiant face!
Those lips—those eyes—that air of grace!"

"Oh! if Mrs. Sinclair could only soften and subdue her brilliant beauty a little, she would look this to the very life! Where can you hope to find any thing more beautiful?"

Evelyn, in confusion, darted a quick glance at Cecilia, and his embarrassment increased when he saw her face covered with deep and painful blushes. Certain of her disapprobation, he had not mentioned the tableaux to her, and now, anxious to divert Grace from pursuing the subject, he rose, and, walking towards her, took the picture from her hand, and gazing on it intently:

"Yes, this is just the thing for a *tableaux vivant*," he said, carelessly, "and most beautifully it is executed, I confess. I really wish, Cecilia, you would devote more time to your pencil, for surely the hand which is capable of such artist-like touches as these, should not be suffered to lie idle. It is a fair copy of Caracci's Magdalen, and his, you know, is but a copy of Coreggio's magnificent picture, which I saw in the Dresden Gallery, and which the eye might gaze upon unsated forever—so exquisite is its colouring—so touching its expression—so beautiful the harmony and repose that pervade the whole piece. But I must not loiter here, willingly though I would," he continued, looking at his watch. "Make yourselves as happy without me,

as you can. Cecilia, the case of books and prints I ordered from London, have arrived, and shall be sent up immediately for your amusement. Adieu, sweet," and, gaily kissing her forehead, he bowed to Grace, and withdrew.

The touch of his lips sent an icy chill through Cecilia's veins, for the thought that he was hastening from her, to seek society more congenial to his tastes, that home was no longer the centre of his happiness, nor she the engrossing object of his tenderness, infused poison into the kind words and fond kiss that he bestowed upon her, and caused her to shrink, as she had never dreamed she could have done, from his caress. Yet a moment after, she chid herself for nurturing a jealous and exacting spirit, for being wrought upon by fears and surmises, which, after all, might prove the idle chimeras of a sickly and too vivid imagination. Still, the peace, which had once spread its brooding wings over her quiet heart, no longer found a rest there—for, alas! her happiness had been based upon a foundation of sand, and the waves of error and of passion were fast undermining the fair and stately fabric of her hopes. As the door closed upon Evelyn, Grace turned towards her friend, and was surprised to see her eyes swimming in tears.

"How nervous you are today, Cecilia," she said; "every trifle agitates you. One would actually suppose Maurice had gone off on some perilous exploring expedition, among the terrible Anthropophagi.

"Who at their orgies quaff the heart's warm blood,"

or to discover the North Western passage, at least, you betray such emotion at his departure. Come, let me read to you. A stupid book, or a cup of valerian—which will you have to put you to sleep? Choose quick! a dagger or molten lead, as Blue Beard said to his trembling wife."

Cecilia laughed. "One has no chance to nurture nervous fancies, while your gay voice is ringing in their ears, Grace," she said; "but read, if you will; that, just now, seems to me the least of the four evils you have named."

"What book shall it be, Cecilia?"

"Oh, any thing uninteresting will serve for an anodyne, and that is all I want at present. I passed so restless a night, that a little sleep will be very refreshing, if I can obtain it."

"Well," said Grace, running her eye over a small case of books, "here is Scott, and Byron, and twenty other names of note—but this will do, I think, because you do not like L. E. L., and, of course her rhymes will prove as potent as a nurse's lullaby to your ear," and as she spoke she took down a volume of Miss Landon's miscellaneous

poems, and seated herself beside Cecilia, to read.

Leaf after leaf was turned over, and liquid streams of sweet and flowing melody, made still sweeter by the silver tones of Grace, were fast soothing the wearied spirit of Cecilia to repose, when in the reader's progress she chanced upon one of those thrilling passages, which, in the peculiar state of the listener's mind, fell upon it cruelly as the surgeon's caustic on a bare and quivering wound. Grace knew not the anguish she was inflicting, as these words fell innocently, and in the low and touching accents adapted to their meaning, from her lips:

"These are the things that fret away the heart—
Cold, careless trilles; but not felt the less
For mingling with the hourly acts of life.
It is a cruel lot for the fine mind,
Full of emotions generous and true,
To feel its light flung back upon itself,
All its warm impulses repelled and chilled,
Until it finds a refuge in disdain!
And woman, to whom sympathy is life,
The only atmosphere in which her soul
Developes all it has of good and true,
How must she feel the chill!"

"Do not read any more, dear Grace," said Cecilia, faintly, and, turning away her face, she buried it deep in the pillows of the sofa.

Grace closed her book, and, throwing herself back in the capacious arm-chair in which she sat, drew from beneath its cushion a volume of the "Talisman," which had been accidentally left there—and, although she had read it thrice before, she was soon so absorbed by its magic interest, that when, at the end of two hours, Cecilia, who had at last fallen asleep, awoke, she could scarcely persuade herself that one half of that time had elapsed.

Reinvigorated by her brief repose, quite cured of her head-ache, and serene, if not gay, Cecilia arose, dressed, and went down with Grace to meet Arthur at dinner. It passed off cheerfully, for Grace had the superabundant and innocent gaiety of a happy child, and Arthur, though ill at ease, exerted himself so effectually to interest and amuse, that even Cecilia was won into temporary forgetfulness, by the charm of his manner and conversation. The evening was spent in examining the rare books and exquisite prints which had recently arrived from England, till the hour came for Grace's return home, when Cecilia reluctantly saw her depart, and shortly after withdrew to her own chamber.

Feeling no inclination for sleep, after her long noonday siesta, she sent Rose away, and sat down to read. The book she had taken at random from among a number of others that lay upon the table, proved to be a volume of Miss Porter's

tales, and opening to Jennie Halliday, that most beautiful and touching of all her stories, Cecilia soon became so wrapped in its simple, yet thrilling interest, that she heeded not how time passed, till the loud chime of a neighbouring clock told upon her ear the hour of midnight; and her husband was still absent! She started up, uneasy and alarmed, for it had not yet become his habit to remain so late abroad without her. What could detain him, for he had said that he should hasten home soon after dinner?

She opened her door to listen for his step, but all was silent, and, with a blank feeling of disappointment, she again sat down to her book; but its charm was gone, and it could no longer enchain her thoughts, which were busy with a thousand vague surmises. And so another hour passed wearily away, and then suspense became too painful for endurance, and again she opened the door and looked forth. The hall lamp still threw its light to the top of the spiral staircase, and as, with a restless and undefined hope, she advanced to the landing place, she heard the sound of a step below. It electrified her, and in another instant she was gliding down, nay almost flying, before she reached the bottom of the long and winding descent, for a shadow, passing and repassing before the drawing-room door, caught her eye, and hurried her rapidly onward.

Thinking only of Evelyn, and forgetting, in the joy of his safe return, the anxiety he had caused her, she bounded in to welcome him; but stopped abruptly, when, instead of him whom she expected to meet, she found herself in the presence of Arthur.

"I thought it had been Maurice whom I heard," she said, in a tone of disappointment. "I fear, indeed, some accident has befallen him. What else can detain him abroad at this unusual hour?"

"Do not be uneasy, Cecilia," said Arthur, soothingly. "No one ever gets away at a reasonable hour from Mr. Etheridge's dinner parties; they are proverbially convivial, and Evelyn is too general a favourite to be suffered to escape before the rest of the company break up."

Arthur spoke with cheerfulness, in order to dispel Cecilia's fears, although, knowing the party whom Evelyn was to meet, and the lady whom he was to escort, his own anxiety had kept him up to await his friend's return. At that moment the sound of wheels was heard coming up the street, and, flying to a window, Cecilia flung aside the heavy folds of the curtain, and looked earnestly forth.

"It may be him," she said, breathlessly; "yes, I think it is—look, Arthur, if it be not;" and, though he endeavoured to withdraw her from

the window, she persisted in remaining to watch the progress of a vehicle, which was driven so slowly forward, that she was soon enabled to distinguish her husband's stanhope, and Oscar, his favourite horse. Yet it contained two persons. Evelyn's tall, commanding figure, she could not mistake; but who was his companion?

Arthur knew too well, and, with trembling eagerness, strove to prevent her making a discovery, which could not fail to wound her peace, and mortify her virtuous pride; but, with a stubbornness quite foreign to her nature, she resisted his entreaties, and stood resolutely, sending her straining gaze abroad, to convince herself of a truth, which was as yet, but the dawning of a terrible suspicion. The street lamps still burned brightly, and as the stanhope came opposite to that which lighted the entrance to the house, its rays streamed full upon the long, drooping feathers, and furred cloak, of a female; and as, by a sudden gesture, she turned her face towards her companion, they flashed upon the faultless features and gay smile of the beautiful Mrs. Sinclair. Cecilia started quickly from her fatal post of observation; but she uttered not a word, though her cheek wore the hue of death, and her eye the same look of tearless agony that had pierced Arthur's heart on the preceding night.

"Dearest Cecilia, return to your chamber," he said, tenderly drawing her arm within his own, and leading her towards the door; "would to heaven, you had not left it at this hour."

"Regret it not, dear Arthur—it is right that I should know the worst," she said, in a tone of calm and touching sadness.

"Nay, suffer not appearances too deeply to disturb you. Why should you heed this idle show of gallantry to another, while you hold the true affections of your husband?"

"I do not, Arthur," she said, in a tone of bitter anguish; "no, I begin to feel that I cannot satisfy his heart. Yet why should I murmur. God saw that I bowed down my soul in worship to an earthly idol, and thus—thus it is He chastens me—thus teaches me, that

"They who fix
Affection's perfect trust on aught on earth,
Have many a dream to start from!"

"Cecilia, you are too sensitive for your own peace—since accident may—"

"Do not seek to reason with me, Arthur," she said, quickly interrupting him—"not now, at least. I have been tried of late more than you know of—but listen! Maurice is returning—let me begone," and, extricating her arm from Arthur's, she fled hastily away, and gained her chamber, just as her husband, having left Mrs.

Sinclair at her own house, entered from the street door.

Desirous, if possible, at present to avoid him, lest, pained and disturbed as was his mind, he might be hurried into some censure or remark which he should hereafter regret, Arthur was quietly endeavouring to retreat, when, to his vexation, he met Evelyn in the hall, and was necessarily obliged to pause, and return his greeting.

"Still up, Mayburne?" he said, with a look of annoyance. "I am sorry you should have lost your rest on my account, and indeed it was quite unnecessary, as Robert, of course, was obliged to wait for me."

"You know I never retire early, Evelyn, and my remaining up tonight is a matter of choice, since I was aware there was no necessity for it. But you have indeed kept late hours, which argues that your evening has been a pleasant one."

"No—yes," said Evelyn, slightly disconcerted—"the truth is," he added, hesitatingly, "Etheridge has a billiard-room in his house, and we commenced a light game with the ladies at first, *pour passer le temps* merely, but when they grew weary, and retired, a few of us kept on seriously, and played deep—deeper than I dare acknowledge to you—at all events I was a loser, and to an amount, which, should I name it, you, with your primitive notions, would deem unconsequenceable.

"Oh, Evelyn, how could you be tempted to join in this dangerous amusement, especially since you know Cecilia's utter repugnance, often and strongly expressed, to the vice of gambling!" exclaimed Arthur, in a tone of mingled sorrow and reproach.

"Rather ask, how, situated as I was, I could avoid it," said Evelyn; "but I have always such cursed luck at the gaming table that I forswear it from this time—so keep the secret of this night's sins safe, Arthur, for rest assured I shall not divulge them to Cecilia."

"May God assist you to hold this resolution unbroken, Evelyn," said Arthur, fervently; "yet—pardon me—but there is one thing more, which, for your own future peace, and for hers, who should be, and is, I trust, dearer to you than life, I pray you also to forswear."

"And to what, most grave mentor, are you in your wisdom pleased to refer?" asked Evelyn, deridingly, but yet with a conscious and averted look.

"To your increasing intimacy with Mrs. Sinclair, Evelyn," replied Arthur, boldly. "Her character and principles are too well known to require discussion. She seldom exerts her power

in vain, and it is but too evident, from the devotion of last evening, that she has marked you for her victim."

"You think so, because——"

"Not because she was the companion of your drive today," interrupted Arthur.

"How know you that she was so?" asked Evelyn, with a flushed cheek.

"Because you were both so unguarded in making the engagement last night, that not only I, but several others, necessarily overheard it."

"Well, then, you know that it was by her request that I drove her to Etheridge's today—not a thing of my own seeking, but an act of courtesy, which, as a gentleman, I should have as soon rendered to any other lady, who had asked it."

"Perhaps so," said Arthur, coolly. "I have no right, nor do I wish to act the part of a censor to you, Evelyn—but I cannot forbear warning you against the arts of Mrs. Sinclair; trust me she is a dangerous woman, and the intercourse you persist in maintaining with her, is, I deeply fear, a source of constant pain and uneasiness to Cecilia."

Evelyn's lip slightly curled. "It need not be so," he replied. "If she had proper confidence in my affection, she would not dread the power of another—and were she wise, she would know that, by showing that dread, she is liable to increase the danger she deprecates."

"It is hard to argue in such cases, Evelyn—let me only entreat you to think seriously on what, in the truest friendship, I have said to you. Cecilia has placed her whole happiness in your keeping, and the trust is too sacred to be trifled with—her loveliness, her purity, her tender devotedness, too precious and too holy to be slighted—and if you value your own peace of mind, I pray you beware how you wound a heart that is wholly and entirely your own."

"You would have made a good parson, Mayburne," said Evelyn, lightly, as Arthur turned away, and, uttering his "good night," began to ascend the stairs towards his chamber.

Yet his words of warning and rebuke had not fallen in vain. Evelyn felt their justice and their force, but he resisted the effect they were intended to produce. Finding Cecilia awake, however, the voice of an inquiet conscience urged him to confess to her that Mrs. Sinclair had been the companion of his drive. Yet he glossed over the circumstance, by declaring that he was placed in an awkward position, as she had voluntarily proposed accompanying him—and he refrained from telling how cordially he had met her hint, or from repeating any of the gay or soft words that were

bandied between them, while thus thrown familiarly together.

Cecilia heard him calmly, and without remark or question; but there were many circumstances garnered in her mind, that compelled her to doubt his entire sincerity—nor could the increased tenderness of his manner blind her to the feeling of self-reproach which prompted it—so, failing to restore him wholly to her confidence, and to bring back to her heart that perfect peace and quiet, which, once lost, is seldom or never regained. And, indeed, from that night a change, visible and marked, came over the conduct of Evelyn. The vice of gambling was one in which, at an early age, he had indulged—and, during his residence in Europe, it had led him into excesses and embarrassments, which compelled him at last to return to his own country, so reduced in finances, that a wealthy marriage was his eager and desperate resort.

Since then he had resolutely abstained from indulgence in the penchant, which had so nearly involved him in utter ruin; but the game of billiards at Mr. Etheridge's had revived all his love for it, and when, shortly after, other temptations, too strong for his weak resolution to resist, fell in his way, he plunged, with all his former madness, into this destructive vice. Evening after evening, till the night had far advanced, found him at the gaming table, eager to retrieve his losses, stimulated by slight gains to persevere, and so casting away sums, the loss of which was making rapid inroads on the fortune that Cecilia had brought him.

Among his associates in this terrible career, was an Italian count, a man of desperate character and fortunes, to whom, in the noted hells of Paris, he had lost a large amount, which he was unable to pay at the time, but had given a written bond, promising its payment within a certain period, or whenever he should have the means of doing so in his power.

The count had more than once reminded him of his engagement, without obtaining any reply; and recently, aware that Evelyn had made a wealthy marriage, he lost no time in coming to America, to demand formally the liquidation of his claim. It had been paid only in part—the remainder Evelyn still hoped to cancel by his winnings at the gaming table—instead of which, ill-luck constantly attended him, and increased the debt, till it had swollen again, almost to its original amount. The count became very clamorous at his delay, and threatened to give publicity to the whole affair, if it was not shortly adjusted to his satisfaction. Goaded almost to desperation, by this unsparring persecution, and by the ceaseless stings of an accusing conscience,

Evelyn's cheek grew wan, his eye restless, his manner absent and abstracted, often indeed, unamiable and morose: yet, fearful of betraying the cause of his disquiet to Cecilia, and unable to look to her for sympathy in those mental sufferings, which were the bitter fruits of guilt and error, he more and more avoided home, and spent most of his leisure hours in the society of Mrs. Sinclair.

She was familiar with the harrassing circumstances in which he was placed, and knew also how madly he was indulging his passion for play. She had learned all from the Count Delzoni, who had been an acquaintance of hers at Paris, and was now a frequent guest at her house. And she rejoiced in the perplexities, from whatever source they sprang, which brought Evelyn, day by day, to ask her sympathy and counsel, and even to pour into her ear the ravings of his despair, his penitence, his remorse. She had conceived for him a fierce, unholy passion, such as had never consumed her vain, imperious heart, for any other being, and the power which his situation gave her over him, she failed not to use, for her own base purpose, that of alienating his affections from his innocent and lovely wife, to secure them to herself.

With the consummate art of which she was mistress, she soothed and counselled him. In the hours of his deepest gloom, she called forth all her fascinations to amuse, and turn his heart from prying on its bitter and upbraiding thoughts—and to free him from the importunities of the count, she urged upon his acceptance a sum which would liquidate every claim against him, and which for years, nor ever, if he would so oblige her, would she wish repaid. He was touched by her devotion, by what he thought her generous affection; but yet, his pride, and some remains of nobler feeling, would not permit him to accept pecuniary aid from her; nay, he even struggled forcibly to resist the influence of her syren smiles, but the promptings of duty, of reason, and of conscience were often heard in vain. She had wit, beauty, wealth, and, by the countless lures which these gifts enabled her to use, she knew too well how to establish her own empire over the vacillating and pleasure-loving heart of her victim.

Arthur Mayburne marked, with inexpressible pain, the fatal course which Evelyn was pursuing—he knew not indeed how widely he had departed from right, but he was not ignorant that a deep indulgence in play was the cause of his altered habits and demeanour; and more than once he had ventured to remonstrate, in a tone of earnest entreaty, that had almost moved Evelyn to confess to him every snare in which

his feet were entangled, and ask his aid and friendship, to free himself forever from them. But he had not the moral courage necessary to sustain him in such an avowal, to one, who both in word and conduct, deprecated vice and immorality—and so he fled from his friend's serious yet mild rebuke, and pursued the evil course which still hardened him in his iniquity.

But, alas for Cecilia! the joy of her young heart was changed into bitterness; and though to one cause only she attributed the change in Evelyn—for yet she was spared the pain of even suspecting that the husband whom she loved was the nightly companion of desperate and reckless gamblers—still, it was enough to know and feel, how deeply she had been deceived in the heart, whose every throeb she had fondly thought her own; how cruelly her tender faith had been abused, her trusting love despised, and the fair hope and promise of her life darkened and blighted, even in its first and earliest dawn. Yet, in silent and patient endurance, she bore her wretchedness, uttering neither murmur nor reproach; but the struggle in her soul was fearful, and so shook her frame, that a low nervous fever, which completely prostrated her strength, became the consequence of her mental sufferings. Then Evelyn's self-upbraidings were terrible, and his alarm and anxiety were expressed with a vehemence quite disproportionate to the occasion. For several days his tenderness and solicitude were all that the fondest wife could have desired; but, when assured by the physician that there was no danger to be apprehended from her illness, his fears abated, and he suffered more pressing claims to engross him, as before; contenting himself with a few brief visits, in the course of each day, to her apartment.

Grace Cleveland, however, was Cecilia's constant companion and attendant, ministering, with the care and tenderness of an experienced nurse, to her comfort, and striving, with never wearying love, to cheer the sadness of her spirit, and relieve, by many kind and gentle arts, her hours of languor and suffering. Her native gaiety was subdued and tempered by the sight of her friend's depression, the cause of which she was too quick-sighted and observing not to perceive, and it heightened her endeavour to soothe, with the balm of sympathy, the wounds it was beyond her power to heal. Arthur, also, seemed to have renounced every other duty and enjoyment, that he might aid Grace in her ministry of love to Cecilia, who passed the greater part of each day on the sofa in her dressing-room, to which he was always admitted. And there, when she could bear it, he read to her, or he related treasured remembrances of his German life, for

her amusement; and each day he brought bouquets of sweet and rare flowers, to refresh her with their fragrance and their beauty. Cecilia was touched by these delicate attentions, so heart-felt and so unwearied; and, though her lips uttered not the thought, she could not but painfully contrast Arthur's kindness with the unconcern, and almost constant absence, of her husband.

So time passed on—the evening named by Mrs. Sinclair for the exhibition of the tableaux, had arrived and gone. Grace, though invited, had lost all wish to see them, and Arthur positively declined going; nor was Evelyn in any spirits for the evening—but his presence could not be dispensed with, for he was to form, either alone or with his gay hostess, some of the finest tableaux—and so he went. The next day he spoke of the beautiful effect produced by the various subjects represented, but did not enter into detail, and Cecilia had no wish to question him closely. She was alone at the time, for Grace, by her persuasion, had gone to ride with Arthur, and Evelyn, as if ashamed to quit her immediately, lingered longer than usual beside her. Yet he was evidently ill at ease—he looked pale and disturbed—and for a few minutes traversed the apartment with a restless step, then cast himself into a fustian, and, complaining of a violent head-ache, he closed his eyes, and leaned back his head in silence.

Cecilia's heart was full to overflowing—she fixed her soft and pitying eyes upon his face, and, touched by his evident suffering, she arose, weak as she was, from her sofa, and, stealing gently towards him, began silently to bathe his throbbing temples with cologne. He seemed at first to shrink from the soft touch of her hand, but in another moment, he raised his eyes towards her, with a look resembling those which had once been the joy and sunlight of her heart. Unable calmly to bear that glance, her frame trembled with emotion, and her warm tears dropped fast and bright upon his brow. He seemed as deeply moved as herself, and, throwing his arm around her, he drew her gently towards him.

"Cecilia," he said, in broken tones, "I am unworthy of you—unworthy your love—your care—your regret."

"Be to me what you have been, Maurice, and all may yet be well," she replied.

He leaned his head against her as she stood encircled by his arm, passively beside him, and groaned aloud, but spoke not.

"Tell me, Maurice," she said, struggling with her tears, "tell me what means this fearful change—this terrible estrangement that has come between our hearts?"

"Oh, Cecilia, spare me! spare me!" he exclaimed, in strong emotion; "some other time I will tell you all."

"And why not now?" she said, casting herself in perfect abandonment of grief upon his breast; "I cannot longer bear this dreadful suspense—tell me all, my dearest husband—all that you have so long concealed—all that disturbs and changes you—all that is making shipwreck of your peace and mine—and yet—even yet, perhaps, we may be once more happy?"

"You know not what you ask, Cecilia—nor dare I confess how far I have strayed from right—yet hope for your forgiveness."

"Then, Maurice," and she hid her burning face upon his shoulder as she spoke, "tell me only that the love once pledged to me has not been given to another, and I will not ask if there remain aught else to be forgiven?"

How sharper than a serpent's tooth was the pang which shot through his guilty heart at these low and whispered words, from the tender wife he had so deeply wronged. Yet he folded her fondly to his bosom, and kissed her trembling lips with all the ardour of his early and unclouded love, as he softly said:

"To you belong, my own Cecilia, the purest, the truest, the holiest emotions of my soul—and, vain and forgetful as I sometimes seem, yours they have been, and they are. Allured and dazzled I may be by a meteor light, but ever yet, before it hured me on to death, have I turned from its blinding ray to the remembrance of your love—even as the mariner upon the midnight sea looks upward to the pole star, which, through every peril, shall guide him safely to the shore at last."

Cecilia threw her clinging arms around her husband's neck, as he uttered these words, and wept such tears of joy as for many weary weeks had not bedewed her eyes. The full and perfect confidence of her fond and guileless heart was re-established by the magic of those brief and tender words; and for other causes of disquiet—she was far too kind and generous, by a single question to allude to them. The silence for a moment remained unbroken, and then Evelyn spoke:

"This excitement is too much for you, my Cecilia," he said. "Let me place you back upon your pillow, and you shall rest there while I sit near you, and endeavour, by a quiet half hour, to subdue this intense pain," and he pressed his hand, with a look of acute suffering, upon his forehead.

"Ah, let me bathe your head, dear Maurice, it always relieves you," she said; "for indeed I am strong now—quite well, I think," and she

looked up in his face with eyes of such deep and earnest love, that his quailed beneath their beaming light.

"Nay, you can scarcely now sustain yourself," he replied, as she lay passively upon his breast, too happy in that resting place, unbidden to arise from it. But really fearful that she might suffer from over exertion, he carried her gently in his arms to the sofa, and, as he laid her from him, kissed her tenderly again, and, wheeling his chair beside her, cast himself into it, leaned back his head, and, closing his eyes, soon affected to sleep, only that he might escape the farther conversation, into which he feared she might be inclined to lead him.

Cecilia, though she would gladly have reposed still longer within his circling arms, and, in full, unchecked communion, spoken of the past and future, till every doubt had vanished, and no shadow darkened the hearts of either, was yet too happy to repine—and so content to lie and watch him as he slept, or seemed to sleep, beside her, that it was not till the flush, which joy had kindled on her cheek, faded into the paleness of utter exhaustion, that she sank into a gentle slumber, which was coloured with the bright hues of the moments that had preceded it.

As soon as Evelyn became assured, by her deeper respiration, that she slept, he softly arose, and stood for a minute gazing earnestly and sadly upon her, then, with a stealthy step, he turned to quit the apartment. He reached the door, and paused, irresolute, and with hands clasped across his brow:

"Wretch that I am," he thought—"the victim of a vice that I detest—the slave of a woman I despise! I, for whom virtue and purity were decked in such allurements—and yet I have chosen vice, with its vexations, its misery, its shame—and it is bearing me onward—onward—whither, alas! I know not."

He struck his forehead with his clenched hand, and turned, and looked again upon the peaceful features of his sleeping wife.

"Angel of goodness!" he softly said, "what have I not made you suffer! but let me once escape the toils in which I am entangled—once more be free to choose the broad or narrow path, and I swear to renounce all that your pure soul abhors—all, all that has steeped mine in crime and falsehood!" and, passing out, he swiftly descended the stairs, and left the house.

Cecilia was too happy to sleep long, and when she awoke, her first glance sought her husband's smile; but the chill of disappointment crept over her, to find him no longer beside her.

"Gone already!" she murmured; "and I slept calmly on, assured that I should meet his eye

when I awoke! oh, ever thus, of late, are all my fond dreams melted into air!"

But as if the very place which he had occupied was dear to her, she arose to seat herself in the chair which he had left. As she approached it, her foot crushed a paper that lay upon the carpet. She stooped and took it up. It was a note, but the envelope was gone, and the heat of the apartment had expanded its folds, so that a portion of its contents could not fail to strike her eye as she raised it from the floor. They were brief, but of a nature that, against her nobler feelings and practice, forced her to read—and she did so with emotions it is impossible to describe. It ran thus:

"Come to me, tonight without fail, dearest Evelyn—I shall be alone—I will shut out the world—the world—you only, constitute mine. I have seen the count—he is desperate, and threatens to expose you, if you accede not instantly to his demand. You cannot do it without involving yourself in ruin, unless by the acceptance of my offer—that is your only alternative. Why should you refuse it? I can well spare the amount. To save you from reproach or vexation I would yield up my whole fortune. It is in vain that night after night you seek to liquidate Delzoni's claim at the gaming table—every throw of the dice renders your hope yet more desperate, and swells the amount of his demand against you. I have much to say to you—this affair *must* be terminated, and I would know your resolve. Do not fail me. At eight, you will find impatiently awaiting you, your own devoted

"GENTLEMAN."

This was Mrs. Sinclair's name—her writing—and the note was dated on that very morning. To her, then had Evelyn gone! For her he had stolen from the side of his sleeping wife—ay, with her warm breath yet upon his cheek, her pure kiss yet lingering on his lips, he had gone to meet the bold glance, and listen to the deceiving accents of a false and shameless woman.

"Oh God! do thou forgive him!" were the only words which burst from the pale and trembling lips of the wretched Cecilia, as the fearful certainty of her husband's utter unworthiness and falsehood was thus forced, with terrible conviction, on her heart.

She could not weep—but she sat motionless and speechless, crushing the fatal note between her clasped hands, and pressing them, with unnatural force and calmness, on her heart—her eyes upraised, with a fixed, beseeching glance, and her very frame seeming to grow rigid in the silent, intense, and bitter agony of her wounded spirit. Rose entered the apartment, and Cecilia had just power, by a mute gesture, to bid her

retire. She could, as yet, bear the presence of no one—she felt the absence of Grace, and even that of Arthur, a relief—for hers was that hopeless sorrow of the heart, which, in its first moments of intensity, no voice of earthly sympathy or friendship could alleviate. Rose placed lights upon the table, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, and then, supposing her mistress wished to sleep, withdrew.

The evening had closed in before Grace and Arthur returned, and Grace, learning that Cecilia was alone, hastened to her room, without stopping even to change her riding dress. From her attitude, when she entered, Grace thought her asleep, and, approaching softly, bent down to look at her, when she saw, with alarm, that her seeming repose was not the quiet stillness of slumber. Her face was cold and colourless as marble, her eyes were partially unclosed, her lips, pale and slightly apart, lending to her countenance that ghastly expression seldom seen in life—and her hands were clasped so tightly on her heart, that it seemed impossible to disunite them. Grace actually thought she had ceased to breathe, and her wild cries of grief and terror soon summoned the whole household to her aid.

Arthur was the first who entered the apartment, pale and agitated, but reigning calmness, when he found in Cecilia's situation less cause for alarm than he had apprehended. He sent immediately for the physician, and, dismissing all the servants, who had thronged to the room, except Rose, he removed Cecilia gently to the sofa, and himself bathed her face, and applied such restoratives as he had seen used in similar cases. Grace had not self-command enough to lend him much assistance—nor did he crave it from her. He felt it a dear, though dangerous pleasure, to minister thus to one whom, obeying the voice of duty, he might long since have ceased to love, save within permitted bounds, had not the peculiar circumstances of her situation, kept alive in his breast the tenderest interest and solicitude, while the beauty and purity of character, which her many trials daily developed, added intensity to his affection, and elevated it into a sentiment as holy and as pure, as ever warmed the heart of man, and which even the calm and lofty sanctity of matronly virtue, would not blush to have inspired.

As he bent over her, in vain, but untiring efforts, to recall her to life, the rigid clasp of her hands partially relaxed, and the note, which she had held with such tenacity, fell from between them. Arthur took it up unobserved, and the first words that met his eye at once explained the cause of her sudden illness. He crushed it with a feeling of bitter indignation in his grasp, and thrust it

hastily into his bosom, as Dr. Thornely entered the room. In addition to what had already been done for Cecilia's recovery, the doctor found it necessary to open a vein in her arm, and when the blood had flowed a moment or two, a deep drawn sigh, and a faint return of colour to her lips, announced the success of the operation.

Relieved by her partial recovery, Arthur moved towards the table to read the note which had fallen into his possession, and which, after the glimpse he had obtained of its contents, he thought, for Cecilia's sake, he was authorized in doing—nor was he surprised by its purport. For several weeks it had been known to him that Evelyn spent much of his time at the house of Mrs. Sinclair, that he was often seen with her in public, and that already their intimacy began to be a matter of fashionable notoriety. He was aware also that he frequented the public faunts, and the private houses of gamblers, but had not before learned how deeply he had become involved, by indulgence in his fatal passion for play.

As he finished, and slowly refolded the note, he turned again towards Cecilia, who was now slowly recovering to life and its most painful consciousness. The cause of her illness was fully revealed to him, and as he leaned over her, with a face of pitying and tender concern, she suddenly unclosed her eyes, and turned on him a look of anxious enquiry. He understood it, and stooped towards her.

"I have lost something that I held, Arthur," she said faintly, and the effort and the emotion called a bright flush to her cheek.

"It is safe, dear Cecilia," he whispered—"think not of it now."

A slight shudder passed over her, as she said, almost inaudibly:

"Let it meet no other eye, Arthur, if you love me."

"None, none, Cecilia; I will burn it instantly. Let it not disturb you—all must yet be right."

She shook her head, and, gently pressing his hand, turned away her face to conceal the tears, which Arthur saw stealing from beneath her closed eyelids.

A brief time, while the doctor wrote his prescription, Arthur remained standing silently beside her, and then, as perfect rest and quiet were enjoined, he left her to the charge of Grace, and reluctantly withdrew. But that night he did not spend in sleep—through all its weary hours, his restless step was heard traversing the floor of his apartment, while his mind dwelt, not on his own blighted hopes, and wounded feelings, but with the unselfishness of his noble nature, revolved many schemes for the recovery of Evelyn from ruin,

and the restoration of the injured Cecilia to peace, if not to happiness.

Often and often through that wakeful night, he unclosed the shutters of his window, to look forth for Evelyn's return—but ever he turned away in sickening disappointment, for the grey dawn was beginning to appear, and yet the foot of his misguided master crossed not the threshold of his forsaken home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLANCES AT HISTORY.*

No I.

THE REVOLT OF THE PORTUGUESE, OR THE FORTUNES OF DON JUAN DE BRAGANZA.

BOUNDLESS was the joy of the conspirators when Mendoza returned and reported the success of his mission. The next step necessary to be taken was to concert a plan of operations with the duke. Pinto was selected, as the medium of communication for this purpose, and it was determined that Lisbon should be the site of the first insurrectionary movement, in place of Evora, as had been originally designed. On his part, the duke engaged to bring over the province of Alemtejo to his purposes, and to prepare every thing for the explosion in the towns and villages within his territories. Provided with letters to Almeida and Mendoza, Pinto again repaired to Lisbon. In the night following his arrival, the chief conspirators assembled in the metropolitan palace of the duke, coming separately in carriages, and alighting at a distance, not to attract notice. They were received by Pinto, in darkness and silence, and conducted to his private chamber. There the determination to make Lisbon the focus of the insurrection was reconsidered and approved. All things so far had proceeded happily and with good promise: the leaders of the populace had been easily gained over; the clergy heartily approved, and promoted the objects of the conspiracy. But at this moment information was brought which operated like a thunderbolt on the assembly. It was announced, on indubitable authority, that the Duke of Braganza had received orders from Olivarez to repair to Madrid without delay. The duke had, indeed, under various pretexts, procrastinated his departure, feigning illness at first, and finally want of funds necessary for the journey. But those subtleties proved vain and insufficient. A draft for ten thousand ducats was transmitted to him, accompanied with a peremptory command to set out immediately. In this strait, the duke, in presence of the courier, gave the requisite orders—sent a

party of his retainers with his equipage in advance—wrote to Olivarez that he would travel as expeditiously as possible, and addressed a farewell letter to the vice-queen. At the same time he addressed the conspirators, informing them that longer delay was inadmissible; open revolt or speedy captivity was now the alternative.

When the first alarm caused by it had subsided, this information determined the conspirators to adopt prompt and decisive measures, and they agreed to assemble again on the 25th of November, in the palace of Braganza.

They now numbered one hundred and fifty nobles, with their retainers, and two hundred of the wealthiest and most respected citizens, having sufficient influence to excite the populace to general revolt. Vaseoncellos, the secretary of state, was doomed to death; their plans were revised and definitely settled, and the first of December was fixed on for the explosion. It was arranged that the conspirators should approach the royal palace in four divisions, and secure all the avenues, to prevent concert and co-operation among the Spanish officers and troops. Almeida and his band were to surprise the German guards, while Mello, with his brother, and Don Estevan d'Aeugna, at the head of the citizens, was to attack the Spanish garrison. Tello de Nenezes, Emanuel de Saa, and Pinto, with their respective partizans, were ordered to penetrate into the chambers of Vaseoncellos, and make him prisoner, while Almada, Mendoza, Carlos de Noragna, and Antonio de Soldagna, were deputed to take the vice-queen captive. Meantime a number of the nobles and influential citizens were to exert themselves in the streets, to excite popular commotions, and cause Don Juan to be proclaimed king; and, finally, it was determined that the parties should respectively assemble at the palaces of Almada and Almeida. Full information of all these plans and arrangements was communicated to the duke by Pinto.

The first of December was now awaited with anxious impatience by the conspirators, but before the day came they were fated to encounter imminent danger. Almada was acquainted with Don Juan de Costa, a nobleman who, on all occasions, had loudly denounced the Spaniards, and declaimed against their tyranny and oppression. Hoping to secure his assistance, Almada divulged the whole plot to him. But great was his astonishment when he found that de Costa not only refused to participate in the undertaking, but endeavoured to persuade himself from engaging in it.

"Unworthy, degenerate, cowardly Portuguese! Thy hypocritical patriotism deceived me!" exclaimed Almada, drawing his sword and closing on him.

* Continued from page 188.

De Costa, thus taken by surprise and at disadvantage, consented to co-operate, and took the prescribed oath of fidelity.

This occurrence made such an impression on the chiefs, that they were inclined to postpone the insurrection; but, on the ensuing day, having become ashamed of their fears, Pinto easily persuaded them to adhere to their original purpose. On the evening before the first of December they were, however, filled anew with apprehension, by a report that Vasconcellos had gone on board one of the Spanish ships of war lying in the Tagus. "Doubtless," was the general cry, "he has scented out the conspiracy, and is gone to transport hither the Spanish regiments cantoned on the opposite shore." This alarm, however, proved to be groundless, as it was soon ascertained that the secretary's object was merely to attend the military reviews, and the entertainment subsequently given by the officers.

At length the fateful day arrived, which was to decide whether future generations should regard the Duke of Braganza as a patriot king and the deliverer of his country, or be taught to execerate him as a rebellious traitor and an enemy of his native land.

Early in the morning the conspirators assembled at the designated place of rendezvous, animated by joyous hope and an assurance of success. They entered the palace separately, borne thither in closed sedans. The hour of eight was the appointed time, and never before, to anxious mortals, did minutes move so slowly. At length Pinto discharged his pistol at the preconcerted signal. Almeida and his party immediately threw themselves impetuously on the Germans; Mello attacked and speedily vanquished the Spaniards, while Pinto, at the head of his partizans, advanced against the palace of the vice-queen. So confident was he of the happy issue of the enterprise, that he replied to a friend who casually met him in the street, and taunted him with the object of his march: "We have nothing more in view than to rid you of a tyrant and place our rightful king upon the throne."

They first encountered Don Francisco de Soutres Albergaria, civil governor of the city, and Antonio Correa, both devoted creatures of the Spanish ministry. In answer to the cry of "Long live Juan the Fourth!" they shouted, "Long live King Philip!" and were instantly killed by the infuriated insurgents. Vasconcellos, the hated secretary, having secreted himself, could not be found, till an old female domestic, threatened with instant death, betrayed his hiding place. They dragged him forth from a small concealed closet, and while the trembling coward could not utter a word, Antonio Tello shot him

through the heart. The body was then cast out of the window into the street, amid deafening shouts of "Long live Don Juan the Fourth, King of Portugal." The populace vented their rage on the dead body of their detested oppressor, and encouraged the dogs to devour it.

Pinto proposed that the inmates of a neighbouring monastery should be permitted to bury the corpse, but it was not without much difficulty that it was finally rescued from the infuriated populace. Thus fell the haughty Vasconcellos, who had long dominated over Portugal with absolute sway. The vice-queen, alarmed and terrified by the commotions she heard and the scenes she witnessed, was about to leave her chamber and address the people, when she was met by Miguel d'Almeida, Ferdinand Telles da Nenezes, Thomas de Sousa, Carlos de Noragon, and others of the nobility. She reproached them with the excesses which had been committed, told them that the Portuguese were sufficiently avenged by the death of the secretary, and required that they would now again return to their duty, promising them full pardon in the name of the king. They implored her to desist from her purpose of addressing the populace, as it was but too probable that in the moment of ungovernable excitement the respect due to her sex and rank might be forgotten.

"Forget the respect due to me?" exclaimed the indignant lady. "How so?"

"Yes, gracious lady," replied Carlos de Noragon, "even so far, perhaps, as to cast you headlong from the window."

The Bishop of Braga, who stood near the vice-queen, was so incensed at this audacious reply, that, snatching a sword from the hand of a soldier, he attempted to thrust it through Noragon's heart. Almeida, however, intercepted and warded off the blow. The vice-queen, filled with terror and dismay by this occurrence, instantly withdrew. Almeida followed her, and demanded a written order to the Spanish commandant of the citadel to deliver up that important post.

"If you refuse this request," said Almeida, "every Spaniard in Lisbon will be instantly put to death, and I will not be responsible for your personal safety."

After some hesitation she signed the order, with the secret hope that the commandant, Don Louis de Campo, would refuse compliance. In this, however, she deceived herself. The citadel was immediately surrendered to the officers appointed for that purpose. The commandants of the fortresses of Belem, Cabezaseen, St. Antonio, and Almada, immediately followed the example set by De Campo. The victorious conspirators thereupon liberated all political prisoners, and

proceeded to institute a provisional government, with the Archbishop of Lisbon at its head. Expresses were despatched to all the provinces, to announce the happy consummation of the enterprise, the vice-queen was removed to Xabigos, and deputies were appointed to wait on the Duke of Braganza, and invite him to accept the crown. His presence alone was wanting to complete the general joy. With loud shouts of "Long live Don Juan, our Lord and King!" the people proceeded to the cathedral, to return thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance from oppression. That day and the one ensuing, were spent in unbounded demonstrations of satisfaction and rejoicing. The revolution was accomplished without any occurrence to mar the general joy; and although persons of every age and rank had previous knowledge of the existence and objects of the conspiracy, the secret had been faithfully kept. On the 5th of December the gladdening information was published that the king had crossed the Tagus, and was about to enter the palace of the Indias. Immense crowds of people immediately flocked thither, making the welkin ring with joyful shouts, and gazing with delight on the sovereign of their choice.

Juan the Fourth used his triumph with moderation. Day after day messengers arrived, bringing submission from the provinces, the example of the capital being enthusiastically followed in all parts of the country. On the 18th of December the coronation was performed, and on the 25th of January, 1641, the cortes formally recognized the rights of the house of Braganza, and the sovereign rule of Don Juan the Fourth. France first set the example of acknowledging him King of Portugal, which was soon followed by all the principal powers of Europe, excepting the pope and the Emperor of Germany.

"Rejoice, sire," said the minister, Olivarez, one morning, to King Philip of Spain, as he entered the presence; "the Duke of Braganza has foolishly permitted himself to be beguiled into rebellion. The mob of Lisbon has proclaimed him king, and he has accepted the title; his life and possessions are now justly forfeit."

But the confident anticipations of the minister proved delusive. It was soon obvious that Portugal and Brazil were for ever lost to Spain; and, although war was commenced and vigorously prosecuted, the struggle ended in establishing the house of Braganza firmly on the throne to which they were legitimately entitled.

In 1667, Alphonzo the Sixth, the successor of Juan the Fourth, concluded a treaty of peace with Holland, by which Brazil was restored to the crown of Portugal; but its former greatness could not now have been restored, even had that

prince and his successors displayed as much wisdom and vigour as some of them exhibited good intentions. In 1703, Mr. Methuen, the English ambassador, concluded a commercial treaty with Portugal, by which the advantages of the newly discovered gold mines in Brazil were in a great measure secured to Great Britain. From this time the relations with England continued to become more intimate, until Portugal was no longer in a condition to maintain an independent attitude in European politics.

The cortes, in the ordinance for assembling which the king had expressly required that the third estate should send as deputies no persons who held offices in the departments of finance, in the judiciary, the army, or the navy, was not again summoned after 1697.

During the long reign of John the Fifth, from 1707 to 1750, some vigor was exerted in regard to the foreign relations, and something was attempted for the promotion of the national welfare at home; of the latter, the most noted were the restrictions on the power of the inquisition, and the foundation of an academy of Portuguese history, but the plans proposed were never fully carried out, and the erection of a sumptuous monastery at Mafra, on which immense sums were lavished, together with the endowment of the patriarchal see of Lisbon, entirely exhausted the resources of the country. Under Joseph the First, the Marquis of Pombal, a vigorous reformer, such as Portugal required, administered the government. He attacked the Jesuits and the nobility, who, during the preceding reigns, had exercised an undue influence in the government. The exposure of the abuse of power by the Jesuits in Paraguay, their conduct at the time of the earthquake in Lisbon in 1755, and the conspiracy against the life of the king, in 1759, led to the suppression of the order, and they were finally banished the kingdom, with a total confiscation of their estates and property, in the same year. The Count of Schaunburg Lippe, to whose services against Spain, in 1760, Portugal was so much indebted, likewise reformed the army; but soon after his departure, the effects of his improvements disappeared. On the accession of Maria Francis Isabella, in 1777, the Marquis of Pombal lost the power and influence which he had possessed for twenty-five years. To him Portugal had been indebted for her revival from her previous lethargy, and although many of his most useful regulations did not survive his fall, yet the enlightened views which he introduced, and the national feelings which he awakened, were not without permanent effects. During the reign of Maria, the power of the state was wielded by an ignorant nobility, and not less ig-

norant clergy. In 1792, on account of the sickness and incapacity of the queen, Juan, Prince of Brazil, afterwards John the Sixth, was declared regent, and, in 1799, her malady having terminated in confirmed mental alienation, the prince was invested with full regal powers, but he made no change in the policy of the government. Her connexion with Great Britain involved Portugal in the war with France, to which she contributed liberally to the extent of her means. But commercial distress, the accumulating debt, and the threatening language which Spain, urged on by France, was compelled to adopt, led to a peace with that power in 1797. The disasters of the French arms in 1799 encouraged the regent to renew hostilities, in alliance with England and Russia; but after Napoleon had established his authority, he obliged Spain to declare war against her in 1801. The war was terminated the same year by the treaty of Badajoz, by which Portugal was obliged to cede the town and fortress of Olivenza to Spain, besides paying a large sum as an indemnity. From this period, Portugal preserved a mere shadow of independence, by the greatest sacrifices, until at last Junot entered the country, and the house of Braganza was declared by Napoleon to have ceased to reign. The regent now threw himself entirely into the arms of Great Britain, and finally sailed from Lisbon for Brazil, under the convoy of a British fleet, on the 29th of November, 1807. On the very next day Junot entered the capital, and Portugal was treated as a conquered country. A British force was, however, soon after landed in the northern provinces; numerous bodies of the native troops also determined to sustain a struggle for freedom and independence; and a junta was established in Oporto to conduct the government. After some hard fighting, the decisive battle of Vimeira took place on the 21st of August, 1808, and was immediately followed by the celebrated convention of Cintra, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French forces. From this time, Portugal took an active and efficient part in the war against Napoleon, and her troops, especially the infantry, were declared by the great duke to be not inferior to any in Europe, at the close of the Peninsular war. The peace of Paris in 1814 was by no means satisfactory to the Portuguese people: they had borne their full share in the wars which prostrated Napoleon; and, although Portugal was obliged to restore French Guiana, Spain evaded the restitution of Olivenza, which had been agreed to by that state; nor was that fortress restored till after the seizure of the Banda Oriental on the part of Portugal.

In 1815, the inquisition was abolished in the

Portuguese dominions; the Jesuits were refused admission into them, and the Jews were, at the request of the pope, in 1817, allowed the same privileges which they enjoy in the Roman states. The absence of the court, which still continued at Rio Janeiro, was at this time viewed with dissatisfaction by the nation; the military were dissatisfied with Marshal Beresford, and the general feeling seemed to portend, that some signal changes in the constitution and government were inevitable. To those changes, which did in fact rapidly follow, and which are not very generally understood, we purpose to devote an article in one of our succeeding numbers.

TO THE COMET OF 1843.

BY H. D. N.

Mysterious being! in thy mighty round,
Thou art before us in our evening sky:
Tell us, we pray thee, of that space profound,
Through which has rolled thy never closing eye.

Hast thou been here before? Did Newton gaze
Upon thy form, so wondrous to behold?
Well may we view that orb in grand array,
Which that great sage contemplated of old.

We know not—'tis not given to us to trace
Thy wanderings through the trackless depths of blue;
We only know that thy appointed place,
Uncheck'd by aught which man below can do.

Thou ever fill'st, and thy eccentric course,
Though strange to us, is mapped by One Divine,
Who rules with ceaseless and unvarying force,
At whose command alone shall end all time.

Yet He our Father is, and we, like thee,
Sprang at His word from nothingness at first;
Like thee, too, may we ever strive to be
Faithful and constant to his high behest.

We must immortal be! Since thou wast here,
Halley and Newton 'neath the cold earth lie.
Shall such minds perish, and thy form endure?
Impossible! and man must live for ever.

Live! yes, and drink eternal wisdom in,
At every avenue the soul can know.
O! bless'd beyond compare the lot of him
Whose spirit's training is begun below.
Montreal, April 6.

RIGHT USE OF WEALTH.

Men are apt to measure national prosperity by riches; it would be right to measure it by the use that is made of them. When they promote an honest commerce among men, and are motives to industry and virtue, they are without doubt of great advantage; but when they are made (as too often happens) an instrument to luxury, they enervate and dispirit the bravest people.—
Bishop Berkeley.

MARCO VISCONTI:*

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY—TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF BOMMASO GROSSI.

BY HUGGINGTON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE light of the silver lamp which shone in the chamber of Marco, fell full and fair on the noble countenance of the hero, as he sat listening, with seeming intentness, but real distraction of mind, to the words of Lodrisio, who, with his elbow on the table, and his chin supported on his palm, was holding earnest discourse.

"Of this we may be certain, my lord," he proceeded; "the Baron of Monteforte hath this day received the twenty-five thousand golden florins, assigned to him from your nephew Azo by the emperor; this afternoon he departs from Tirol, with all his German troops, to join the Bavarian in Tuscany, and we are well rid of one obstacle. We could have risked nothing, while his hand was ready to pounce upon us."

"Certainly!" replied Marco, negligently.

"Nathless," continued his counsellor, "thou wert right in saying yesterday that the time is not yet ripe for our undertaking; we must let the preaching of the priests and friars, despatched by the pope, take full effect, and we must also allow the Bavarian to impoverish himself in friends and money, as he is doing every day. Hast thou heard, cousin, that the eight hundred *lanz-knechts*, who had forsaken his banner on the failure of his subsidies, have fortified themselves in the Val di Nievole, in the Castle of Ceruglio?"

Lodrisio's words had fallen unheeded as if on the ear of a sleeper, but, as he paused in his address, Marco, like one newly awakened, caught the last phrase of his kinsman, and the tone of interrogation in which it was uttered.

"The band of Ceruglio?" he repeated.

"Yes, of them I speak. Have thy brethren or the vicar imperial yet had notice of their movements?"

"They were warned of it by the emperor himself," replied Marco, now thoroughly roused. "And by the same messenger came urgent demands for the fees of my nephew's investiture, on which he depends for the replenishment of his empty coffers."

"Aye, and empty they will remain, for all he can procure in this quarter."

"Nay," resumed Marco, "what thinkest thou is the vicar's design? Thou would'st never

divine it: 'tis to send me to Ceruglio in place of the money!"

"How so?" asked Lodrisio.

"This morning," continued the chief, "he sent Luchino to sound me on the subject, saying that none but myself could extricate him from his difficulties—that if these Germans could be kept quiet, the emperor would not press him so much for money—that the *lanz-knechts* know me well, and will trust to my word—that my past exploits—"

"Aye," interrupted Lodrisio, "your next will surpass them all, despite his every effort. See'st thou not that his intent is to remove thee from Milan, and once away, he would make the most of thine absence?"

"I also have my designs," said Marco, with a smile, and in a decisive, though lowered tone. "I will take him in his own net. I will go to the Val di Nievole, gain over these eight hundred lances, (who, I know, would pass through fire to serve me—there, at least, he is right), and pay them from my own resources. Thou wilt strike the first blow here; and when the Bavarian hastens to the assistance of his creature, as doubtless he will, there I am ready to fall on his rear with the eight hundred lances of Ceruglio, and the Tuscan forces which will by that time have joined us."

"Bravo, cousin!" exclaimed Lodrisio, as he started to his feet, "'tis a rare project! Of a verity it will be hanging him in his own halter."

"We shall talk of the matter more at length tomorrow, Lodrisio; at present I do not feel disposed for conversation. Good night, cousin!"

"Put this idea into execution, Marco," said the other, as he moved towards the entrance; "and from the Val di Nievole thou can'st treat with Florence on terms of equality."

"I am reminded, Lodrisio, that I must write this evening to the Signoria* of Florence. Once more, adieu!"

Lodrisio returned his parting salute, and departed, while Marco continued to pace the chamber with hasty step, from time to time drawing his hand hurriedly across his brow, as if he would thus clear away the shadows that lowered there. At length he suddenly paused, and saying

* Continued from No. 4.

* The Governing Council.

aloud in a resolute tone, as if imposing a command upon himself; "The Florentines must be written to," he turned towards the table. Before sitting down he unbuckled his sword-belt; and laid the weapon aside against the wall; but as he did so, the silken favour which he had that day received from Beatrice caught his eye, and he stood for a moment regarding it with a fixed and steady look. With an effort, however, he withdrew his gaze, sat down by the table, and, taking a parchment from a roll beside him, began to write:

"Nobilibus dominis sapientibus et doctis, et Comuni Florentie, amicis diligendis precipue, Marcus Viscomes cum sincera dilectione, salutem."

Having thus commenced, he threw himself in his chair, to consider how he might best introduce the subject he had in hand; but his thoughts wandered back to the banquet-hall, and his dreams of power and conquest were at once forgotten. When he had remained thus in reverie for some time, he suddenly started to his feet, and resumed his hurried pacing through the apartment.

"But might I not have known," he muttered to himself, "might I not have known that she would resemble Ermelinda? Ottorino's letters told me so; his words confirmed the tale. Oh! that soft and gentle voice—'twas Ermelinda's own; that sweet smile, that graceful carriage, those beauteous eyes, all, all were hers. Sight and sound at once brought back before me mine early years, those years of youthful hope, when the malignant blast of iniquity had not yet hardened mine heart, when, in the presence of Ermelinda, all creation was clad in smiles, and in every human being I saw a friend? Since then, what scenes of havoc and destruction have been my lot! I too have shared deeply in them—I too have been steeped in blood. And yet my heart seemed formed for better feelings, for softer emotions. Ah! Beatrice! Beatrice!"

He paused for a moment, and then, with a contemptuous and derisive smile, such as he would have bestowed upon an inferior whom he had caught in some mean and unworthy net, he continued:

"Art thou," he thus addressed himself, "art thou that Marco Visconti, the fulfilling of whose destiny all Italy awaits in trembling? Thou, nurtured by so many years of hardship and anxiety, by vicissitudes so strange and sudden, thus to pause on the threshold of that vast and dimly shadowed future, towards which thy steps were pressing—to prate of lovely forms and brilliant eyes! What a topic for the raillery of Lodrisio! Away with these obscuring clouds, and let the star of my destiny shine forth in all its splendour!"

He resumed his place at the table, and laid not down his pen till he had filled the parchment to the close with minute writing; then retired to rest, with his mind full of Guelphs and Ghibellines, of pope and emperor, of plots and warfare.

A few days after this, Ottorino, returning from a secret mission to Paria, presented himself to his kinsman, resolved at once to come to an explanation with him, and request his consent to his nuptials with Beatrice. He found him gloomy and reserved, and when he had laid before him the result of his conference with the disaffected lords, to lead the way to his cherished object, he began to speak of the Count del Balzo, taking occasion from a dispute which the count had maintained with a friar as to the legality of Pope John's deposition, and which had ended by the latter acknowledging himself defeated, to the triumphant elation of his adversary. Marco heard, with a secret smile, this relation of a fact which he himself had brought about; for we are in duty bound to inform our readers that our friend the count had in reality less claim to the credit of this conversion than might be supposed. It was part of the policy of Marco to make the most of his new ally, and to give him, in the eyes of the public, the reputation of that solid learning and power of argument, which few but Count Oltrado himself had hitherto perceived. For this purpose, Lorenzo Garbagnate, and a few other such stout champions, were instructed always to keep in the neighbourhood of the count, and to give him most unostentatious succour whenever he was hard pressed by any opponent; and besides this, many who had been previously converted by more solid arguments from the coffers of Marco, were pitted against the Laminone noble, and, after a decent show of resistance, surrendered at discretion, owning themselves completely convinced by his reasoning in favour of Pope John. Now-a-days, when we are so much better skilled in the laudable art of cheating our neighbours, this artifice might be reckoned clumsy and awkward; but as we now write of the fourteenth century, it is not to be wondered that it made the desired impression on the public mind.

Ottorino, seeing a ray of the inward smile of complacency, we have mentioned, spreading over the countenance of his kinsman, took heart of grace, and was about to dash boldly into the dreaded subject; but, ere he could resume, the brow of the chief again grew cloudy, and, with an ill-concealed air of derision, he exclaimed:

"I taught thee, Ottorino, to concern thyself with sword and spear, battle and tourney, and thou must needs plant thyself among the doctors, to dispute of popes and anti-popes!"

"Thou knowest, Marco," replied the youth,

somewhat confused, but glad, nevertheless, that the discourse tended in this direction, "thou knowest that the Count del Balzo has been but a short time in Milan, and that I owe him gratitude for his former kindness to me. His family, too, to tell thee the truth, —"

But he proceeded no further, when he noticed how the gloomy shade on the brow of his auditor deepened, as he spoke, into a dark scowl.

"I have taken him at an unlucky moment," he thought; "some untoward matter hath given him umbrage."

He therefore turned the discourse to some other topic, although with an embarrassed and incoherent manner, which Marco observed fixedly with a keen and penetrating glance. A page entered very opportunely to relieve his embarrassment, announcing that the Abbot of St. Ambrose was without.

"Let him enter," said his master; and Ottorino took a respectful leave, annoyed at the temporary discomfiture of his scheme, but certain of success at the first favourable moment.

Frequent were now his visits at the palace of the Count del Balzo, and most of his time was spent in the company of his betrothed and her mother, the count himself being generally engaged in his favourite occupation of making political conversions. Smoothly and swiftly then sped the pleasant hours; the consciousness of mutual affection, the reminiscences of the past, and the hopeful anticipations of the future, lent a charm to every object around, an interest to every little incident.

A week had thus flitted by, when the young cavalier one day received an invitation from his lord to join him in a cavalcade through the city, and was selected from all the train to ride by his side, a post which was the object of ambition to every knight there. Marco,—as he passed along, replying, now with an inclination of the head, now with a wave of the hand, to the salutations of the people, who had crowded to the terraces, the balconies, and the streets, to see him pass,—still found time to bestow a great share of his attention on his cousin, and seemed anxious, by his more than ordinary affability, to make him some recompense for his hasty and abrupt treatment at the interview we have narrated.

"Harkye, cousin!" he said, after a little, "I am about to pass into Tuscany, and thou wilt accompany me."

The youth was completely disconcerted by this unforeseen announcement, and replied, with hesitation:

"'Tis a new mark of thy favour, which claims my earnest thanks; but—at this moment —"

"What! hast thou aught to interfere between

thy chief and thyself at this momentous period?"

"Think not so! but still —"

"Well! what now?"

"Thou knowest that I am bound to appear as one of the holders of the tournament, and that the proclamation hath gone forth with my name attached thereto."

"That we can easily arrange. Is my following so insignificant that we can find no knight to take thy place for the day? And as for honour, thou must needs know that every knight is held honourably excused when engaged in the service of his chief. I understand thee," continued Marco, smiling—but the smile was of the lips, not of the heart—"I know wherefore this sudden departure seemeth to groll thee so—thou hast doubtless heard that *Francesca Rusconi* and his daughter are looked for immediately in Milan. But come! for once duty shall be no let to love. We will have ye formally betrothed ere we depart."

Ottorino, thus brought to a strait, saw that further evasion was useless, and that he must speak out boldly and resolutely.

"It would grieve me much," he therefore commenced, "to do aught to displease thee; I have ever served thee with truth and fidelity in all matters where service was owing, but in this —"

"To what tendeth all this?" interrupted Marco, sharply; "hast thou changed thine intentions on this point?"

"In very truth," replied Ottorino, "I have never pledged my faith to *Francesca Rusconi*—the arrangement was wholly thine, and in such matters I am master of myself."

By this time the cavalcade had reached the *Brena del Guercio*, and was passing in the front of the Balzo palace. Marco and Ottorino looked up at the same time to the balcony, where stood the father and daughter. The reader will easily divine upon which of the horsemen her looks were fixed, while the count leant over the parapet, bowing and waving his hand to Marco. When they were past, the young cavalier wished to resume the discourse, but his lord, signing to him, with a stern air, to fall back beside the standard-bearer, who followed, loosened the reins of his steel, buried his spurs in his flanks, and rode at full speed to the court of his palace. Here he hastily dismounted, and, without uttering a word, ascended to his chamber, where he remained for the rest of the day, pacing it at intervals with hasty and agitated tread.

CHAPTER XII.

WE must now beg the reader to return with us to *Limonta*, where the poor mountaineers re-

mined, totally unaware of the storm that threatened them. While the sixty lances of Lodrisio, under the leadership of Bellebuono, silently advanced in one direction on their unconscious prey; while Lupo, in the other, hastened at his utmost speed through the intricate mountain-passes, in the hope of warning them to flight, or at least preparing them for defence; the Limontines had retired, as usual, to their cottages, and were pursuing their customary evening avocations.

Within the cabin of the boatman, Michael,—which, as we have already had occasion to mention, was situated at some little distance from the village, towards Bellagio,—might be seen the unhappy pair, whose bereavement we have recorded in a previous chapter. Near a small lamp of iron, hung from the smoke-darkened roof, Martha sat at her distaff: her countenance showed the traces of recent and severe anguish, and ever and anon she cast a restless glance towards a small couch at the side of the cabin, and then as hastily withdrew it, as the associations connected with it forced themselves on her mind. On this, which had been the resting place of poor Arigozzo, lay stretched a small waterspout, his especial favourite. While he lived, Martha had regarded it with no very favourable eye, and had often scolded her son for wasting so much fuel, in these times of scarcity, upon a useless cur; but since his death, she would have considered the omission of a single one of the little attentions he was used to lavish on it, as a grievous fault—an ill-natured word or a harsh action would have been very sacrilege. Michael had seated himself with his back to Martha, that the sight of her maternal grief might not increase his own, and thus he remained till he heard a sudden and uncontrollable burst of weeping behind him.

"Again!" he exclaimed, in a fretful tone, but without even turning round his head; "wilt thou never have done weeping. All day—and all night, too—nothing but tears—tears! Dost thou expect," continued he, as he dashed the drops from his own eyes with the back of his hand, "dost thou expect that this will bring him back to us again?"

The unhappy woman repressed her tears, though only to drive them back more bitter and scalding to her heart, and for some time not a word was uttered by either party. Martha resumed her spinning, casting an occasional glance towards her husband, who hid his face buried in his hands, and seemed to be silently weeping. At last he rose, approached his wife, and, taking her hand, addressed her in a kind and soothing manner:

"Heed not my harsh words, Martha! at times I scarce know what I say. Thou knowest," he added, after a pause, "that tomorrow I have to take the syndic to Derrio; with the money I shall receive, we will have a mass said for him at Lugano, where the interdiction does not reach."

"I have already seen to that," replied the dame, as she pointed to her distaff. "This wool belongs to the messere of Lugano—the spinning will pay for the masses he has said for his repose."

The boatman would have replied, but his trembling lips refused to frame the words, as he cast upon the old companion of his days a look of affection as tender and fervent as had ever greeted her in the days of her comely youth.

The hour was now late; nothing was to be heard without, save the restless murmur of the lake's sleepless waves, and the rustling sigh of the wind among the leaves of the old chestnut that overshadowed the boatman's dwelling. The spaniel, which had lain almost motionless on the couch of his dead master ever since his funeral, suddenly broke in upon the silence with a low growl; then, leaping on the floor, he ran to the entrance, with ears erect and angry-bark, snuffing keenly at the threshold of the door. When Michael, seizing his bonnet, opened the door and issued out, the only sound he heard, which could cause this commotion, was the fierce baying of another dog, which seemed to come from the village; but when he advanced to the brow of a small hill that lay in that direction, he could faintly distinguish cries of terror brought upon the wind, while the clouds that hung over it were tinged with a deep red reflection.

"Martha! there is a fire at Limonta!" he called out, as he hastened off to render what assistance he could, scarce hearing the cry that his wife sent after him, of—"Have a care of thyself, Michael, for my sake!"

As he drew nearer the village, the cries of affright seemed mingled with angry curses and shouts of fury; and, as he came in sight of it, he at once perceived that the fire had not been accidental. Several houses, in various parts of the village, were in flames, and by their light were seen figures in distracted flight, or in relentless pursuit; while on the shore several boats were hastily filling with fugitives, and, as he gazed, lannched into the lake, and were lost in the surrounding gloom. The sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and Michael, taking refuge behind some bushes, soon recognized in the woman who hurried past, with a little girl hanging by her apron, a babe encircled by one arm, and an unwilling heifer dragged along by the other, a young widow of Limonta.

"Giovanna!" he said, as he overtook her,

"what has happened at Limonta? can I lend them any aid?"

"Oh, Michael!" replied the terrified dame, "the soldiers of the monastery have set fire to the village, and are slaying all who fall into their hands; 'tis a fatal night for Limonta. For charity's sake," she added, in a tone of supplication, "help me to drag along this animal, the only support now left for my poor fatherless children."

The boatman, immediately taking from her the rope which was round the heifer's neck, took up in his arms the girl, whose little limbs were worn out by the hurried pace at which they came along.

"The Lord reward thee for thy kindness to the desolate widow!" exclaimed the fugitive, as they proceeded onwards. "Ah, Michael! thou hast the compassion of the whole district; all pitied thee for the loss of thine *Arrigozzo*—peace to his soul! But tomorrow, how many of those will also have a son to weep—how many will envy thee for having lost him as thou didst!"

Michael's heart was too full for reply, and he hastened on in silence, casting a glance—now upon the burning village—now upon the shade that covered his own roof. When he had placed the widow and her family in safety in a mountain cave, he ran at full speed to his cottage, and as he entered, breathless, was startled by the sight of a man clothed in half armour, whom he believed to be one of the ravagers from Limonta.

"Dost thou not know me, Michael?" demanded the stranger, as the boatman caught up a billet of wood from a bench beside him.

"Ah, Lupo! art thou come with these dogs?" asked Michael in return—throwing down his weapon, however.

"Heaven forbid! I came to warn you of this, but came too late. Force is now useless; but we may find some means to rescue from their clutches the poor wretches whom they have taken alive, and whom they design—I met Stefano on the shore who told me so—to massacre in cold-blood tomorrow."

"What can we do against so many?" said the boatman.

"We will not be alone," replied Lupo; "there are others awaiting us. I have a project to tell thee of, that wants the aid of some one with a firm and dauntless heart—'tis therefore I came in search of thee."

"Gladly would I lend thee my aid," said Michael; "still——"

"Heed not me," interrupted Martha, divining the cause of his hesitation; "but go at once. 'Tis to save the lives of our friends."

"I will go, then," was his reply; "the Lord have thee in his holy keeping, Martha!"

About an hour afterwards a group of soldiers gathered round the chapel door, desiring, through the darkness, the figure of a man advancing towards them. As he drew nearer, one of their number ran at him with uplifted weapon; but Michael—for he it was—cried out:

"Lead me to thy chief, friend! I have an errand to him. Is not his name Bellebuono?"

"What wantest thou with Bellebuono?"

"My errand is secret in the meantime, but it is one that promises him good luck. Shew me where to find him."

"At the worst," said the man-at-arms to himself, "it is only another partridge in the net—another article for tomorrow's sport. Follow me, knave!" he added; "I will lead thee to him."

They entered the chapel, within which was gathered the little booty that had been picked up in the pillage, and to the pillars were bound, with their hands behind their back, seven unhappy wretches, that had fallen alive into the hands of the merciless soldiery; amongst these, Michael immediately perceived the curate, to whom a strong-built man-at-arms was in the act of giving a bullet in the face as they came in.

"There is Bellebuono," said his conductor to Michael, pointing to this man.

As the boatman approached, Bellebuono looked at him, as if doubtful whether he should not run him through at once; but a few words, muttered by the former in his ear, seemed to mollify him completely. After conversing for a short time in an under tone, they set out together, accompanied by four soldiers, towards a cottage, situated a little way out of the village, near the valley of Roncate.

"More than three hundred florins—thou sayest?" asked Bellebuono, as they proceeded along, ten or twelve paces in front of the escort.

"Certainly!" replied his guide; "all the silver plate of the church is there, and its savings for the last twenty years."

"But is not the house of the curate beside the chapel?"

"I am now leading you to his nephew's house, where the treasury is."

"*Diavolo!* no wonder then that my fellows found none of it during their search tonight."

By this time they had reached a small cottage situated on the slope, and Michael, halting at the door, exclaimed: "Here we have it!"

"Stay here on the watch, *Rinaldo*," said his commander, "and thou too, *Vineguerra*; let none issue without me; and at my first warning be ready to wind your horns for assistance. *Uberto* and *Massimo*, come with us."

"Stay!" said the boatman to Bellebuono, in a tone which might be distinctly heard by the other four; "you confirm to me your promise of releasing in safety all the prisoners you have taken?"

"Yes, thou shalt have them all, as I already promised thee, saving the parrot; his sermouizing speeches have so disgusted me, that I am determined to have him *planted*⁹ tomorrow, to see if he can prate as well when buried up to the chin."

"No! no!" replied Michael; "You said the whole of them."

"Come, then! I will give thee the curate too; it is a matter of little importance."

Bellebuono and his two men-at-arms were then conducted by Michael to the interior of the house, where, ascending a narrow staircase, they found themselves in a gallery, at the further end of which was a small door.

"Do you wish me to go with you, to point out the place?" said the boatman.

"Ah, rascalion!" replied Bellebuono, "thou wishest to make thy escape, and leave me a hanging-stock in some empty nook or other. No! no! rest thee here with these two good friends, who will keep thee company. Uberto! thou wilt not let him out of thy hands till I return, whate'er befall."*

The two spear-men placed themselves on each side of the boatman, who seemed no ways disturbed by it.

"You cannot go wrong," he called after the departing leader; "beyond the second chamber you come to a winding staircase, and in a closet to the left there is a square stone——"

"Yes! yes! I remember it all," interrupted Bellebuono, who had by this time reached the second chamber. The light of the lantern which he carried was soon lost; his heavy steps were heard descending the staircase, then a few minutes of silence were followed by a dull heavy sound, as of some fallen body. The heart of the boatman sunk within him; and it was well for him that the grey dawn, even aided by the still burning houses, did not send sufficient light into the gallery to discover to his guards the apprehension displayed in his countenance.

"What can that noise mean?" exclaimed Massimo. "Can any one have been hid there? Let us after and see!"

"After him, said'st thou?" rejoined Uberto, "and have a staff broke over thy costard for disobeying orders, as he did to Trepazzo yesterday. He has but stumbled over something, and will be here anon."

Whilst they yet disputed what were best to be done, they saw Bellebuono himself appear at the door by which he had entered, and beckon to the boatman, who approached, and interchanged a few words in a low tone.

"Now, then," said Michael, aloud, "I have kept my promise; it becometh you to keep yours."

They issued from the house, and, joined by the two sentinels without, retraced their steps towards Limonta. As they wound down the narrow pathway, Michael dropped a few paces behind with the leader, and silently began to wipe off a stain of blood that was on the gauntlet of the latter.

"What matters it?" said he to whom this service was rendered, in a voice that sounded hollow through his closed vizor; "let it alone: would'st thou have it stainless after such a night's work as this?"

A few whispered sentences passed between them, and then Michael, halting, called out to the four spear-men, who had gone on before:

"A word with ye, friends! Your leader here goes round by the shore to place in the boat something or other he has under his arm. You, he says, will go with me, and release the prisoners."

"Do so," said the person thus spoken of, in a hurried voice; "and here—Rinaldo, Vinciguerra, Uberto, Massimo—take this," accompanying each name with a handful of silver coin; then, taking a side path, he disappeared, while the boatman pursued his route with the four soldiers.

"Did'st thou note," said one of the latter, to a comrade, "how altered Bellebuono's voice appeared?"

"'Twas nought but the bars of his helmet that broke the sound," replied the questioned.

"Nay rather," exclaimed a third, "it must have been through joy at his unexpected prize. Did he say," continued he, addressing Michael, "did he say that we were to share in it?"

"He intends to lay aside one half for himself, as is but fair," replied the boatman; "the rest he will divide among you four."

"And thou too, varlet," said Vinciguerra, "shalt share with us. Thou art a good fellow—a friend to brave soldiers."

"I ask nothing more than your leader has promised—the release of the prisoners. However, any thing you choose to give me will be so much bestowed in charity."

"Here, knave, take part of my money!" "and of mine!" "and of mine!" exclaimed they, their liberality excited by the prospect of the spoil. Before Michael had well pocketed the money thus received, which he did with an air of great humility and gratitude, they had arrived at the

* See chapter II., page 53.

chapel door. Entering in, the four spearmen ordered the sentinels, in the name of Bellebuono, to untie the prisoners, and let them go.

"Now, off with ye," said Vinciguerra, when this had been done, "and thank your stars that you have escaped so easily from the clutches of Bellebuono."

Whilst Michael, however, was hurrying off the rescued captives, who, astonished at their good fortune, overwhelmed him with questions to which he made no reply, the report of their release had spread among the soldiery, who rushed to intercept them.

"It cannot be true," they cried out; "it cannot be true; Bellebuono would never let his prey slip off thus."

"It is true," returned Libaldo; "I heard it from his own lips."

"No! no!" answered another; "it must be some trick. When Bellebuono went away with you four, he halted a moment behind, and whispered me to have a rope ready for this rascal too on his return. Looks that like releasing them?"

"But we heard his orders," insisted the four who had been with him; "he told us to do whatever this peasant asked—and a right good fellow he is, if ye but knew all."

"It cannot be true," still cried the rest; "there must be some plot under this. Seize them, comrades!"

"Bellebuono! Bellebuono!" exclaimed some, as they were about to lay hands on the Limontines; "here is Bellebuono!"

All looked in the direction where these pointed, and their leader was seen running towards them, his vizor closed as before, and a short lance in his hand, with the handle of which he laid about him among the crowd with right good will, crying, or rather growling through his teeth:

"Ah, *canaglia!* rebellious dogs! mutinous scum!"

The soldiers quickly drew back, proffering their excuses and regrets: "they had not believed his orders were such"—"it was out of pure zeal they had done it"—and so forth; while his blows showered thickly on their shoulders, till a path had been cleared for the prisoners. He then signed to the latter to advance, and himself giving his support to the parroco, they took the first path that led towards the mountain, leaving the soldiery in front of the chapel, to rub their shoulders, and interchange looks and words of wonder.

When they had advanced a good way, the curate turned to his supporter, and, with hearty thanks for his unexpected kindness, said, that as they were now in safety, he need not proceed

further with them; while the rest crowded round him, professing themselves debtors to him for their lives. But he, taking off his helmet, displayed a young and handsome countenance, illumined by a smile of triumph. As our readers may have already conjectured, it was our old friend Lupo.

The band of Lodrisio waited in expectation of their leader all that day and the next—but in vain. The four spearmen, who had accompanied him in his last expedition, then proceeded to the cottage, which had been the object of it, and, descending the inner stair-case, passed through a ground chamber into a sort of cellar, in a corner of which they found the body of Bellebuono. They at once comprehended that a party of the Limontines had been here in hiding, and they found proof of it in a cuirass and upper garment, which one of them must have thrown off before putting on the armour in which he had personated Bellebuono.

The first impulse of the enraged soldiery was to search for "the treacherous villain," by whom he had been led into this snare; but Michael and his dame were now in safety, together with all who had escaped on that dreadful night. Five or six days they remained at Limonta, spending their wrath on every object, animate or inanimate, that could possibly suffer by them; but annoyed in their turn by the fugitives under Lupo, so that, when they departed, they left ten of their number to fertilize the fields they had devastated.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the evening after the cavalcade through Milan, mentioned in a previous chapter, Marco was waited on by the cardinal-abbot of St. Ambrose, who related to him the events which had occurred at Limonta.

This prelate—the brother, as we have said, of Lodrisio Visconti—was devoted to Marco, who now proposed to make use of his credit, and of the forces of the monastery, to aid in his ambitious project, without, however, letting him into the secret; for, as it was through the favour of Pope Nicholas and the emperor, to whom he had been recommended by Marco, that he had risen, from a simple monk, to his present dignities, so he could not be expected to join very cordially in any scheme for the restoration of Pope John.

When he had told his story, in great excitement, he thus continued:

"And what I would not have expected is this, that the whole was the work of a follower of your own: yes! these rebellious villains have found shelter under your name."

At these words, Marco, who had hitherto

allowed the abbot to proceed without interruption, bent upon him a severe look.

"What frenzy is this, messere?" he asked. "Know that as I never allow one of my followers to overpass my commands on hair-breadth, neither can I permit a grave accusation against them without good cause alleged."

"Pardon me," replied the ecclesiastic, "I speak not of an immediate follower of your own, but called him yours as belonging to a partisan and near relation."

"To whom?" demanded Marco.

"To our kinsman Ottorino," was the reply. "I told you that beside the body were found a doublet and cuirass——"

"Yes! I remember it."

"Well! these have been recognized as belonging to Lupo, the squire of Ottorino, and son of the Count del Balzo's falconer. I am well persuaded that Ottorino himself knew nothing of it; not to speak of our relationship, he knoweth well that I stand high in your favour. It is very evident that the knave hath done all this of himself; and I am, therefore, come to ask your permission—to entreat that you will be pleased to allow——"

"What?" interrupted Marco, impatiently.

"That the Abbot of St. Ambrose, as Count of Limonta, may exercise his rights of lordship for the punishment of a rebellious vassal. If the offence were against myself," he added, noting Marco's hesitation, "I might pardon it at once; but you must see that it concerns the honour and interest of the monastery."

"Yes, yes!" replied Marco, impatiently, "the usual excuse for revenge. But act as you please in the matter; what have I to do with it?"

"I merely wished to be certain," returned the prelate, as he withdrew, "that I should do nothing contrary to your wishes and interest."

This new incident irritated the mind of the chief still more against Ottorino; although in the presence of the abbot he had shown himself offended at the mere suspicion that any one connected with him could have a hand in the resistance of the Limontines, he was persuaded in his own mind that Lupo had not left his master in the dark as to his intentions. His exceeding intimacy with the family of Balzo would lend him, he considered, to favour those favoured by them, and his thoughts, once turned in that direction, dwelt there, till he felt his mind inflamed with rage and jealousy.

Yes! with jealousy! From the day when Marco Visconti first saw the daughter of the Count del Balzo, the image of the fair and modest maiden was ever flitting before his eyes like a vision in the dreams of a sick-bed.

Marco had never truly loved any other than Ernelinda. With time, and the failure of every hope, the restless ardour of his love had declined, and given place to the rancour of party, to the thirst of power and of revenge, and those other aspirations which had led him to play so prominent a part on the stage of the world, and inscribe his name on the page of history. With all this, Ernelinda had never been completely forgotten, and the recollection of her sometimes calmed him in the most furious tempest of his wrath; when granting life to a vanquished foe, or imperilling his own in the thick of battle, to rescue a hard-pressed friend, he seemed to himself more to resemble that Marco who had been the beloved of Ernelinda. Though conscious that her beauty must long ere this have felt the withering touch of time, still her image ever presented itself to his fancy, such as it had been first imprinted on his heart, in all the freshness and bloom of youth; and thus, when he saw Beatrice for the first time in Milan, she so exactly resembled her mother, such as he ever pictured her, that his heart at once bent beneath the yoke of beauty—another, yet the same.

At first he persuaded himself that this was merely a momentary excitement, caused by the memory of his early years, and, angry at himself for his weakness, determined at once to overcome it. All his efforts, however, only served to rivet more firmly the new chains that bound him; and at length, almost unaware to himself, he began to indulge the hope that he might succeed better in gaining her love than in conquering his own. The mightiest prince in Italy, he considered, much more the Count del Balzo, would hail his alliance with gladness; and as for Ernelinda—true it was that he had taken the life of her father, but it was in open warfare, and if any thing of a private feeling gave a keener edge to his blade, she must be aware that it was owing to his love for her, and, woman-like, would forgive it. Such thoughts of hope and happiness had for a time soothed his mind; and, recalling all his energies, he had devoted himself more than ever to the ambitious projects which would give him, he hoped, new honours and trophies to lay at the feet of Beatrice. From these dreams he was suddenly roused by suspicions of a mutual affection existing between the maiden and Ottorino. These gradually gained ground, till finally confirmed by the incidents of the previous day's *cavalcade*, which had thrown his mind into a state of rage, despite, and jealousy, impossible fully to describe.

In the mean time, having completed his arrangements with Ludrisio, he had resolved to depart for Corugliò, there to engage the Germani.

mutineers in his own service; but this new discovery had disturbed all his plans. Was he to take Ottorino along with him? The youth had shown himself somewhat refractory, and besides, the constant sight of him, he knew, would excite his smothered rage. Should he send him on some private mission which should occupy him till his own return from Cerniglio? No; in his present state of mind he could not bring himself to counterfeit affection and confidence towards him. Could he leave him near Beatrice, so that he might perhaps return from the glorious accomplishment of his designs, only to find them formally betrothed or married? The very idea roused a thousand bloody and revengeful fantasies. After much consideration, he at length determined to have an interview, before his departure, with the Count del Balzo, and to inspire him with a great fear of Rusconi, should Ottorino, through love of Beatrice, refuse his alliance.

By this time a ray of hope had again entered his soul, and he began to be less certain of the interchange of affection between the youth and maiden.

"Who had assured him," were his thoughts, "that Beatrice really responded to the passion of Ottorino? What other proof or indication had he of it than the natural blush of diffidence with which she had saluted him from the balcony? It seemed to him at the time decisive enough, but might he not have been deceived? In short, he would learn from Beatrice herself the state of her affections."

He, therefore, appointed a banquet for the day preceding that of his departure, and notified to the Count his expectation that he and his daughter would honour it with their presence without fail.

Let us now return to Ottorino, who, pained and affronted by his kinsman's harsh and wayward treatment, had gone several times to his abode to excuse himself for the hesitation he had shown when invited to proceed with him to Tuscany, and to declare his willingness to accompany him at a moment's warning; but the door was always shut against him, and he was at last advised that his presence there was no longer expected. Grieved and angry as he was at this, he was far from suspecting the true cause, but ascribed it simply to his refusal of Francesco Rusconi, an act of contumacy in truth, which would at any time have been sufficient to irritate Marco. He, therefore, began to think more seriously than heretofore of his prospects. Beatrice he could in no case bring himself to renounce; but then how was he to reconcile his chief to it? He had, indeed, boasted to the count—as the reader may remember—that he was master of himself, and

should espouse whom he would, in despite of Marco; but in reality, laying aside the temper of Marco, who was in general as implacable to his foes as warm to his friends, Ottorino could not think without pain of offending him whom he loved with almost filial affection—under whom he had performed his first feats of arms—from whom he had received the golden spurs of knighthood—to whom he had ever looked with reverence as his guide and example.

Besides, were he ever so ready to espouse Beatrice without the consent of Marco, he was well aware, not only from the character, but from the expressed opinions of the count, that he would never in such case give his consent.

Ermelinda soon observed the shade which such thoughts as these had spread over the noble brow of the young noble; but vain were all her hints to the Count, of Ottorino's delay.

"What is all the hurry?" he would fretfully exclaim. "Canst thou not let matters proceed in ordinary course? He will propose the betrothal all in proper time; what can possibly hinder it? We men," he added, drawing himself up, "have graver matters to attend to at present than bridal and love affairs."

Her maternal alarm was not so easily satisfied, and she took an early opportunity of coming to an explanation with the young cavalier, who frankly recounted to her how the affair stood, or rather how he believed it to stand. She judged it best to impart the whole to Beatrice, and frequent consultations took place amongst the three when the count was engaged in public.

"Marco departs soon for Tuscany," Ottorino would say, "where he is likely to be detained for some time. Distance, lapse of time, and the stirring affairs in which he will be engaged, will chase these fancies from his mind,—it is only, I am assured, a momentary caprice. Ere he returns, many things may have occurred of importance. He may then have no occasion for the alliance of Rusconi, which alone can make him place such importance on this affair: for not only have I myself never agreed to it, but even Marco hath never pledged himself. Let him find Beatrice mine on his return, and he will think no more of it. He is not used thus to reward services such as I have rendered him."

These and such like reasonings were quite satisfactory to the maiden, though they did not succeed in tranquillizing the mind of the mother.

And thus matters stood, when an esquire of the Visconti brought the invitation to the count and his daughter, which we have before noticed. Ottorino was quite comforted by it, and although grieved at his own exclusion, combated so successfully all the objections made by the countess

to her daughter's appearance at the feast, and all the excuses made by the maiden herself, that it was arranged she should go, accompanied by a sister of the Count del Balzo, who resided in Milan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY K. O. H.

How cherish'd 'mid my flowing tears—
Home of my love,—dear France, adieu!
Soft cradle of my infant years,
'Tis death to part. Adieu! adieu!

But lightly touch my bitter sighs,
Ye breezes; waft them from the main!
Let not, oh God! the waves arise,
But give me to my land again.

Adopted country, hear my voice,
And know, though banish'd far from thee,
Sweet land! thou wert thy Mary's choice,
And Frenchmen, then, remember me.

Though sovereign greatness on me wait,
And sombre Scotsmen hail me queen!
Yet I ne'er courted regal state,
Except on gallant France to reign.

But ah! a vision damps my sight,
It stands between me and the tomb,
Fills my sad soul with chill affright,
And points me to a scaffold's gloom.

Montreal, April, 1813.

WOMAN.

To the honour, to the eternal honour of the sex, he it stated, that on the part of duty no sacrifice is to them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from love, honour, innocence, and religion. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction—never. The chamber of the sick—the pillow of the dying—the vigils of the dead—the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of kind woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays that un-daunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmur nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

THE FRUITS OF GOODNESS AND WISDOM.

LET us hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that rather never was a right thing done, or a wise one spoken, in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.—*W. S. Landor.*

TO FLORA.

BY J. B. P.

I no where the mountain is rearing proud
Its lofty head, o'er the summer cloud
That circles its base with a fleecy shroud—
Will you come?

Where the deer to a covert of shelter flock,
And the hunters' shaft in the distance mock;
Where the torrent is dashing from rock to rock—
Will you come?

Where the eagle screams from her nest on high
To the ptarmigan, as she flutters by,
And the mountain echoes repeat the cry—
Will you come?

Where the lake in the calmness of beauty lies,
And reflects each light cloud as it flies,
So beautifully across the azure skies—
Will you come?

Where the streamlet winds through the daisied glen
Far, far from the busy worldling ken;
Oh! who would turn from such scenes again?
Will you come?

Where bright eyes are beaming 'neath bonnet blue,
And the tawin of every varied hue,
Is folded o'er hearts that are kind and true—
Will you come?

Where light steps bound o'er scenes of mirth,
And glad songs rise round the cheerful hearth—
To the sweetest spot upon this fair earth—
Will you come?

Could the world yet offer a home to me,
'Tis there that my own dear home should be,
And 'twere dearer still were it shared with thee—
Will you come?

Montreal, April, 1813.

KNOWLEDGE INDISPENSABLE TO RIGHT ACTION.

It appears that knowledge, reason, judgment, are absolutely required to enable us to discover what sentiments, dispositions, or conduct, are deserving of applause or disgrace. Mental culture, therefore, becomes necessary, that we may praise or blame according to the dictates of a sound understanding. We must be informed of what is right or wrong by an application to some standard, and we must be disposed to love the one and hate the other, before these feelings can be in salutary exercise.—*Cogan's Ethical Questions.*

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

It would be well for some who have taken upon themselves the ministry of the Gospel, that they would first preach to themselves, and afterwards to others.—*Cardinal Pole.*

"MOTHER," said a little fellow the other day,
"is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?"
"Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask?"
"Cause I dropt the basket just now, and see
what a mess I'm in with the yolk!"

AH! HOW SAD THAT FOND LOVE.

THE POETRY BY THE LATE J. THOMAS RODWELL.

THE MUSIC BY G. HERBERT RODWELL.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each containing three staves. The top staff of each system is a single treble clef staff. The middle and bottom staves are grouped by a brace on the left, indicating they are for piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system includes dynamic markings *f* and *p*, and the instruction *Dolce.*. The second system includes *ff* and *ff* markings. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Ah! how sad, that fond love, the sweet blossom of Should with jealousy's weeds be en...
 lite,

.....twined: And, the' mild.....est of passions, give birth to a strife The most

ferce to a sen...si...tive mind: I'll drive the false

fee.....ling a.....way from my heart, And in absence I'll seek out love's

ad lib :

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f* and *p*. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts, with dynamics ranging from *p* to *ff*. The third system shows the vocal line ending with a fermata and the piano part concluding with a final chord. The score is marked with various dynamics and includes the instruction *ad lib*.

cure : but in ab...sence a.....las, there's a much keener smart, Than the
 pang I al...ready en.....dure the pang I en.....
dure.

Who would think my FLORETTA so lovely and bright,
 Had so little soft pity to spare;
 But she frowns when I tell her,
 Her smiles give delight,
 And she smiles when I talk of despair :
 'Tis thus woman, tho' weak, will be conqueror still,
 Her soft eyes, the arms, we should fear ;
 If she fall with a smile to bring smile to her will,
 She too surely o'ercomes with a tear—
 She too surely o'ercomes with a tear.