

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE
LITERARY GAZETTE
AND
BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

NO. 2.

MICHAEL MACBRIDE.

BY MRS. NOODIE.

THIS day of life is closing—the long night
Of dreamless rest, a dusky shadow throws
Between the dying and the things of earth ;
Enfolding in a chill oblivious pall,
The last sad struggle of a broken heart—
Yes—ere the rising of to-morrow's sun,
The bitter grief that brought him to this pass,
Will be forgotten in the sleep of death.

S. M.



It was in the month of September, 1832 that we arrived in Canada, and our long and fatiguing journey, westward, terminated for a few weeks at C——, a pretty village, (though at that period a place of small importance) pleasantly situated on the shores of Lake Ontario.

My husband had been strongly advised to purchase a farm in that neighborhood ; and it was necessary to remain for some time at the hotel in the village, while examining the lands for sale in its immediate vicinity.

A residence in a house of public entertainment, to those who have been accustomed to the quiet retirement of home, is always unpleasant ; but to strangers as we were, in a foreign land, it was doubly repugnant to our feelings ; and in spite of all my wise resolutions not to yield to despondency, but to battle bravely against fate, I found myself daily yielding up my whole heart and soul to that worst of all maladies, Home sickness.

It was during these days of loneliness and dejection, that I had the good fortune to form an acquaintance with Mrs. Edwards, a Canadian lady who boarded with her husband in the same house. My friend, was a young married woman, agreeable in person, and perfectly unaffected in her manners, which were remarkably frank and kind. Her's, was the first friendly face I had seen in the colony ; and it will ever be remembered with affection and respect.

One afternoon while alone in my chamber, getting my baby, a little girl of six months old, to sleep, and thinking many sad thoughts, and shedding some bitter tears over my altered fortunes, and the loss of the dear country and friends I had left for ever, a slight tap at the door roused me from my painful reveries, and Mrs. Edwards entered the room.

Like most of the Canadian women, my friend was small of stature ; slight, and delicately formed ; and dressed with the smartness and neatness so characteristic of the females of this continent ; who if they lack some of the accomplishments of the women of England, far surpass them in their taste for dress, in their choice of colors, and the graceful and elegant manner in which they wear their clothes. It is true that this passion for dress often involves their families in difficulty, but a

Canadian female would rather be half starved than appear in public shabbily and unfashionably dressed. If my young friend had a weakness, it was on this point; but as her husband was engaged in a lucrative mercantile business, and they had no family, it was excusable. At this moment, her pretty, neat little figure, was a welcome and interesting object to the home-sick stranger.

"What! always in tears," said she, closing the door; "what pleasure it would give me to see you more cheerful." "The sight of you, has made me better already," said I, wiping my eyes and endeavoring to smile. "M—is away on a farm-hunting expedition; and I have been alone all day. Can you wonder then, that I am so depressed? Memory is my worst companion; for by constantly recalling scenes of past happiness, she renders me discontented with the present, and hopeless of the future; and it will require all your kind sympathy to reconcile me to Canada."

"You will think better of it, by and by."

"Ah, never. Did I only consult my own feelings I would be off by the next steam-boat for England, but then—my husband and child—yes, I must submit, but I find it a hard task."

"We have all our trials, Mrs. M., and to tell you the truth, I do not feel in the best spirits myself this evening. I came to ask you, what I expect you will think a very strange question." This was said in a tone so unusually serious, that I looked up from the cradle in surprise, which her solemn aspect, and pale and tearful face, did not tend to diminish. Before I could ask the cause of her dejection, she added quickly:

"Dare you read a chapter from the Bible to a dying man?"

"Dare I?—yes certainly—who is ill—who is dying?"

"It is a sad story," she said, wiping her kind eyes—and I will tell you just enough to satisfy you as to the propriety of my request."

"There is a poor young man in this house, who is very sick. Dying I believe of consumption. He came here about three weeks ago, without food, without money, and in a dreadful, emaciated state. He took our landlord, Mr. S., on one side, and told him how he was situated, and begged that he would give him a meal of victuals and a night's lodging: promising that if ever he was restored to health, he would repay the debt in work. Mr. S. is an American, and an excellent, humane man. He saw at a glance that the suppliant was an object of real charity, and instantly complied with his request, without asking further particulars. He conducted him to a good bed, gave

him a bowl of hot broth, and bade him not distress himself about the future, but try and compose himself to sleep.

The next day, the poor creature was too ill to leave his chamber. Mr. S. sent for Dr. Morris, who, after examining the lad, informed our good host, that he was in the last stage of consumption; and that as he had not many days to live, it would be advisable to have him removed to the hospital, (a pitiful shed erected for emigrants who may chance to arrive ill with the cholera.) Mr. S. not only refused to send the lad away, but has nursed him with the greatest care; his wife and daughters taking it by turns to sit up, nightly, with the poor patient.

My friend said nothing about her own attendance upon the invalid; which I afterwards learned from Mrs. S., had been unremitting.

"And what account does the lad give of himself?" said I.

"All that we know about him, is, that his name is Macbride, that he is nephew to Mr. C——, of ——, from whom he ran away some time ago. Hearing that his parents had arrived in the country, and were on their way to ——, he came down as far as C——, on his way to meet them, when his steps were arrested by poverty and sickness on this threshold. Yesterday Mrs. Macbride came to the hotel to enquire of Mr. S. her way to ——, who found from her conversation, that she was the mother of the invalid; and he instantly introduced her to the bed-side of her dying son.

I was sitting with him when the meeting took place, and I assure you that it was almost too much for my nerves. The joy and gratitude of the poor lad was so great at once more beholding his parent—while the grief and distraction of the woman on seeing him in such a state was agonizing; and she gave vent to her feelings in uttering the most awful maledictions on the unnatural wretch, who she said, had by his unkindness, murdered her son.

The sufferer appeared shocked at the fierce and unfeminine conduct of his mother; and begged me to excuse the rude manner in which she addressed me. "For," says he, "she is ignorant and beside herself, and does not know what she is doing."

Instead of being grateful for the attention bestowed upon her son, by some strange perversion of intellect, she seems to regard us as his especial enemies. Yesterday evening she ordered us from his room, and declared that the precious boy was not going to die like a *hathen*, surrounded by a parcel of heretics; and she sent off a man on horse back for the priest, and for the very uncle

from whom her son fled, and whom she accuses of being the cause of his death. Michael anticipates the arrival of Father _____, and Mr. C_____, with feelings bordering upon despair; and prays that God may end his sufferings before his uncle reaches C_____.

Last night, Mrs. Macbride sat up with Michael herself, and would not allow us to do the least thing for him. This morning, her fierce temper seemed to have subsided into a stupid apathy, until her son awoke from a broken and feverish sleep, and declared that he could not die a Roman Catholic; and earnestly requested Mr. S. to send for a Protestant Clergyman. This gave rise to a violent scene between Mrs. Macbride and her son, which ended in Mr. S. sending for Mr. B_____, our worthy Minister, who unfortunately had left home for some days. Michael then eagerly asked if any one present would read to him a chapter in the Protestant Bible? This request excited in the mother such a fit of passion, that none of us dared attempt the task. I then thought of you—thought, that as a stranger, she might receive you in a less hostile manner; and if you are not afraid to encounter this ferocious old woman, do make the attempt for the sake of the poor, dying creature, who languishes to hear the words of life.

"I will watch the baby while you are gone."

"She is asleep and needs no watching—I will go," and I took my pocket Bible from the table, "but you must go with me. I do not know my way in this strange house."

Carefully closing the door upon the sleeping child I followed the light steps of Mrs. Edwards along the passage, until we reached the head of the main stair-case, then, turning to the right, we entered the large public ball-room. In the first chamber of many, that opened into this spacious apartment, we found the object that we sought.

Stretched upon a low bed, with a feather fan in his hand to keep off the flies, that hovered in tormenting clusters round his high forehead, lay the dying Michael Macbride. His face was wasted by disease and premature care; and if the features were not positively handsome, they were well and harmoniously defined, and a look of intelligence and sensibility pervaded his countenance, which greatly interested me in his behalf. He was death pale. As pale as marble, his large sunken eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, their long dark lashes adding an expression of intense melancholy to the patient endurance of suffering that marked every lineament of his fine face. His nose was shrunk and drawn in about the nostrils, his feverish lips apart to admit a free passage for the laboring breath, and painfully contrasting with

the ghastly glitter of the splendid teeth within. The thick, black curls that clustered round his well-shaped head, were moist with perspiration; and the same cold unwholesome dew, trickled in large drops down his hollow temples. It was impossible to mistake these signs of approaching dissolution; it was evident to all present, that he was fast approaching his end.

An indescribable awe crept over me. He looked so tranquil and pure, so sublimed by suffering, that I seemed unworthy to be his teacher. "Michael," I said, taking the long thin white hand that lay listlessly on the coverlid, "I am sorry to see you so ill." He looked at me attentively for a few minutes.

"Do not say sorry, Ma'am, rather say that you are glad. I am glad to get away from this bad world—young as I am—I am so weary of it." He sighed deeply, and tears filled his eyes.

"I heard that you wished some one to read to you?"

"Yes, the Bible!" he cried, trying to raise himself in the bed, while his eager eyes were turned towards me with an imploring look.

"I have it here. Are you unable to read it for yourself?"

"I can read; but my eyes are so dim—the shadows of death float between me and the world—I can no longer see objects distinctly. But, oh, madam, if my soul was light, I should not heed this blindness. But all is dark here," laying his hand on his breast; "dark as the grave."

I opened the sacred book, but my own tears for a moment obscured the page. While I was revolving in my mind, what would be the best to read to him, the book was rudely wrenched from my hand by a tall, gaunt, fierce-looking woman, who just then entered room.

"Och! what do you mane by disturbing him in his dying moments wid yer thrash. It is not the likes o you, that shall trouble his soul. The praste I tell you, is comin to administher consolation to him in his last exthremity."

The lad shook his head and turned his face sorrowfully to the wall.

"Oh! mother," he murmured, "is that the way to trate the lady?"

"Lady, or no lady, and I mane no disrispect, its not for the like o her to take God's words into her mouth. But if she will be rading, let her take this," and she tried to force a book of devotional prayers into my hand, but Michael raised himself and with an impatient gesture exclaimed. "Not that! not that! It speaks no comfort to my soul, I will not listen to it. Mother! mother do not stand between me and my Maker. I know

you love me, that what you do is done for the best, but the voice of conscience will be heard above your voice. I hunger and thirst to hear the words of life, and cannot die in peace, unsatisfied. Read, madam. For the love of Christ, read a few words of comfort to a dying sinner?"

Here the mother again interposed.

"My good woman," I said, gently putting her back, "you hear your son's earnest request. If you really love him you will offer no useless opposition to his wishes. It is not a question of creeds which is here to be determined, as to which is the best, yours or mine. I trust that all the faithful followers of Christ, however named, hold the same faith. I shall make no comment upon what I read to your son. The Bible is its own interpreter. The Spirit of God by whom it was dictated will make it clear to his comprehension. Michael, shall I commence now?" "Yes! with the blessing of God."

After putting up a short prayer for the aid of the Holy Spirit, I commenced reading and continued to do so until night, taking care to select those portions of Scripture most applicable to his case. Never did human creature drink in with more eagerness the words of life. Often he repeated whole texts after me, clasping his hands together in a sort of ecstasy, while tears streamed from his eyes. The old mother, glared upon me from a far corner, and muttered over her beads, as if they were a spell to secure her against some diabolical art. When I could no longer see to read, Michael took my hand and pressed it between his own.

"May God bless you, madam," he said, "you have made me very happy. It is all clear to me now. In Christ I shall obtain mercy and forgiveness for my sins. It is his righteousness, and not any good works of my own that will save me. Death no longer appears dreadful to me. I can now depart in peace."

"You believe that God will forgive your sins for Christ's sake; and have you, Michael, forgiven all your enemies?" I said this to try him, for I knew that he had entertained hard thoughts against his uncle. He covered his face with his thin, wasted hands, and did not answer for some minutes; at length he looked up with a sweet smile upon his lips, and said, "Yes, I have forgiven all, even him."

Oh how much was contained in the stress laid so strongly and sadly upon that last little word, *Him*. How I longed to hear the story of his wrongs from his own lips, but he was too weak and exhausted to urge such a request. Just then Dr. Morris came in, and after standing for some

minutes at the bed side, regarding his patient with fixed attention, he felt his pulse, spoke a few kind words, gave some trifling order to his mother and Mrs. Edwards, and left the room. Struck by the solemnity of his manner I followed him into the outer room.

"Excuse the liberty I am taking, Dr. Morris, but I feel deeply interested in your patient. Is he better or worse?"

"He is dying. I did not wish to disturb him in his last moments. I can be of no further use to him. Poor lad, it is a pity, he is really a fine young fellow."

I knew from Michael's appearance that he had not long to live, but I felt inexpressibly shocked to find his end so near. On returning to the sick room, Michael eagerly asked me, what the doctor said of him. I did not answer. I could not. "I see," he said, "that I must die. I will prepare myself for it. If I live until the morning, will you madam, come and read to me again?"

I promised him that I would, or during the night, if he wished it.

"I feel very sleepy," he said, "and I am almost entirely free from pain, I have not slept for many nights. God is very merciful to grant me this respite." His mother and I adjusted his pillows, and in a few minutes he was slumbering as calmly and sweetly as a young child.

The feelings of the poor woman seemed softened towards me: and for the first time, she shed some tears. I asked her the age of her son, and she told me that he was two and twenty. She wrung my hand hard as I left the room, and thanked me for my kindness to her poor boy.

It was late that night, when my husband returned from the country, and we sat for several hours talking over our affairs and discussing the soil and situation of the various farms he had visited during the day.

It was past twelve when we retired to rest, but my sleep was soon disturbed by some one coughing violently, and my thoughts instantly reverted to Michael Macbride, as the hoarse, sepulchral sounds echoed through the large empty room beyond which he slept. The coughing continued for some minutes, and I was so much overcome by fatigue and the excitement of the evening, that I fell asleep and did not awake until six o'clock the following morning.

Anxious to hear how the poor invalid had passed the night, I dressed myself and hurried to his chamber.

On entering the ball room, I found the doors and windows all open; as well as the one that led to the sick man's chamber. My foot was ar-

rested on the threshold. Death was there. Yes! that fit of coughing had been his last, and he had expired without a struggle, in the arms of his mother.

The gay broad beams of the sun were not admitted into that silent room. The window was open, the green shutters without were carefully closed, admitting a free circulation of air, and just light enough to render the objects within distinctly visible.

The body was laid out upon the bed enveloped in a white sheet, the head and hands alone bare.

All traces of sorrow and disease had passed away from the calm, majestic face, that, interesting in life, now looked beautiful and holy in death, and happy, for the seal of heaven seemed visibly impressed upon the pure, pale brow.—He was at peace, and though the tears of human sympathy for a moment dimmed my sight, I could not regret that it was so.

While I still stood in the door-way, the mother, whom I had not observed until then, rose from her knees beside the bed. She seemed hardly in her right mind; and began talking and muttering to herself.

"Och! hone! he is dead—my fine boy is dead—without a praste to pray wid him, or bless him in the last hour, wid none of his frinds, nor relations to lamint over, or wake him, but his poor heart-broken mother—Och! hone Och hone! that I should ever live to see this day—get up my fine boy—get up wid you, why do you lie there—Oulder folk nor you are abroad in the sunshine—Get up—and shew them 'how supple you are—' Then laying her cheek down to the cold cheek of the dead, she exclaimed amidst broken sobs and groans—"Oh! spake to me! spake to me Mike—my own Mike—"Tis the mother that axes ye"—There was a deep pause, when the bereaved parent again broke forth—"Mike! Mike! why did your cursed uncle rare you like a jintleman to bring you to this? Och hone! Och hone! oh, never did I think to see your head lie so low—my boy—my boy!—why did you die? why did you lave yer frinds, and yer money—and yer good clothes—and yer poor owld mother"; sobs again choked her utterance—she flung herself upon the corpse and bathed the face and hands of him who was once her own, with burning tears.

I now stepped forward, and offered a few words of consolation—Vain all vain—The ear of sorrow is deaf to all save its own agonizing moans, grief is as natural to the human mind as joy, and in their own appointed hour both will have their way—The grief of the unfortunate Irish widow, like the down-pouring of a thunder show-

er, could not be restrained—but her tears flowed in less violent gushes—exhaustion rendered her more calm—she sat upon the bed; and looked cautiously round—"Hist! did not you hear a voice—It was him who spake—yes—it was his own swate voice—I knew he was not dead—see he moves—" It was the fond, vain delusion of maternal love—she took his cold hand and clasped it to her heart—

"Och hone! he is gone—and has left me for ever and ever—Oh that my cruel brother was here—that I might point to my murdered child and curse him to his face—"

"Is Mr. C. your brother?"—said I taking this opportunity to divert her grief into another channel—

"Yes, yes—he is my brother, bad cess to him, and uncle to the boy—Listen to me, madam, and I will tell you some of my mind—It will ease me, for my heart is broken widin me—And he is there"—pointing to the corpse, "and he knows, that what I am tellin you is true.

"I was born of poor, but dacent parents—there was but the two of us—Pat and I. My father vinted a good farm, and he sent Pat to school, an gave him the education of a jintleman.—Our landlord took a fancy to the boy, and gave him the manes to emigrate to Canada—This vexed my father intirely, for he had no one barring myself to help him on the farm—well, by and by, I joined myself to one whom my father did not approve—a lad he had hired to work wid him in the fields, an he wrote to my brother, (for my mother had been dead ever since I was the wee bairn) in what manner he should punish me for my disobedience—and he jst advises him, to turn us off the place. I suffered wid my poor husband the exthrames of poverty. We had seven childre but they all died of the faver and hard times, save Mike and the two weeny ones. In the midst of our disthress it plased the Lord to remove my father widout softenin his heart in the laste towards me. He left Mike three hundred pounds, to be his whin he came to a right age; and he appinted my brother, guardian to the child. My brother returned to Ireland whin he got the news of my father's death in order to get his share of the property, for my father left him the same as he left my son; and he tuk away my boy, in ordher, he said, to make a landed jintleman of him in Canada. Och hone, I thought my heart would have broken thin—whin he took away my swate boy—but oh, I was to live to see a darker day yet." Here a long burst of passionate weeping again interrupted her story.

"Many long years passed away, and we never

got the scrape of a pin from my brother to tell us of the boy at all at all. He might just as well have been dead, for aught we knew to the contrary; but we consowled ourselvies wid the thought that he would never harm his own flesh and blood.

"At last, a letter came, written in Mike's own hand, and a beautiful hand it was, and that same, God bless him for the throuble he took in makin it so nate, and aisy for us poor folk to read, was full of love and rispict to his poor parints, and he longin to see them in Meriky. But he said he had written by stealth, for he was very unhappy intirely, and his uncle thrated him hardly, becaze he would not be a praste, and wanted to lave him to work for himself. But he refused to buy him a farm wid the money his grandfather lift him, which he was bound by the will to do, as Mike was now of age and his own masher.

"Whin we got the word from the lad, we gathered our little all, and took passage to Canada, first writing to Mike whin we should start, and the name of the vessel; and that we should wait at C—— until sich time as he came to fetch us to ——.

"But, oh ma'arm my throubles had only begun—my poor husband and my youngest boy died wid the cholera on the passage out, and I saw their precious bodies casht into the salt saa. Still the hope of seeing Mike consolated me for all my disthress. Poor Pat and I were worn out intirely, whin we got to Kingston; and I left the child wid a frind, and came on alone, I was so eager to see Mike, and tell him all my throubles; and there he lies. Och! hone! my heart! my poor heart, it will brake intirely?"

And what caused your son's separation from his uncle?"

The woman shook her head. "The thratment he got from him was too bad; but he would not disthress me by tellin aught agin my mother's son. Sure he had broken his heart and thrun him dying and penniless upon the world; and he could not have done worse, had he stuck a knife into his heart!

"Och," she continued, bitterly, "but 'twas the gowld, the dirty gowld that kilt my boy. My brother would not part wid the gowld. He knew that if Mike wor dead, that it come to Pat as the ne'est in degree; and that he would have it all to himself!"

This statement appeared only too probable. Still, there was a mystery about the whole affair, that required a solution; and it was several years before I accidentally learned the sequel to this sad history.

In the meanwhile, the messenger that the kind-

hearted Mr. S—— had despatched to ——, for Mr. C——, returned with this unfeeling answer from that worthy, "that Michael Macbride had left him without any just cause, and should receive no consolation from the priest in his dying moments." Mr. S. did not inform the poor bereaved mother of her brother's uncharitable message but finding that she was unable to pay for the funeral of her son, like a true Samaritan he took the whole charge upon himself, and followed the remains of the unfortunate stranger to his lowly grave. In accordance with Michael's last request he was buried in the cemetery belonging to the English church.

Six years after these events took place at C—— and the name of Michael Macbride had almost faded from my memory; a gentleman called at our house on his way to P——; Mr. C——, who was just dead, happened to become the theme of conversation.

Many things were told by Mr. W. to his disadvantage, "but of all his evil acts," he said, "the worst thing he ever did, was his treatment of his unfortunate nephew."

"How was that?" said I, and the death-bed scene of Michael Macbride rose distinctly before me.

"It was a sad business; my housekeeper lived with the old villain at the time, and told me the whole story. He was left guardian to a nephew and niece. The children were not brother and sister, but only half cousins. The girl was called Elizabeth Allen and she was the child of his mother's daughter by a former marriage, while Michael was the son of a full sister. Elizabeth was a pretty modest creature about two years younger than her half cousin. The boy was strikingly handsome, had a fine talent for music, and in person and manners was far above his condition. There was some property to the amount of several hundred pounds, left to him by his grandfather, which Mr. C. was to invest for him in land against he came of age, this he neglected to do, and it is very generally believed that he appropriated it to his own use. The boy was brought up to the service of the altar, and the uncle continually impressed upon his mind, the propriety of his becoming a priest. This did not at all accord with Michael's views and wishes, and he positively refused to study for the holy office, and told his uncle that he meant to become a farmer the moment he obtained his majority.

"Living constantly in the same house, and possessing a congeniality of taste and feeling; a stong affection had gradually grown up between Michael and his half cousin, which circumstance proved the ostensible reason given by his uncle for all his ill conduct to the lad. Finding that

their attachment was too strong to be wrenched asunder by threats, and that they had actually formed a design of leaving him, and becoming Protestants, he confined the girl to her chamber without allowing her a fire during a very severe winter. Her constitution, naturally weak, sunk under these trials, and she died early in the Spring of 1835 of rapid decline, without being allowed the satisfaction of seeing her beloved Michael in her dying moments.

"Her death decided the fate of the lad. Desperate in his grief, he reproached his unfeeling uncle as the author of all his misery; demanded of him a settlement of his property, and informed him that it was his intention to leave his roof for ever. The cruel uncle laughed at his reproaches, and treated his request with scorn—and finally cast him penniless upon the world. The poor fellow played sweetly upon the flute, and had a fine tenor voice; and by the means of these accomplishments, he continued for a few weeks to obtain a precarious support. Broken-hearted and alone in the world, he soon fell a victim to hereditary disease of the lungs; and died. I have been told at the hotel at C——, that Mr. S——, the tavern-keeper, buried him out of charity!"

"The latter part of your statement I know to be correct," said J——, "Poor Michael, I was at his death bed, and if his life was replete with injustice and misery, his end was happy."

I could now fully comprehend the meaning of the sad stress laid upon the one word, which had struck me so forcibly at the time, when I asked of him, if he had forgiven *all* his enemies, and he replied after that lengthened pause. "I have forgiven them all, even *him*," It did, indeed require some exertion of Christian forbearance to forgive such a man.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY DAVID'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON ASLEEP IN HIS STUDY, TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Steal softly!—for the very room,
The stately chamber of his rest,
Imparts a grasping awe and gloom,
Unto the rash intruder's breast—
Here kneel and look!—but breathe not, lest
Thy gross material breath alone
Should wake that eye's immortal blaze,
That like the last Archangel's gaze,
Might scorch thee into stone!

He sleeps!—while earth around him reels,
And mankind's million host combine
Against the sceptre sword which seals
Their fate, from Lapland to the Line—
While, like a giant roused from wine,

Grim Europe starting, watches him,
The Warrior-Lord of Lodi's field—
O'er Jena's rout who shook his shield—
Is hushed in slumber dim!

He sleeps!—The Thunderer of the World
For once hath wearied, dropt the bolt,
Whose stroke split empires up—and hurled
To dust each purple-mantled dolt,
'Mid havoc, ruin and revolt!
Lo! lulled like a baby by its nurse,
The Imperial Eagle folds that wing
Quiescent, whose awakening spring
Shall shake the universe!

He sleeps!—and silence binds that tone
Which cleft the Alps' eternal walls,
And bridged his pathway to a throne
Above the avalanche's halls:
Hark! how that victor-voice appals
Pale Austria's battle-line, when first
He crashed gaunt nature's bars asunder,
And meteor-girt, in flame and wonder,
Upon Marengo burst!

He sleeps and dreams—oh, for the sense
Of some sublimer sphere to know,
Where strays the fierce intelligence
Which scourged the nations here below!
To the Empyrean doth it go?
And would its wild ambition strain
To grasp the balance of the skies,
And systems, suns and stars comprise
In one tremendous reign?

He dreams and smiles! the conqueror's brow,
Gall'd with the wreath's triumphal pride,
Looks gladly calm and placid now,
As if young Enghien never died!
As if—Victorious Homicide!
The rush of Borodino's stream—
His bony legions' freezing groans,
And icy Russia's forest moans,
Are heard not in that dream!

The plan and pencil in his hand
Have dropped, as though their effort failed
To draught the crimson sketch he scann'd
In Fate's vast volume, seven sealed;
But earth shall see the page revealed,
And hear its fiery purport too,
Until her curdling heart-blood stops—
And carnage-clogged, thy sickle drops
Outworn, red Waterloo!

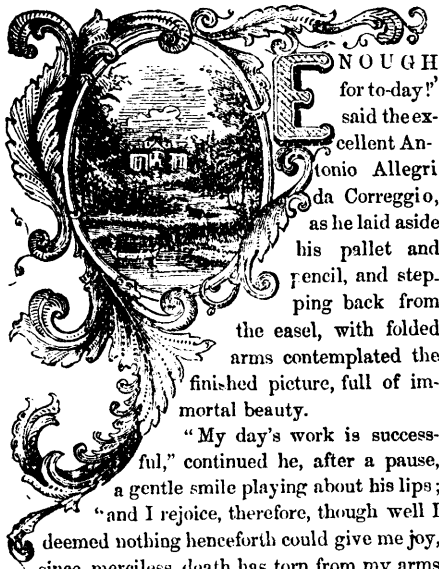
He dreams and smiles! Yon blue-sea prison
Uncages Fortune's crowned bird—
And France, exulting France, has risen
Through all her borders, trumpet stirred!
He heeds it not—some visioned word
Hath shown him Ocean's distant wave
Thundering the moral of his story
And rolling boundless as his glory
Round St. Helena's grave.

Away, bright Painter! tell thy frère,
Self-satisfied philosophy,
Whose ready, reasoning tongue would swear
That brow of Despot cannot be
From crested care one moment free—
Tell him thy life-imparting eye,
Napoleon's sleeping hour surveyed,
And with one deathless glance hath made
Immortal now *the lie*!

CORREGGIO.

A TALE TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. E. F. FLEET.



ENOUGH for to-day!" said the excellent Antonio Allegri da Correggio, as he laid aside his pallet and pencil, and stepping back from the easel, with folded arms contemplated the finished picture, full of immortal beauty.

"My day's work is successful," continued he, after a pause, a gentle smile playing about his lips; "and I rejoice, therefore, though well I deemed nothing henceforth could give me joy, since merciless death has torn from my arms a tender wife, and robbed my boy of his mother. Ah! it was otherwise, my Giovanna! when *thou* stoodst at my side! leaning on my breast, with sparkling look when thou didst survey my day's labor, and explain to our curious infant the meaning of those growing forms. Those were happy hours for Correggio!

"It is spring! like the glance of love through the heart of youth, streams through earth the balm-fraught breath of Heaven, waking the slumbering gems, that luxuriantly unfold to the light. Life is everywhere—in the starting buds, the swelling turf, the rippling streams, the flowers that smile up towards the deep blue of heaven; Joy is everywhere; uttered by all things—from the light whispers that thrill the trembling flowers, to the clear full song of the ascending lark! all seems to ask, 'Is there a sorrow on earth?' Giovanna! I will go and visit her grave!"

So saying, Antonio threw a mantle over his shoulders, took his hat, and left his pleasant dwelling, to seek the churchyard, where, a few months before, his wife had been laid beneath the cold sod.

He had scarce gone half way, when he heard

the tramp of a horse behind him, and was soon accosted by a stately cavalier, young, richly dressed, and altogether of a gay exterior.

"Ho—good friend!" cried he; "can you tell me where I shall find the dwelling of the famous painter, Antonio Allegri?" But without waiting for a reply, as Antonio looked up in his face he sprang from his horse, exclaiming, "By Saint Jerome! I have hit upon you, mine excellent master! now that pleases me, and doubly, to see you looking so well! Ay, you look strong and fresh; and if a little pale and downcast from recent grief—well, we will not speak of it!" He shook the painter's hand cordially; Correggio warmly returned the greeting, and asked:

"What brings you, my worthy signor, to our humble abode?"

"What! Even a message to you, Master Antonio! Our most gracious Duke sends you his greeting, and in all courtesy, reminds you of the two pictures you promised to paint him, which he, as you know, purposes to send, as a gift, to His Imperial Majesty."

"Believe me, Signor Marchese," replied Correggio—"I know how to appreciate the high honor your gracious Duke designs me; but much I fear me, my present ability reaches not objects so magnificent; I have lost much; and all around, reminds me *what* I have lost!"

"Is it so?" answered the Marchese Rossi; on that very account, the Duke thinks it would be well, if you, my good master, would come, for a time, to us at Mantua. There you could complete your task, and recover the elastic spirits, once so peculiarly yours—"

"And, my boy—" interrupted the painter.

"Take him along with you! That, of course! The little fellow is a perfect Cupid, and can serve you as a model when you paint the deities of love. Come, then, Master Antonio! take no time for hesitation, but come with me!"

"Shall I forsake *her* grave so soon?"

"It is not for ever, my friend! When you are calm once more—when the first deep sorrow is softened into tender remembrance, then you may return. Now you owe it to the world—to your boy, to leave this place; so no delay! My ser-

vants with horses and carriages for all your luggage, are just behind me—the Duke anxiously expects you! I dare not speak of our fair women, though I should gain thereby thanks at their hands; but this I cannot conceal—that far more than one lovely divinity remembers with fondness, the handsome and renowned Antonio Allegri da Correggio!"

The color mounted into Correggio's cheek as he exclaimed, "I pray you, Signor Marchese! speak not of those days! Bitterly I repent, when I think how often vanity and frivolity caused me to forget my faith to my true and virtuous wife. She *never* knew my faults while she lived, but yielded me boundless confidence. Now am I self-convicted, self-humiliated! She knows all now! can she forgive me?"

"Without a doubt, my good master!" answered the Marchese, consolingly; "In heart, you ever loved her only; and all else that might be amiss, must be charged to the common frailty of man's nature, which claims a double tribute from the susceptible artist. Your spouse would have forgiven you in life; how much more now when a blessed spirit, she soars above earthly feelings! So blame not yourself, that you proved not a lump of ice against the rays from the sunlike eyes of our Lombard fair ones! Yet, if it press on your mind too heavily—why, e'en confess to some pious father, receive absolution, and paint a picture for the altar; so will you have atoned an hundred fold for your transgressions, and can live in peace of conscience as before! But come now, Master Antonio—go with me to Mantua!"

Correggio stood a moment lost in thought, then seizing the Marchese's hand, he said, "Be it so, signor! I follow you, and will do my best to show myself worthy of his Highness' favor! Yet, only on one condition can I leave Correggio—that I may be at liberty to live in Mantua in the manner most conducive to my peace of mind, and suited to my work."

"Granted, Master Antonio; and you shall choose your dwelling where it pleases you, in the Ducal castle, or in a cloister, as you had it in Parma, when you painted the beautiful cupola for Saint John's."

It was arranged that their departure should take place on the following morning, and the Marchese hastened back to the inn, where his servants awaited him. Mean-while, in deep emotion Correggio pursued his way to the churchyard, where he found his little son and the nurse, at the grave of his wife. Giovanni bounded to meet him with a joyous smile, and offered him the flowers he had been gathering.

Early the next morning, Antonio and the Marchese, accompanied by their attendants, left Correggio, and took the road toward Mantua. The rest of their servants, with the little boy and his nurse, were to follow them on the succeeding day. Rossi and the painter rode side, by side beguiling their time with friendly discourse. Correggio seemed in much better spirits than on the preceding evening.

"How say you, mine excellent master!" observed the Marchese, in the course of conversation; "You shall, this time, as I hope—and our Lady grant it! be better pleased with Mantua than before; and if you yet find some that do not quite accord with your views—why, I know you for a liberal man. I often see you smile and jest over matters that would make others peevish and desponding. For Julio Romano, you will, certainly, live in harmony with him, for he is a sensible, refined, most courtly gentleman; and, I can assure you, holds you in the highest respect; congratulates himself on his acquaintance with you, and takes it not ill in the smallest degree, that our sovereign has chosen you to paint the pictures for his present to the Emperor."

"I know not, in truth," answered Correggio, smiling, "how the noble Romano could have undertaken them. He has already painted more than one picture for the Emperor, and will, doubtless, paint more in his bold, fiery style, wherein he will surpass even his great Master Raphael. His style is not mine. I know well how far from Raphael I stand! *But I, too, am a painter!*"

"That knows all Italy, and we Lombards are proud that you belong to us."

"And to paint an *Io*, Signor Marchese, and a *Leda*, there is no artist, at this time, so well fitted as Antonio Allegri."

"It is just on that account that the Duke selected you, and none other, for the undertaking; and, in truth, you are right! Romano could, in justice, say nothing against the appointment. Yet bethink you, that right, here, enters not wholly into consideration—but jealousy—quite natural to artists. Now tell me honestly, master, would it not gall you a little, were you, as Romano is, engaged in the Duke's service, should he choose another for an enterprise which you were willing to attempt if you could not be altogether certain of success?"

"My good signor?" cried Correggio, sportively evading the inquiry, "that is an insidious question! If I paint, or meditate a subject, an ecstasy, I may call it, a happy intoxication overcomes me; I think of nothing beyond the art I exercise? When the work is complete, it never

occurs to me to speculate on what I, perhaps, could not paint, for, to this day, I have never undertaken what I did not succeed in."

"True, Master Antonio; and that is what not every one can say. Observe it which way I will, I must e'en confess that you are a child of fortune, and favored as few have been."

"Commend me not!" said the painter, gloomily; "who knows if the sacrifice of my dear wife will suffice to appease the destinies, who hover continually round the happy, and are ready to strike the severest blow, when he is least conscious of their presence!"

"Yet, Antonio, since there is no way to avert evil, it becomes us to meet with courage its most frowning aspect, and when it comes upon us, to bear it like a man. There is no perfect happiness, nor yet a woe so mighty, that no resource--"

"The grave!"

"Well, that is the end of all! I hope, for the sake of your friends and of Art, that this end is far from you. A life of brighter enjoyment than you have yet known, is before you, so you will only grasp it; and for what you say of fate or chance, the old proverb has much truth, which holds each man the artificer of his own fortune."

Correggio looked earnestly at his companion and said, "Signor Marchese, what think you then that I should do, or suffer to be done, to keep my good fortune, and shun calamity, since *that* is what you would have me understand?"

The Marchese cried with a smile—"No, no, Master Antonio, I thought not of that--nor must you wander into speculations. I am your friend, and will prove myself such, when opportunity offers, and so, *Basta!* every thing at the right time and place!"

Therewith he gave Correggio's horse a blow with his riding-whip, drove the spurs into his own, and they rode with arrow-like speed over the plain, 'till they reached the inn where they were to take their noontide repast.

A number of horses and mules, bridled, stood at the door, and a richly ornamented litter, together with a crowd of footmen, pages, and outriders, all gorgeously dressed, and running continually in each other's way. The Marchese recognized their livery, and said, "Ho, ho! we are like, from all appearances, to have illustrious company on our road; these liveries appertain to no less a personage than the old Prince Cosimo de Medici, who, as I know, is journeying toward Mantua with his lovely daughter, Isaura. It is said there is a marriage in prospect, between the rich young heiress and her cousin, the Count Castiglione."

Both alighted from their steeds, and entered the house. In the colonnade stood the old prince, and before him the fat landlord, listening with an aspect of humility and patience, to the severe lecture his illustrious guest was reading him, upon the bad accommodations, and the uncleanness of his inn, which his highness was pleased to denominate a *pigsty*.

Correggio enjoyed, no less than the apparently exhaustless reproaches of the prince, the droll figure of the host, who, at every pause, bowed himself almost to the ground, as if receiving the most gratifying compliments, edging in, in tones the most cheerful and complacent, his frequent "*Si signore!*" "very well, signor!"

His highness concluded his reprimand, with orders that the table should be set on the piazza, where, at least, there was fresh air; and with another low obeisance, and a "*molto bene, signore,*" the host withdrew, with as much haste as he could, into the kitchen.

The Prince then first perceiving the Marchese, inquired, while he greeted him condescendingly, whence he came, whither he was going, and who was his companion; all which queries Rossi hesitated not to answer, even more in detail than necessity required. That was just according to the taste of his highness, who became yet more condescending and friendly. When the account was finished, he turned to the painter, and said with much solemnity of manner--

"You are, then, the excellent Master Antonio Allegri da Correggio? I am pleased to meet you face to face, and have desired to see you, having seen, in Parma, your admirable Fresco, and greatly admired your pictures in Modena and Mantua. I give you welcome, and hope for what I have long desired, a picture for my gallery from your hand. I will not dispute with you respecting the price."

"I feel the honor," replied Correggio, "which your highness does me, and thank you for it! Yet I can promise nothing at present: for as you have learned from the Signor Marchese, I have been engaged by Frederico Gonzaga--"

"I know it well," interrupted the Prince. "You are to paint an Io and Leda for his majesty the Emperor; and the saints forbid I should hinder you in such a work. But I think you will have yet some hours of leisure at command, to paint me the portrait of my daughter."

Before the artist could reply, the Princess herself entered, and approached the group. Speechless amazement took possession of Correggio--never had he beheld such charms! Bewildered, he only answered the Prince with a bow; his

highness interpreted it as a promise. He took his daughter by the hand, and drew her nearer, saying, in a pleasant tone, "This, my daughter, is Correggio, whom you have so often wished to see; he has promised me, though his time is closely occupied, to paint your portrait; and you may tell him how much I am indebted to him; for as much, Isaura," he continued with a smile—"as you best know how much I love you!"

Blushing, but with the unembarrassed ease of innocence, Isaura saluted the renowned painter, and the sweet music of her voice completed the ecstasy into which the first sight of her had thrown the excitable artist. The Prince invited him and the Marchese to partake refreshment with his daughter and himself, after which they would pursue together their journey to Mantua.

Correggio was received with honor and distinction, not only by Gonzaga and his court, but by the excellent friend and disciple of the illustrious Raphael, Julio Romano, who offered him lodgings in a wing of his palace. He, however, excused himself, for it was the wish of the Duke that his studio should be in the castle; his highness had great satisfaction in watching continually the progress of his work.

Prince Cosimo, and his daughter, Isaura, came frequently with the Duke. As the taste of sovereigns is always the fashion, it was not long before Correggio's studio was the resort, at stated hours, of lordly cavaliers and bright dames, who exhausted language in their praise, whispered to each other, for the painter would not permit loud talking while he sat at work.

At other times came Julio Romano, accompanied by a favorite disciple; and Correggio conversed freely, asking many questions, particularly about Raphael, and his mode of painting. It pleased him not a little, when Julio dwelt upon the wide difference between him [Correggio] and Raphael, and yet upon their frequent extraordinary similitude. One day when Romano had discoursed long upon this subject, he concluded with—"But you see, Master Antonio, however much I speak of this matter, new views continue to present themselves. I think, indeed, there is no coming to an end, when one undertakes to weigh your merits and Raphael's against one another."

"You are wrong Master Julio," replied Correggio, laughing; "all could be decided in a few words, but you are too polite to tell me the truth to my face. Now listen. In the first place, I hold it bootless labor, to weigh against each other two characters so totally different as Raphael's and mine. We are both painters—equal, perhaps, in our peculiar style, if not equal, at least both

skilful. Therefore you must be satisfied that there can be no similitude between us—though the connoisseur may take pleasure in looking now at a picture of Raphael's, now at one of mine—and he may glance with the same approbation from one to the other.

"If you will take pains to examine into the peculiar qualities of each, you will see at once how it happens—that Raphael *must* be Raphael, and I—Correggio. Raphael, born in ancient Urbino, was educated in luxurious Florence, in majestic Rome; his preceptors were his good father, and the earnest and austere Pietro Perugino.

"At a latter period he learned to know Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, and Michael Angelo. He studied the antique, and *loved*—the proud and nobly beautiful Roman dames.

"I was born in the little hamlet of Correggio; my uncle Lorenzo instructed me, for a short time, in the little learning he possessed; I had never another teacher! I knew no other master, and knew *nothing* of the antique. I looked not upon the majestic Roman beauty, nor learned to love it; the soft charms of Lombardy were offered to my admiration. When I had painted one of whom I was enamored, as a naked and lovely wood-nymph, the reverend Father Prior of a Franciscan ~~cloister~~ gave me no rest, 'till I had thrown a light drapery of blue over the too charming figure, altered the position of her left hand, and placed a volume in it—that she might appear, to the people, as a penitent Magdalen. Hide me not, unthinkingly, Master Julio; at that time I knew no better! Now that I do know better, the soft, the bright, the serene, is so interwoven in my nature, that I neither can, nor may divide myself therefrom! I paint, from a full soul, and from a warm heart, what lives in my inmost fantasy; poetical it is—and noble, if it cannot boast grandeur!"

With friendly earnestness Julio Romano replied, "In respect to a great style, Master Antonio, you have done yourself injustice. But, by Heaven! if it is true, that my illustrious master has displayed a truly god-like nature in his imitation, it is certain that he might have *envied* you the creation of your cupola at Parma, that masterpiece, whose fame shall keep your memory sacred in after ages!"

"*Si, si!*" cried Correggio, musingly, while he rose, and laid aside his implements of labor, not to resume them for that day; "thus it is with us all! we dream of after ages, and what they will say of us, and keep ourselves from evil, often more for this, than for the sake of virtue and God's favor. There is my dome, and I could tell you a

history—how I painted it; a dear—a strange history! Well! the cupola shall avail me much in the next age, if the whole building tumble not to the ground: but who can assure me that one shall not step forward and say to the admiring people—‘This, which so astonishes you, was the work of a day-laborer—a poor slave, who, pinched with poverty and grief, knew nothing of the beautiful world, but died miserably of hunger?’”

“Heaven help you!” cried Romano, “how came such thoughts in your head!” But Correggio took both his hands, and went on gaily—“See thus, Master Julio! what may happen—if with too earnest and thorough a gaze we look through the brightest and most charming vistas of life! I paint and love—because I *must* if I live—and therefore it is seriousness to me! But what farther may happen, troubles me not! nor ought another to ponder on the future, if he would find pleasure in my works. A human work, that pleases us, should never be dissected, even because it is the work of man, and as such *cannot* be perfect throughout. But the spiritual, that dwells within man, **may not** be divided, because it is above the earthly—God-like—only to be felt, not grasped nor analysed by the inferior nature. Thank God, friend, that he has endowed and prospered us! *Let us enjoy!*”

Many months Correggio lived in this manner at Mantua; the *Io* was finished, the *Leda* begun. In hours between his task, he had painted a *Madonna with Saint George*, for the brotherhood of Saint Peter, at Modena; and now prepared to fulfil his promise to Prince Cosimo, and begin the portrait of the fair Isaura.

Meanwhile the young Count Castiglione, a connoisseur and admirer of art, through whose mediation Julio Romano had been summoned to Mantua, returned from a journey to Rome. When he heard from the Prince how great a distinction awaited his daughter, (for Correggio had suffered him to plead long in vain for a portrait,) he was highly pleased, and suffered no one but himself to conduct his betrothed to the artist's room for the first sitting. When the Count entered the studio, his eyes fell on the noble picture of Saint George and the Dragon. He felt, at once, in deep enthusiasm, the wonderful poetry of this masterpiece; nor could he refrain from uttering his conviction that no after time could produce a painting in which would be blended so much boldness, majesty and grace—such brilliant, luxuriant life, and such child-like purity.

Correggio scarce heard his rhapsody, for he had eyes and ears only for the lovely Isaura, who was kissing and playing with the little Giovanni. The painter envied the child, who, in the boldness of

infancy, was permitted to kiss the words from the lips of the charming Princess.

This scene was ended by the father's giving the boy to his nurse, who led him out of the room. Correggio then invited the Princess to commence the sitting, and, while his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed, began with bold strokes to sketch the picture.

Still more agitated, more inspired he became as the work proceeded. Isaura sat opposite him, her lovely head inclined a little toward the left, her eyes now fixed on the painter for a moment, now modestly drooped; her rosy lips parted with a gentle smile—her whole form invested with the unspeakable grace of innocence and youth. Could a lovelier vision have been offered to the imagination of an artist?

At length, fatigued with his exertion, he laid down the pencil, and the sitting at an end, Castiglione came to look at the sketch. The Count burst into involuntary expressions of admiration.

“What a masterpiece,” he exclaimed in rapture—“what a masterpiece will it be when finished! Yes, Correggio! *here* is more than divine Raphael could give.

Correggio laughed as he replied, “Signor Count, I am but a copyist, and cannot therefore plume myself on your praises; even though I feel they are not altogether undeserved; for by my faith, it is not so easy to make even a tolerable copy of such an original!”

Isaura blushed, and looked in embarrassment at the Count. Her lover replied, “You are gallant, Antonio Allegri! and have the reputation of being so! I thank you for the compliment in the name of my bride.”

“Ah, sir Count, you must allow I have spoken nothing but the truth.”

“*Ebbene!* master! yet, if the truth, from your mouth, come somewhat abruptly to the Princess, you must remember that she has known you but for a brief while!”

Correggio, who was not to be put down by the cold civility of the Count, and who perceived his object, turned somewhat mischievously to Isaura and said, while he bowed low, with apparent humility—“May the poor painter, lady, find favor in your beautiful eyes, if you think him worthy of the happiness of being better acquainted with you.”

“Unheard of boldness!” muttered Castiglione, and giving his arm to the smiling Princess, he led her from the apartment; calling to the painter as he passed the threshold, “Have care, only, master to finish the picture soon; reward is as certain to you as the honor.”

"Indeed!" cried Correggio, with a scornful smile, when he found himself alone—"But *this* picture shall never be finished!" and snatching up a pencil, he dipped it in some dark color, and dashed it repeatedly across the sketch he had just made.

He then took the picture of St. George, and painted on it with great diligence. When he stopped, after an hour's space, to rest, the face of the holy virgin wore the features of Isaura.

"Your place is *there*, Isaura!" he cried, "there, and nowhere else! Worshipped shalt thou be, as Heaven's queen—adored by the credulous people as Correggio adores thee—the impersonation of grace and beauty!"

As the painter wandered listlessly among the arcades of the Coso, the Marchese Rossi came up, and greeted him warmly. "How do you, Master Antonio?" he said; "will you be at the fête given to-morrow?"

"At what fête?" asked Correggio; and Rossi informed him that the friends and disciples of Julio Romano had united, to give a feast in honor of their master, in the neighboring village of Pietola, (the birth-place of Virgil.) The occasion of the fête was the completion of his picture, 'the Giant's Fall,' in the Palazzo del T—. "You know the painting," concluded Rossi, "and know what a brave piece of work it is; you will let us see you, I hope, with the rest of Julio's friends!"

"Most assuredly," answered Correggio, with quickness, "and I thank you, Signor Marchese, that you have given me this information, which neither Julio's friends nor pupils have thought proper to do, though it would have been both courteous and right."

"Hem!" said the Marchese, "perhaps they had good reasons for acting thus. If they invited you, they were under the necessity, as you would be a stranger in their circles, of providing a suitable reception for you; consequently, the lord of the entertainment would be thrust into the background, or appear only in the place of the second."

"You may be assured," replied Correggio, "that Julio Romano would fear that as little as I, in his place, should fear it. Those, indeed, who are conscious of their insignificance, tremble for the fame of those who know their own greatness. Julio Romano would be to be pitied on account of his provident friends and disciples, were he less noble and independent. But I honor him, and am glad to meet him, as a friend, as a rival, or if it cannot be otherwise, as an enemy!"

"Admirable!" cried the Marchese, "and as you describe them, Master Antonio, I am half inclined

to try the round with you myself; with the proviso, however, that at the end, all is between us as before. Well, to-morrow, early, you will ride out with me? Done! and I hope you will have a pleasant day! Jest, song, and love, will not be wanting; and with such companions, you know, one can manage to lead a tolerable life!"

The host of the inn at Pietola, was eagerly busied about his premises, and in the garden behind his dwelling, scolding rigorously among a crowd of idle hand-maidens, and more idle men-servants, who could or would do nothing to please him.

"*Per Bacco!*" he cried, half distracted, as he seized one unlucky wight by the collar, and beat him most unmercifully; "vagabond rabble! take warning by this fellow, who let my roast meat scorch to a cinder, and shall take—*per Bacco!* the pay on his back! I will serve you all in the same fashion, if you do not take heed—a worthless, lazy, vile pack as ye are!"

"Gently, gently, master Lorenzo!" cried a good-looking and well-dressed young man, who just then came into the garden, accompanied by two others; "gently, gently! I entreat you! Remember, blind passion does no good, and that to-day is a day of pleasure; so that the cudgelling you bestow on your hapless cook, and his piteous outcries—are out of harmony! Let the fellow go, and come yourself to reason!"

"Heaven keep you, my dear Signor Raphael!" answered the host—yet boiling with rage, while he obediently released his victim, who made all haste to get out of his way. "Lo, there! *now* the scapegallows can run, as if he had wings! but in the kitchen he keeps *siesta*, instead of turning the spit! And for you," addressing the men and damsels, who were crowding around him and the new comers—"what stand you gaping there for?" and he accompanied his question with a movement, that drove them back helter skelter into the kitchen.

"On my word, you are too severe, good Lorenzo!" said the young man, laughing, "it is their duty, when guests come in, to come forward and ask what is wanted. But even you have not inquired our wishes!"

The landlord tore his hair despairingly with both hands. "I am a lost man, signor, if you withdraw your favor from me!" Then turning in pursuit of his frightened domestics—"base vagabonds!" he called out, "do you not see the excellent gentlemen are dying of thirst! Bring wine—*wine*, villains! Lachryma Christi. Wine of Syracuse! The growth of Olevano! Quick! the rest to the kitchen—or ten thousand million

devils shall tickle your heels with red hot spits!" And he drove them furiously before him.

The guests looked after him laughing, and took their places by a table set in a walk shaded with trees. "It is well," observed Raphael dal Colle, the favorite disciple of Julio Romano, "it is well we have our own servants at hand, and that we have provided all things necessary. Our good Lorenzo and his subordinates might play us sad tricks in our entertainment else!"

"But what," cried Battista Bertano, "was your reason for choosing Pictola for the scene of our fête? Are there not about Mantua many pleasanter places, and better managed hotels than this?"

"But no birth-places of Virgil!" remarked his brother, Primaticcio; "and Virgil, as you know, is Julio's favorite poet."

"Hem," said Battista, "I should rather think Ovid. I judge so by the drawings which Marc Antonio, [the engraver,* has from him, in his hands."

"Silence!" cried Raphael dal Colle, displeased; "speak not of that lamentable aberration of our master! Curse on the vaunted good-for-naught who led him to profane his high and peculiar art! Marc Antonio is but a mean fellow, who studies but to multiply prints, after having served an apprenticeship, too, under the direction of the pure and noble Raphael."

"Not too warmly!" said an elderly man, whose appearance and dress bespoke him military; "Are you so certain that even the great Raphael does not now and then condescend to the earthly? If his yielding is not so open as Julio Romano's, is it not the more dangerous? and exactly in those pictures where he most studies to preserve the ideal—his *Madonnas*! I must confess, at least, that his virgins, in their noble and luxurious beauty, with a few exceptions, awake in me more voluptuous pleasure than devotion,"

"Then," cried Raphael dal Colle, "Heaven have mercy upon the *Madonnas* of your darling Antonio Allegri. Look besides, at his *Magdalen*,—the little picture for which the Duke, (Heaven pardon him for the sin,) paid the painter as much as Julio Romano for his *Giant's Fall*. It seems to me that Correggio laid himself out to paint, instead of a repentant sinner, a lovely temptress, whose very innocence but enticed others to transgression."

"I dispute not that," replied the military gen-

* Marc Antonio Raimondi, who, by studying Albert Durer's works, had improved the art of engraving, was among the first who carried it to Rome.

tleman; "for I am also convinced that our Duke was not altogether stimulated by devotion, to pay so high a price for that small cabinet piece. Yet, for penitence and edification, there are other *Magdalens*, which bring irresistibly to the mind the hateful nature of sin, and the pang and bitterness of repentance. Look at the *Magdalens* of old and modern painters, full of this idea; what unattractive, pining, desolate figures they give us. Permit me here to ask, is it the part of the true artist, to paint altogether the repulsive, the hateful, the horrible? As little I believe it, as that it is permitted to the artist, like your master, in his degradation, to represent the sensual, the immoral, in ever so captivating a form. A work of art should in itself, abstractedly from everything else, create a pure delight; this is its first, perhaps its only object; and you must grant, that among all painters, Correggio has best succeeded in this. I would not call Correggio's paintings strictly sacred, and would avoid extolling them as such; for in his enthusiasm for the beautiful, the fresh impulse of life swells into exuberance. As a painter of beauty, he blends the mystical of Christianity with the gay, the charming, the captivating of the pagan faith. But, even if these lovely, living and glorious forms are looked upon simply as ministering to the edification of gloomy anchorites, or of religious bigots, still it is certain that in no view are they entirely objectionable. Where Correggio paints aught but church pictures, he is quite perfect, and those can only be found fault with, in so far as they are Christian church pictures."

"Ha!" interrupted Raphael dal Colle, "you think then, church pictures should not please the eye?"

"They should not be voluptuous!" was the answer. "Our religion is so elevated, so pure, in a word, so wholly spiritual, that all attempts must fail, which would represent visibly what we can only feel in our inmost heart."

"Even Raphael's *Transfiguration* then finds no favor in your eyes."

"What mortal power can do, has Raphael done in this picture! But you yourself, as an artist, must allow that the wonderful work presents us with two pictures; and that the lower, where wild emotion and action are depicted among the human figures, stands as a piece of art far above the higher, nobly conceived as it is. Seems it to you that he has reached the ideal in this *Christ*? Is it not, in ideal expression, and even in execution, inferior to the other figures, particularly that of *Moses*. And how are both surpassed by the kneeling maiden in the lower division! Frown

not, my good sir, at my freedom of speech, we ask not the impossible of the greatest; it would be folly; but even the greatest artist should not yield to the temptation, of striving to reach the impossible. Paint mythological pictures; paint battles and pageants; in short, all that earth has of grand and beautiful, and be certain of victory! Paint a Madonna, and you must expect that instead of the Mother of God,—we shall see at most, only a beautiful, if you will, a heavenly woman—but still a *woman*! And you may judge from what I tell you, of the feelings with which our ardent, meditative, but therefore the more susceptible women stand before the youthful Christ of Raphael, his St. John in the Wilderness, or Correggio's blooming St. Sebastian. It is a serious truth, that feelings which towards earthly objects would be natural and innocent, when partaken in contemplation of the mysteries of our religion, may lead to sin, yea, to wicked profanation and impiety."

Here the discourse was broken off, for, in carriages and on horseback, the expected guests poured in, and being welcomed by the managers, betook themselves to the garden. At length arrived the Duke, the king of the feast, Julio Romano at his side, They were accompanied by Prince Cosimo, the fair Isaura and the Count Castiglione.

(To be continued.)

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND AFTER HIS MARRIAGE.

No more a bachelor! home is no more
A cheerless, lonely place, where not a sound
Of woman's voice is heard from morn till night.
No; it is changed—a change by nature's God
Ordained to make us happy. 'Tis a change
On which depends not only this life's weal,
But one which must affect our future state.
Marriage is sacred; and there is a charge
To keep, vast as eternity itself!
Few think upon it. It is yours to watch
Over a soul, immortal as the Being
Who gave it life. You are responsible
To Him who kindly placed it in your charge,
For that soul's welfare. And not you alone:
There is an equal charge upon *her* hands.
In fine, the substance of the matter is—
You have the keeping of each others souls!

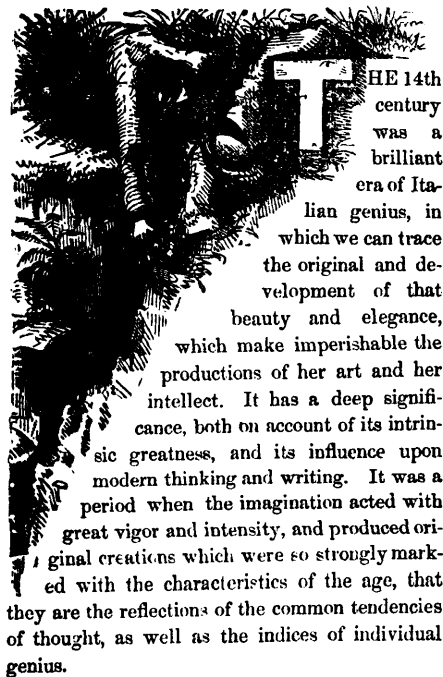
See well to it; for all those who "live
And love together," upon earth, do hope

To meet in Heaven. Nor will their hopes be vain
If they direct and counsel one another
To that great end. It will not make your lives
More gloomy, nor detract one tittle from
The real happiness of wedded life;
No; it will rather tend to cheerfulness;
For, 'tis a cheering thought to have done good—
To know that we are doing what is right.
My friend, this life must not be always viewed
On the bright side alone. The scene is such,
That a dark page will oft present itself,
Cheerless and rayless as the midnight gloom.
'Tis then that every nerve is to be strung;
'Tis then that this sweet counsel will partake
Of something heavenly; and Hope's steady eye,
Piercing the veil that hides the future from us,
Perceives a cheering vision, that will soon
Dispel the cloud, and make the now dark sky
Brighter than ever it appeared before.
We must quaff both the bitter and the sweet
Of life; for such is pre-ordained for all.
And you have chosen wisely; if the face
Is really "the index of the soul."
Think not I flatter; for there's not a word
In the vocabulary, I detest
So much as—*Flattery*. It is the pet
Of sycophants, and those brainless youths
Who make Deceit a trade. But this I know:
As the mind is seen upon the countenance;
It can be read by study. And the mind
Is but another term, which means—the soul.
Mind is immortal, and it cannot lie.
The face is but the mirror of the mind.
And as the mind is cultured, 'twill appear
Reflected on this mirror. Goodness springs
From a contented mind; and intellect,
Wherever it exists, will work its way,
And prove a brighter gem to its possessor
Than that the world calls—Beauty. Let your
lives
Be one continued search for happiness;
And you can dare the very Fates themselves,
And lead them by the nose where'er thou wilt.
"Bear and forbear." May you never feel
The loneliness, you *once* felt. For I *know*,
And *feel*, that this life undermining wish,—
This longing for companionship, doth rack
The mind, and oft unmans the man,
And makes him, what he would not wish to be.
Go on your way rejoicing. And may Peace
For ever sit above your happy home;
And may the blue-eyed Angel of Contentment,
Make her abode in both your minds for ever!

C. S.

THE ITALIAN LITERATURE OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

BY B.



THE 14th century was a brilliant era of Italian genius, in which we can trace the original and development of that beauty and elegance, which make imperishable the productions of her art and her intellect. It has a deep significance, both on account of its intrinsic greatness, and its influence upon modern thinking and writing. It was a period when the imagination acted with great vigor and intensity, and produced original creations which were so strongly marked with the characteristics of the age, that they are the reflections of the common tendencies of thought, as well as the indices of individual genius.

Before this time little of literature that was modern, could be said to exist. The sweet voice of the Provençal—"the first born of European languages"—has indeed been heard; but it was a sentimental sonnet, not "a mystic unfathomable song." It was not conversant with deep and stern and manly action. It was wholly disconnected from any great national movement, and was entirely destitute of any great or heroic passion. True, it sung of love, but it was a love of blind and slavish devotion, and needed that higher form of imagination and of passion which thrills the soul, and bears it away captive by its own inherent irresistible energy. It possessed but little if any pathos, and had no tragical power. Its highest excellence was tenderness wedded to sweetness and to simple beauty; rather the soft Syren's voice than the strong, deep, and earnest Norse-chant. Its influence, though for a time extensive, was transient. Europe was well pleased with these songs while engaged in the Crusades, for they were baptised into the spirit of chivalry and of love. They were well adapted to times

when the religious sentiment acting with great intensity through the medium of the imagination, aroused man to physical action, and set in motion entire masses by the tremendous energy of religious fanaticism.

Spain, too, with its high souled chivalry and intoxicated feeling, had uttered its song. Its early ballads and poems were distinguished for their vigor and richness of imagination; and her intellect for its softness and grandeur. Her early history was lighted up by great events, striking catastrophies and splendid recollections, all of which were well calculated to excite heroism in action and energy in passion. The glorious exploits of the *Cid*, whose life was the climax of great deeds, generous and devoted patriotism, excited the ardent Spanish mind, and won its warm and fervent heart. The Spaniards married their imagination to historic memories, and threw all the charms of romance around their historic achievements. Their poems and ballads were very rich in those materials from whence come a vigorous and mighty literature. But they had no master mind; no great spirit who by the might of his own creative intellect should rise and give utterance and permanence to the common feeling, passion, and imagination; and make their thoughts imperishable by their union with immortal genius.

Nor had classic antiquity introduced its rich and polished literature "the gift of immortal men who spoke the language of reason and of eloquence." It had not yet revealed its untold wealth of thought and richness of imagination. But the time was soon to come when this vast store-house was to be opened. Europe at this period was emerging from her barbarism, the struggles which had convulsed society and which had been going on for centuries between barbarism and Roman civilization were well nigh ended. But such were the grandeur and majesty of Rome, such her laws and institutions, such the tenacity with which she clung to her ancient civilization, that ages had been required to subdue it, and to rear a new one upon its ruins. The Gothic structure of the middle ages with all its antique grandeur was crumbling to give place to the airy and the graceful Ionic, the majesty and the ele-

gant Corinthian. The light of a new era began to gleam forth; man became conscious of his importance as he was freed from the yoke of feudal servitude. The dead and lifeless masses around, gave signs of life and energy which betokened a spiritual resurrection. Mitres and thrones were crumbling before an unseen spirit whose name was *knowledge*. This regenerating power can be traced in every civilized nation of modern Europe and though Italy failed to realise its social benefits; it was on account of the degeneracy and the corruption of her masses.

The eastern empire still possessed, to use the language of Gibbon "the golden key that could unlock the treasures of antiquity; of a musical and prolific language that gives soul to the objects of sense and a body to the abstractions of philosophy." But a great change was at hand! The City of the Cross was compelled to yield to the overpowering energy of the followers of the Crescent. Constantinople fell with its greatness and splendor of centuries. But its wealth of thought passed into Italy and from thence to Modern Europe.

Such was the condition of Europe and of Italy in the fourteenth century. To the eye of sense the seed was going to decay. All things around were full of weakness and corruption; but the seed decayed, only that its vitality might pass to the young and the growing shoot. The materialism of the middle ages was crumbling, but only as an antecedent to the resurrection of the mind. In the depths of society new and mighty elements were at work. The great light of our holy religion began to dawn upon the human mind, and to awaken man to a consciousness of his own being and destiny. A new importance was given to the aspirations and deep yearnings of the human heart, and a new dialect to woman's love. Those mighty moral elements which were introduced by Christianity, and which had been slumbering for ages began now to unfold themselves, as the middle ages with all their glitter of imagination, and glow of feeling were passing away. The intellect also burst from its enthrallment, and enlarged its horizon of vision; all things in fact, both within and without betokened an advent of a new literature. All eyes were gazing, all hearts were yearning for the new era. The age called, and the man came, who ushered in the new advent with "a mystic unfathomable song," whose notes in the interval of five centuries have lost none of their soft melody and melting pathos, and dark deep-hearted and desolating tragedy. The man was *Dante*, and the song was the *Divina Comedia*.

Dante was born at Florence in the year 1265. The early development of his mind gave promise of that unrivalled and strong susceptibility to deep and tender impressions which conferred upon his soul that intensity of feeling and comprehensiveness of conception for which he is preeminently distinguished. In his boyhood he was seized with a mysterious passion for his Beatrice which lost none of its intensity during his tragic and eventful life. This fact is significant and exerted too great an influence over his whole spiritual being, to be forgotten. It has been doubted indeed by some whether he was enamored of a human being or a creature of his own imagination, one of those phantoms of heavenly beauty and virtue so common to the dreams of youth. Whether Beatrice ever lived or not, we are certain that the affection had a real existence in his own heart, and gave a coloring to all his conceptions.

His sojourn upon earth was at a time when Italy was distracted and rent asunder by the renowned civil broils between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. These civil commotions called upon the poet to step down from his scholar life to mingle among the vulgar strifes and passions of men. Then indeed, in earnest, commenced the struggle between circumstance and genius! but the Titan lifted the mountain. For a short time he experienced every vicissitude of fortune and at last was "driven" to use his own words, "about, by the cold wind that springs out of sad poverty, and compelled to taste how bitter is another's bread, how hard it is to ascend and to mount another's stairs." But to the sensitive and noble mind there is a keener and intenser pain than the want of bread. His name was mixed with those who were associated with dishonor. This gave to his sensitive feelings the profoundest anguish, and forced him by bitter experience to learn, "How sublime it is to suffer and be strong."

He wandered from town to town, and from country to country, bearing about in his own great soul, conceptions of Heaven and Hell and Purgatory, which soon were to be bodied forth with such transcendent genius as to command the admiration of ages and the attention of the human mind as long as it shall be impressed by the exhibition of a Titanic strength of imagination. But there is a still deeper anguish, which is common to poetic souls, whose mysterious workings none can fathom, one, common to men of genius. He who would unfold the deep passions of the soul must himself feel them in all their terrible reality. As Milton "the moral king of authors" has it: "he who would write heroic poems, should make his

whole life a heroic poem." He must struggle, endure, and conquer, and amid the acutest suffering and the greatest failures,

"Arm the obdurate heart,
With stubborn patience as with triple steel."

It was thus with Dante, who, through suffering, became the true apostle of the sublime and the beautiful. He stood an exile from, but above his race—the man deeply thinking and intensely feeling, the true scholar who standing above the mists of earth catches the first faint twilight glimmerings of spiritual truth, which grow brighter and clearer as they gleam down from heaven upon the paths of men.

The splendor of Dante's poetic fame has eclipsed his claims as a prose writer. The benefit which he conferred upon the prose of his country is enough, of itself, to place him among the first men of his age, and to connect him prominently with her literature. The treatise *De Monarchia* is a very ingenious production in refutation of the temporal pretensions of the court of Rome. This work, on account of its obnoxious sentiments, was publicly burned by the Legate of the Pope John the 22nd, who would, it has been said "have disinterred and burned Dante's body, and scattered his ashes to the winds, if some influential citizens had not interposed."

The *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, another of his prose works treats of the origin and use of the genuine Italian tongue. It is very judicious and possesses much philosophical merit, and at the same time gives evidence of interesting and curious research.

The *Vita Nuova* was the earliest of his Italian productions. "It is," to use the language of another, "a mixture of mysterious poetry and prose, in which he gives a detailed account of his love for Beatrice. It is pervaded by a spirit of soft melancholy extremely touching, and contains several passages having all the distinctness and individuality of truth; but on the other hand, it is interspersed with vicious dreams, and metaphysical conceits, from which it receives all the appearance of an allegorical invention. "He also composed," continued the same writer, "about thirty canzonets or songs, both on love and morality. The sonnets, though not destitute of grace and ingenuity, are not distinguished by any particular excellence. The songs display a vigor of style, a sublimity of thought, a depth of feeling, and a richness of imagination not known before. On fourteen of these he attempted in his old age to write a minute commentary, to which he gave the title of *Convito* or *Banquet* as being intended to administer food of wisdom to the ignorant.

But all of these must be regarded only as the first faint glimmerings of that blaze of light which was to flash upon the world in the *Divina Comedia*. The aim of Dante in this great work is not very obvious. It is the narrative of a mysterious journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. In his passage through the two regions of woe, he is supposed to have Virgil as his guide. "No creation," continues the writer whom we have alluded to before—"no creation of the human mind ever excelled his mighty vision in originality and vastness of design; nor did any one ever choose a more appropriate subject for the expression of all his thoughts and feelings." His powers of conception surpassed his powers of execution. "Rising from the deepest abyss of torture and despair, through every degree of suffering and hope, up to the sublimest beatitude, he imparts the most varied and intense interest to a wonderful variety of scenes which he brings before the reader. Awful, vehement and terrific in hell, in proportion as he advances through Purgatory and Paradise, he contrives to modify his style in such a manner as to become more pleasing in his images, more easy in his expressions, more delicate in his sentiments, and more regular in his versification. His characters live and move, the objects which he depicts are clear and palpable, his similes are generally new and just, his reflections, evince throughout, the highest tone of morality, his energetic language makes a deep and vigorous impression, both on the reason and the imagination; and the graphic force with which, by a few bold strokes, he throws before the eye of his reader, a perfect and living picture, is wholly unequalled."

Modern literature commenced permanently with the *Divina Comedia*, which great work gave permanence to the Italian tongue, and ushered in a new era of poetry. Of this latter, Dante was the founder, whose soul's history as we have seen, was singularly tragic and mournful, while a halo of spiritual grandeur surrounds it. For what sight does history furnish, parallel to the man who is aroused by his own herculean strength and urged on by a burning, resistless, inward energy, to work out a new path in thought; to give new harmony and melody to song; and to stamp the impress of his own great mind upon his age. Such a man is the true *Seer*—the king of a new realm of thought and of emotion; the god-inspired and god-sent poet, or artist, or philosopher. It is from such a man agonised by the miseries of life, and wrestling with the doubts and the mysteries of his own inner being, and unfolding our common humanity, that there comes forth our Goe-

the's Faust, and Schiller's Wallenstein and William Tell, our Shakspeare's Lear and Hamlet; and our Dante's Divina Comedia. There is deep tragedy and melting pathos in the thought of the exile Dante wandering forth, homeless, desolate and alone with his full beating heart, and warm and deep affections gushing out for his Beatrice. Such a life is too often the lot of men of genius, and involves a riddle difficult to unravel. For why is it that the great mind of an age is doomed to neglect and toil? Why is it that the heart wanders alone and desolate? Why is it that down in the very depths of the soul there is agony,—profound, unutterable agony? Why is it that the spirit is so full of misery and wo, while, through the gloom that surrounds it, there gleams forth a light to gladden and regenerate his age? Well might such an one exclaim:

“’Tis the doom

Of spirits of my order to be racked
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone.

—Then future thousands crowd around the
tomb,

And pilgrims come from climes where they
have known,

The name of him—who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his,—by him unheard, unheeded—fame.”

The genius of Dante is characterized by intense activity and richness of imagination, united to great creative energy and power in the use of his materials. It acts with great vigor and clearness of conception, and is familiar with the might and the majesty of passion. “His greatness,” says Carlyle, “has in all senses concentrated itself into fiery emphasis and depth. He is world great, not because he is world wide, but because he is world deep. Through all objects he pierces as it were down into the heart of being. I know nothing so intense as Dante. He has great power of vision; seizes the very type of a thing; presents that and nothing more. His painting is not graphic, only brief, true and of a vividness as of fire in a dark night; taken on the wide scale it is every way noble, and the out-come of a great soul. Francesco and her lover; what qualities in that. A thing woven as out of rainbows on a ground of eternal black. A small flute voice of infinite wail speaks there into our very heart of hearts. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, or trembling, longing, pitying love; like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft like a child's young heart, and then that sore saddened heart.”

In his soul were mirrored the middle ages, with

all its high hopes and imagination, and deep-hearted religious devotion as developed in its inner life or unfolded in its outward manifestation. In the Divina Comedia is seen the conflict between the Christian and the Pagan epic verse. It so far conquers Paganism as to represent a material Christianity, and gives a clear indication of that great change in poetry consequent upon the introduction of a new religion; and exhibits the Christian poet awakened by a consciousness of his glorious destiny, and filled with a love of moral beauty and sublimity. The prevailing spirit of scholastic theology which can be discovered in his great work has imbued even his bold and inventive imagination with some of its dark and gloomy spirit. “There are,” says Schlegel, among the poets of his own nation, none who can sustain the most remote comparison with him either in boldness and sublimity of imagination, or in delineation of character. None have penetrated so deeply into the Italian spirit, or depicted its mysterious workings with so forcible a pencil.”

Dante is most known among us as the Author of the Divina Comedia. But the splendid fame of this great work should not throw his other genius gifts into the shade. In thinking of the poet we must not forget the *man*. For in truth, Dante was not only a true poet but a great reformer; one of those mighty men who have been called the landmarks of humanity. He stood upon both sides of the chasm which separates the ancient and modern thinking and writing, and by the efforts of his own genius bridged it over, and thus formed a communication between them. He stood upon the starting point of modern society, and by the energy of his own herculean intellect put in motion some of its mightiest elements. In him were united the poet and the prophet, the Italian and the patriot, the man and the Christian. His whole life was a struggle after unity and harmony, both in thought and in action; and like every true “Priest of the Ideal” he married the past and the future in a close and permanent union. The possession of these qualities will alone explain the secret of his popularity in Italy. For this could not have been attained from the Divina Comedia alone, a work which from its very magnitude commands the attention of gifted men rather than the enthusiasm of the masses. The fact can be accounted for only from the circumstance, that his aim was emphatically the same with his age, and his writings the record of the national thought.

But the prodigality which marks the fourteenth century was not exhausted upon Dante alone.

This transition period contained in it results of great and wide significance. It was the first clear enunciation of the power and grandeur of the individual man. To give this voice utterance, the human heart required another oracle; a new priest was to be consecrated at the altar of thought; and another voice was heard from the unwitnessed soul. A new development of human life, of energy, and of passion was still to be made. So great indeed were the demands of the age, that one master spirit could not entirely guide its destiny, nor one great genius express its idea. There was no one *man of the age* suited to do its entire work. The man of genius had indeed appeared, but another was called who should unite genius with talent and learning. This *man* was PETRARCH who combined in a singular union, the man of letters and the man of state; who was alike the poet and the statesman, the lover and the patriot, the philosopher and the prophet. He differs from Dante by having far less creative genius and intensity and power of conception. He preferred to use his gifts in lyric compositions; and in his songs he not only gave purity and eloquence, and even stability to the Italian tongue, but by his sonnets formed a school of taste which universally prevailed in his native country. These were so thoroughly baptised into the spirit of humanity that they found a ready entrance into the common heart and intellect. Dante's genius soared with eagle wings above the common mind, and extended his vision into the future; but Petrarch aimed to bring down the angelic to earth, and to join them in a permanent union. In both, love uttered itself in a new dialect. They penetrated into man's innermost being and from the depths of the heart unfolded the mysteries of the affections, and the fact of existence; they possessed the necessary attributes of intellectual greatness and spiritual power; they were living men, and spoke from a sincere and warm-beating heart. They had surrounded the depths of human wo, they had soared in ecstasy of delight, to the heights of beatific vision; their souls had trembled with a sublime and tragic sadness; and they had felt to their very hearts depth the tenderest and the ferventest love. They had in fact felt and seen more than other men, and hence they could speak so as to arrest their attention. And it was of little importance whether they spoke in an epic poem or a simple song.

Petrarch was not only a poet, but a prophet. As he advanced before his age, he caught glimpses of the reformation gleaming forth, and by his own intellectual efforts hastened its dawn.

He enlarged, by his labors, the narrow horizon which had circumscribed the minds of men in the middle ages, and broke the spell that bound them. He collected the most valuable treasures of classical literature which were soon to be scattered throughout Germany, France, and England. He originated that new movement in letters, by which means the Gothic grandeur and roughness of the middle ages were chastened by Grecian beauty and polish, until the union produced great results, both in the imagination and in the intellect, and prepared the way for the emancipation of the human mind from the enthrallment of centuries, and hastened the greatest intellectual movement in modern history; the *reformation* alike in religion and in philosophy.

The love of melody and of harmony is instinctive in the human soul. "An extraordinary fact," says Horace Man, "and one which throws great light upon the constitution of the mind is, that the deaf and dumb, after learning to read, take great delight in poetry. The measure of the verse makes up a dormant faculty within them, giving them the pleasure of what we call *time*, although they have no ear to perceive it." The history of literature confirms this fact of experience, and throws additional light upon the subject. Both history and experience teach us, that on account of this innate love of harmony and melody, the soul, however cramped and pressed it may be, will burst these bonds and seek to express its thoughts in song. It is the language of a nation's infancy, and expresses the loftiest hopes and the brightest anticipations of its maturity. Song is one of the naturallest and readiest modes of expressing the affections. It enters alike in the hut and in the hall, and dwells alike in the hamlet and in the palace. Coming from the heart it speaks to the heart. It is conversant with childhood's glee, youth's hopes and aspirations, manhood's cares and old age's experience—all in fact that constitutes our mysterious life in its multiform complexity of thought and of emotion. Hence it is that the bard of Florence scattering a few soul touching songs becomes a great intellectual workman, and gives a new direction to the courses of modern literature. In the thought of Petrarch with his love for Laura, we are filled with unutterable wonders, and tremble at the connection of what seems trivial with that which is truly great. For had there been no love in Dante's heart, are we sure there would have been a *Divina Comedia*; or had there not been a Laura's love, where would have been *Trionfi*?

The genius of Petrarch was warm and genuine.

It was far more deeply tinged with a chivalric imagination than Dante's, but had far less spontaneous vigor, and intensity. Its action was calmer and does not often rise to the highest kind of sublimity. It is natural and easy in its workings, but when excited, kindles into a warm and glowing enthusiasm, and deep sensibility and tender passion.

I have spoken of Dante and Petrarch as the great repositories of the intellectual treasures of their age, and as leaders of a new era. But with them alone the fourteenth century was still incomplete; the great intellectual movement of this period was still unfinished. As yet its greatest thoughts had only spoken in verse. But this period which was distinguished for a remarkable awakening of the human mind, had not a prose writer until the author of the *Decameron* appeared.

The jostling of Boccaccio through his earthly pilgrimage was also marked by struggle and by obstacle. His mind from infancy, was excited by an intense thirst for knowledge, and always from its first working he was crazed with a desire to break beyond the narrow circle of knowledge which surrounded him. This innate love of knowledge—a quality of great minds—was increased by the sacred and hallowed associations connected with his country and her gifted sons. His youthful enthusiasm was kindled into a flame by a pilgrimage to Posilipo, and bowing with fervent homage before the shrine of Virgil he vowed unceasing and sincere devotion to the pursuit of letters.

The structure of Boccaccio's mind was far less fine and delicate than Petrarch's or Dante's. He has far more talent than genius. His powers were versatile, but did not always act in harmony with his moral nature, for their purity is often spotted by licentiousness and debauchery. His mind in its action was preeminently free and sportive, easy and graceful. It was enriched with the wealth of storied lore, which enabled him, endowed as he was with the power of narration, to make valuable contributions to the literature of his country, and to give it a new impulse by his elegant and charming prose tales. In his attempts at imitation, he is dull and heavy, and does not rise into eloquence and warmth of feeling until he trusts to his own impressions and describes what he has both seen and felt. This is a peculiar feature of his mind, for he invariably becomes cold and lifeless, except when he trusts to his own heart, and describes his own impressions and emotions; then it is that he rises into enthusiasm of feeling, and genuine and powerful emotion.

He was far more objective than his two great contemporaries. They penetrated into the inner life of things and sought an acquaintance with the life springs of action that lie concealed behind the visible, while he gazed on the visible and saw only the outward. He portrays with great truthfulness the outward life of the times with its humors and courtesies, and unfolds his age with its practical and common ways of thinking and of acting.

Such is an imperfect view of the Italian literature of the fourteenth century. It has three great minds, each of which has marked peculiarities, and each represents a phase in the development of the human mind under the influence of Christianity; and each struck out a distinct path in their country's literature. Dante was the founder of the Allegorical, Petrarch of the Lyrical poetry, and Boccaccio was the first writer of the novel and the romance. They are the Colossal pillars upon which is reared the structure of Italian genius. In which is exhibited that severe beauty and simple truthfulness, that graceful delineation of form and of attitude, and that glowing conception of perfect excellence which distinguish and make immortal her creations of art and of imagination.

There is much that comes to the mind when thinking of this fourteenth century. For it is here that we clearly see the first workings of the reformation, and doubtless there is much that is unseen. Silent is the work of nature. Gravity is guiding the universe in harmony; and the calm serene rays of the Summer's sun are giving life and imparting vigor around us. So in the world of mind, mighty results are achieved by the unseen and noiseless energy of thought. Hence there is a profound significance in the study of literature. It is the recorded utterance of the past, and the remnant of its former life. Its intrinsic importance far transcends what we call history. For history's boasted policies and proud kings; its mammoth armies and navies; its gilded thrones and wide spread empires; its magnificent cities, and its paper constitutions; all are buried in the past; but from the tomb there arises the imperishable *thought*. Vespasian and Titus may surround and destroy the city and the temple, but the rapt song of the Hebrew bard is still heard, and the God-inspired Ezekiel and Isaiah still prophesy. The Colosseum and the Parthenon may be buried in ruins, but the real life of Greece will be forever embalmed in her Iliad and her Odyssey; her Medea and her Prometheus Bound. The Colosseum has crumbled, and the energy of the Roman Legion has departed, but Rome still lives in her Virgil and Horace, her Cicero and Seneca, her Tacitus and Livy; and Italy, decayed distracted and dismembered, Italy still speaks in her Dante and Petrarch, her Tasso and Boccaccio, her Ariosto and Michael Angelo.

THE PHILANTHROPIC SENTIMENT.

BY THE REV. HENRY GILES.



propose to make some remarks on the sentiment of philanthropy; the sentiment of love to man, in general irrespective of locality, of condition or of creed. And despite of the acutest logic which the ethics of selfishness can use, I hold that philanthropy is a reality; that it has evidence most manifest of being a quality of our nature. We are conscious of benevolent regards towards men, merely as men, and because they are simply of our kind, our hearts prompt us to do them good. When the occasion strongly urges, this becomes apparent, with the force and certainty almost of an instinct. Our souls are constantly excited by deeds of the highest charity done to strangers, and frequently not only to strangers, but to enemies; the poetry, the songs, the romances, of all ages and nations imply the glory of this sentiment—and no literature was ever founded on the opposite or the denial of it.

Still, I can conceive of a person saying that it is all a fiction, without reason to sustain it as a possibility, or evidence to sustain it as a fact. He would perhaps insist that man, as a species, is too vast an object to be comprehended by the imagination, and much less to be enfolded in the affections. But, further, he would possibly insist, that, laying aside all merely speculative considerations, the spirit and the conduct of the world go to shew, that the idea of philanthropy is a phantom or a mockery. Nor, can it be denied, that looking severely upon the actions of society, he might bring much that would be plausible, and not a little that would be true, to support the practical side of his objection. But, I do not assert, that there is *not* in social conduct a great deal that mars this sentiment, that is harshly inconsistent with it, that is strangely contradictory to it. Still I do contend that its elements are in the human heart, in every human heart. I shall make no

attempt to meet that part of the objection which implies the impossibility of the sentiment from the vagueness or greatness of the object. For if the objection, were, indeed, valid, then any general sentiment were impossible; as for instance, the love of virtue, because virtue is a thing spiritual and impalpable; the love of God, because God is infinite and inscrutable. Waiving at once all metaphysical argument, I shall here devote some remarks to the sentiment, considered first as an inspiration, and considered secondly as an agency.

As an inspiration the sentiment of philanthropy is most quickening and most expansive. The case is not thus with the selfish passions. The heart in which they are strongest has the fewest sympathies and the coldest nature. Men, it is true, have many combinations based upon the selfish passions; but in such combinations there is no loving interchange of spirit, there is no mutual bestowment of confidence and respect. Men may be joined in the compact of profitable wrong; but though the bonds of interest be many, bond of unity there is none. Men may be bound together in low and worldly purposes, but their estimate of each other is on a level with their objects. These generate no love among themselves; and attract no love from those outside their association; collectively or individually, they inspire no general admiration or affection. It is not thus with philanthropic characters or philanthropic deeds. Tell the remotest tribes, of a preeminently benevolent man, in language which they can fully understand, they will love him, and they will love you who tell them, if they see in you a likeness to him. Against such a character, national differences and national dialects do not prevail—the beauty of it is discernible in every climate, the worth of it, is translatable into every language. It rises above all wars and hatreds; it sheds calm light upon human strifes, and for the moment, it shames them into peace. Frenchmen hew down British, yet to the fiercest Gaul, the name of Howard would be a word of reverence. Englishmen devastate France, yet would the rudest soldier among them, bend in the presence of a Fenelon. The thoughts and deeds of such have no limitation; they come out from the love of humanity,

and humanity claims them for its own. They are the elements of the eloquence, to which all nations listen; they are the elements of the poetry that all nations feel; and whether in oratory or song, with them, indeed, is a universal spirit, and a universal speech. Observe, how the eyes of an assembly will kindle, and how their hearts will beat, and how their breath will hang upon the speaker's word, when he recites, with whatever plainness, the doing of a generous action, or draws the picture of a good man's life! But, let that good man himself speak; let him go before them, moved by interest for his kind; let him address them from the fullness of his heart, and that, the fullness of a mighty love; the souls that were dead become alive; they are quickened into his own great being; they are dilated with his enthusiasm; they are torn from the earth to which they were fastened; they are carried up into the heavens as in a chariot of fire; they are transported with the splendor of the prophet upon whose countenance they gaze, in whose light they rejoice; they are elevated to the loftiness of his views, they burn with the fervor of his zeal; and though much of this will depart when the prophet is silent, yet, will not the prophet pass away without leaving some of his spirit behind him.

Every age, as well as every nation, confesses the power of philanthropic inspiration. The consent which men give to selfish sentiments is as transient as it is bounded. The prejudice or passion of the day is always strong; blind as it is strong, and tyrannical as it is blind. Profit and power for a time laugh to scorn truth and justice. The sophists and the self-seekers prosper. The sycophants of dominion dress finely and fare sumptuously. Evil expediency governs the world; and it hesitates at no means, and it scruples at no instruments. The teachers of true wisdom are hooted, and mocked. The defenders of right and of humanity are ridiculed as visionaries, or they are tortured as destructives. The apostles of good-will are hunted from city to city, and they suffer or they perish for their work. Socrates drinks his poison; Elijah flies to the desert, and hides himself in the cave: Paul endures bonds, imprisonment, and dies upon the block. But, then, there was a Socrates, there was an Elijah; there was a Paul; and so it is, that often in the worst of periods, humanity vindicates itself the most heroically, and the most divinely. The age of tyranny is that of the patriot: the age of persecution is that of the martyr; the age of political corruption is that of the political reformer. It is, too, when the hearts of the task-

masters are most dead to the cry of the oppressed, when the sighings of the forlorn are deepest by reason of their bondage, that heaven is pierced by their supplications; that God looks down on the misery of his suffering children; that his ear opens to their groanings; that he comes to their help against the mighty, that he raises up advocates to plead their cause, and that he calls forth deliverers to break their chains. And, thus, it is in times, often when hope seems no longer for our nature, that light bursts out from the gloom, and covers the face of humanity with the glory of a new beauty. And though an evil generation may kill the bodies of mankind's benefactors, it cannot kill their souls; dust goes to dust, but the spirit lives onward still; and thus spirit works out in one age, repentance for the sins of another; and not repentance only, but amendment also. The children blush at that in which their fathers gloried; the fathers slew the prophets, but the children canonize their memories; and though, while the children discern the guilt of their fathers, they are often blind to their own, yet something is gained by the acknowledgment of past error. Great excellence, like great truth is but gradually opened to the mind of men; when however, it is fully discerned, mankind esteem it as the treasure that has no price, and that never can be lost.

As an agency, how manifold are the works of the philanthropic sentiment—all works of good—and not the least among them—its works of mercy. Wherever the sorrowing are concealed, mercy seeks them out. Wherever misery hides from scorn; wherever penitence lies in the dust, there mercy enters with her tearful eyes, and her gentle words. I might speak much on the *outward* works of mercy—I might speak on that bounty which imitates the deeds of Christ, so far as man's weakness can imitate divine power. I could not, indeed, tell of sight restored to the eye that had been rayless; or of sound given to the ear which had been closed; or of motion and speech restored to the tongue which had been fastened and silent; I could not tell of health and strength miraculously bestowed on the maimed and the palsied frame—or wisdom on the torpid or frenzied mind; or the dead called up from the tomb to gladden once more in life their mourning friends; or of sinners converted by marvels from above. But, I might speak of homes for the blind and the dumb, where humanity does all that it can do, to illuminate the darkened sense, and to cheer the lonely heart: I might speak of asylums for the insane where benignant skill in bestowing peace of

intellect on the benighted soul, seems to call back the age of miracle. I might speak of institutions which are a shelter for the widow and a guardianship for the orphan. I might speak of institutions which are open to childless age, where a rest is prepared for the worn frame, and for the hoary head. I might speak of habitations, which invite the lost and the unhappy to fly from crime and want, and thus speaking, I might choose for the field of my illustration, the whole field of the world. Nor would I confine my remarks to efforts for the improvement of men's physical and temporal condition. For the intellectual and moral wants of mankind, also, engage a most extensive and a most enlightened benevolence. Philanthropy has apostleships for the higher man; and if time allowed, there are many of which, I would wish to speak—many that cause great hearts to ponder, that enlist for their advancement, wisdom, piety, genius, and eloquence; apostleships that control the plans of the statesman, and enter into the hope of the Christian. I might speak of those good messengers which philanthropy sent down into the gloomy mine, to bring childhood to the air of heaven, and to give it to a human life. I might speak of the ministries which philanthropy has established for the education of the neglected and the poor; of the winning charities, by which it has sought to attract vicious and ragged youth within the sound of decency and hope. I might speak of those ministries which it has despatched into the dark retreat of city-vice and destitution, not alone to give refreshment to the fainting body, but to offer help to the perishing soul. I might speak of those ministries which philanthropy has carried to the prison, not merely in surrounding the captive with cleanliness, and light, and the common courtesies of men—but in the wise discipline which would reform his habits; the kind influence that would soften his affections; the Christian instruction that would regenerate his mind; the God-like clemency that abhors contempt and vengeance, that would redeem, if possible, a spirit to its own respect, and give it back recovered to society. I might speak of the ministries which philanthropy exerts respecting the guilty on the spirit of the community, urging it to reform rather than to destroy, and upon repentance to take once again its erring child to the shelter of a friendly bosom; not to repulse him in his approaches, but rather to meet even while he is yet, a great way off,—to help him to forget his degradation, rather than to pour fresh shames upon his head; and thus, to drive him in his despair, to seek for refuge in lower depths of

infamy. I might speak of the ministries which she exerts for universal emancipation, for universal freedom, ministries by which she endeavors to render freedom co-extensive with the right to it, as the right to it is co-extensive with man. I might speak of the ministries which she commissions with the glad tidings of the gospel to men in distant nations, of fierce habits, and of strange tongues; regarding them all as brothers,—however separated from them, by distance, by habits, or by tongues; yearning, despite of their differences, to gather them all into the one household of Faith. I might speak on the various services which these labors have directly and collaterally done to civilization—how, they have laid bare the world—how, they have discovered its remote places, instructed barbarous tribes, opened new sources of wealth and knowledge, enlarged intercourse—translated languages—established schools—and laid the foundations of great, of growing, and of humanizing institutions. Of such things willingly I would speak, but with these brief allusions, I must leave them, to confine my attention to a single point.

The point that I would particularly notice is, that the works which are the most durable in the world, are those in which the sentiment of philanthropy is the most embodied. Humanity recognises what belongs to itself, loves it, honors it, and preserves it. The rest, it does *not* understand, and leaves it to vanish with the accidents with which it was associated. That which has been done for man, man will uphold—but that which belongs merely to the time, will pass away with the fashion of the time, it will wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture it will be changed. Those nations, therefore, which developed most of the being of humanity, live most in the life of our race. The Egyptians with their concealed enigmas and their monstrous structures—have utterly and for ever perished. They have gone into absolute oblivion; and a darker night has fallen upon their history, than any with which they have covered the mysteries of their religion. The soul of their nation is as voiceless as their Titanic heaps of earth; their spirit is scattered with the dust, or buried under symbols inscrutable; their land is a mighty grave; not a collection of tombs, but one huge sepulchre; the Pyramids are monuments of tyrants and their slaves; they once overlooked a wilderness of life;—most appropriately and most fitly, they now overlook a wilderness of death. What traces have the Assyrians or Persians left of their wide-spread conquests? They who carry nothing, but the brand and the sword, imprint deep marks of

their existence for a period in the burning and bloody furrows of their course, but healing time closes them up, and covers them with verdure; men keep no memory of those who brought them nothing, except evil; the wicked are swallowed up in the darkness which they create; and exterminators perish in as deep oblivion as their victims. And why should they not? why should men desire to immortalise, even in infamy, their enslavers and destroyers! Why not leave their memories to rot, with the general offscouring which age after age destines to corruption? So is it not better that men should *forget* rather than *remember*; when they can remember only to curse?—The malefactors of History are buried in her Prison-yard; and they rest as obscurely as meaner but less guilty criminals. There let them lie!

The nations, as I have said, that contained most of our general humanity continue most to live; and as our examples can properly be taken only from ancient ones, I refer, especially, to Judea, to Greece, and to Rome. Even in these, that alone endures, which is of our essential, and universal humanity. The Temple and ceremonies of Judea are no more: the people of Israel are a scattered remnant upon earth: but the Bible survives unworn; and the spirit of it belongs to all regions and all times. The grace and majesty in which Greece enshrined her mythology, were the palace and decorations of a vision; the fabric has dissolved almost with the emptiness of the vision, and left almost as little of a wreck behind. But, her poetry; her history; her eloquence; her philosophy; these have *not* dissolved; for they have that in them of our soul which renders them everlasting. Rome, with respect to her sway has transmitted little to us, except the traditions of her conquests, but she has bequeathed laws to mankind which are as changeless as Equity. But, still, the general tendency to universality, which distinguishes modern civilization, and which will give to modern civilization its permanence and progress, did not exist in any of these. The best of them, was partial and exclusive. The civilization of the Jews was confined to a family; it was domestic, local, ritual. The civilization of the Greeks was limited to a few special tribes; it was mythical, oligarchical, and artistic. The civilization of the Romans centered in giving empire to a single city; it was military, and its chief aim was conquest and glory. Pride became the foundation of them all; and each according to its own ideal, laboured to raise on this foundation, the superstructure of its national grandeur. The civilization

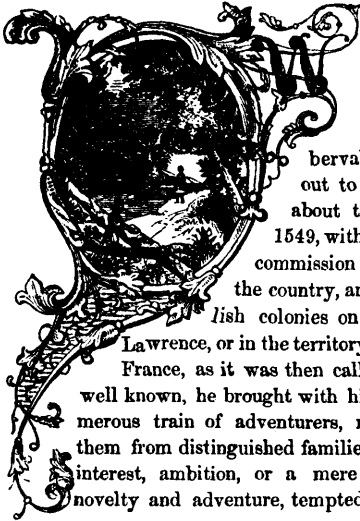
of the Jew rested on the pride of race; that of the Greeks on the pride of knowledge; and that of the Roman on the pride of power. Christianity alone would base civilization upon the new commandment of charity--and make the life of it the spirit of brotherhood, and the love of mankind. And it is as this spirit grows into the affairs of mankind that we advance securely; and it is, to the degree, that it has penetrated the movements of society, that we have really advanced. And, wherever there is most liberty for the mind, and least danger to the body; wherever education is best and legislation wisest; wherever right is the most employed and the least violated, such is the spirit that prevails. There is no man, therefore, however lowly his station, however few his opportunities, however moderate his talents, that out of a sincere heart acts for the love of his kind, but adds to the good which is immortal and divine. On the other hand, there is no man whatever be his genius, whatever be his rank, whatever be his popularity, who narrows his heart towards his fellows, who blinds his moral sense to any rightful claim of justice or benevolence, who takes part with the wrong, but binds his fame to a body of death, and must go with it to corruption and to oblivion. Christianity is the element in modern civilization that secures it against the vicissitudes of ancient civilization. Empires decayed; cities left no trace where they stood; structures most stable crumbled and fell down; nations became extinct; governments turned to fooleries; and laws to idiot-babble; for the abiding life of our nature was not in them: change was to them annihilation; and when their forms were broken, their being was at an end. With a civilization into which Christianity enters this cannot be. Revolutions may change constitutions and dynasties; cities may be plundered and devastated, property may be injured or destroyed; but the principles of Christ, which are the principles of truth, of goodness--no deluge of invasion can sweep away, and no force of battle can strike down.

(To be continued.)



A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

BY H. V. C.



HENRY the vice-roy, M. D. Roberval, came out to Canada about the year 1549, with a royal commission to settle the country, and establish colonies on the St. Lawrence, or in the territory of New France, as it was then called, it is well known, he brought with him a numerous train of adventurers, many of them from distinguished families, whom interest, ambition, or a mere love of novelty and adventure, tempted to the savage shores of the New World. Among them was a young artist,—Eugene St. Foy,—an especial favorite of the Viceroy, and distantly connected with his house. Eugene was descended from a younger branch of the same noble family, and though fortune had not showered her golden favors on him, he had powerful relations to make interest for him at court, and the army—the road to advancement in the days of the warlike Henry,—was open to him, with the certainty of rapid promotion.

But Eugene prized an artist life above all things; he would not bind his free will to conventional forms, nor bring down his roving fancy to the dull routine of military tactics. Already his talents, his handsome person, and his versatile and graceful intellect, had gained him distinction in Parisian society, and won the heart of a fair young girl, whose sweetness and virtue were the theme of every tongue. But ever and again he broke from the trammels of society, and with his *port-feuille* in his hand, and a knapsack on his shoulder, he wandered on foot through every country of Europe, a worshipper of nature at each shrine of grandeur, and of beauty, and a student of art, in the temples of her ancient glory. When he returned, from these long ram-

bles, Madeline would receive him with a sad sweet smile, that seemed to chide while it welcomed him; and then his heart smote him that he could ever leave her—that he could ever choose any happiness but that of being near to her. Yet even as he kissed away her tears, he felt that there was a chord within his heart which she had never touched,—that lovely and dear as she was to him, the enthusiasm of his soul, could find no response in her's.

History has recorded the adventurous voyages of Jacques Cartier, and of the Sieur De Roberval, the earliest pioneers of Canadian settlement. Their names and deeds enrich the early annals of these provinces, but they are referred to here, only in connexion with the expedition of De Roberval, out of which arose the incidents of our simple legend.

Eugene St. Foy, as we have said, was one of the adventurous company of "cavaliers and gentlemen," who sailed from France with the Viceroy, to take possession of a new country beyond the great western ocean, which was then almost an unknown pathway to the navigator. It was midsummer when they left the pleasant shores of sunny France; and as St. Foy cast a parting look on the vine-clad hills of his native land, fast receding while the ocean spread before him in its grandeur and infinity, the lingering regrets which had fondly clung to him, binding his heart to home and kindred, and to one, dearer than all the world beside—all yielded to the spirit of romantic adventure, and to his artist-eye, the ocean in its endless changes, and the clouds in their ever shifting hues and combination of forms, were sources of perpetual interest and delight.

Various delays, and the tedious navigation of the period, retarded their progress, so that autumn was advancing when the little fleet cast anchor at Quebec, just above the natural fortress which has since been world-renowned for feats of daring, and for dear bought victory. What a blaze of unimagined grandeur burst on the dazzled eye of the young artist, as he gazed for the first time on the vast outlines of that new world! Those primeval forests, gorgeous with their thou-

sand tinted autumn trees! Those awful solitudes, that breathed no whisper of the past—that mighty river, rolling its flashing waves hundreds of leagues from the great reservoir of Lakes,—as yet known only by traditions of the roving savage,—and still rushing on a hundred leagues to seek the ocean flood—in this untrodden world where sublimity and beauty walked hand in hand like the first pair in the bowers of paradise—here, the artist's eye could revel in new forms of beauty, and the poet's soul mount upward in a loftier inspiration!

Months passed on, and St. Foy's enthusiasm knew no abatement, and the monotony of his life caused no weariness. M. D. Roberval built a fort at Quebec, large enough to contain his little colony, and having brought out an ample supply of all things needful for their comfort, the winter passed away rapidly and not without enjoyment. The neighboring Indians came to the Fort on friendly terms, to traffic, and were always entertained with cordial hospitality, and the young Frenchmen, for whom novelty had a powerful charm, delighted to dress in the rich furs, purchased from the Indians with bartered trifles, and to follow the savages to their wigwam homes, or travel with them over the dazzling snows, on their hunting excursions. Eugene St. Foy, whose life was more dreamy and imaginative than his companions, delighted to witness every phase of savage life, though seldom an active participator in it, and the vivid impressions he received were grouped in graceful combinations, and transferred with a graphic pencil to the pages of his *portfeuille*.

Spring broke upon the little settlement,—the brief northern Spring, soon melting into golden Summer, and the earth, as if disenchanted by a magic touch, threw off its icy fetters; the trees burst into leaf, a tender green appeared on hill and plain, and the broad river, free and majestic, again bounded on its course, sparkling in the cheerful sunlight. Those only who have experienced the rapid transitions of a northern climate, can realize the thrill of delight which pervaded the colony at Quebec, when nature thus suddenly resumed her crown of verdure, and arrayed herself as a goddess on the throne of her sylvan empire. The cheerful sounds of life again rung through the forest and floated on the wave,—busy hands were seen refitting the ships that had lain so long encrusted with ice, while savages in fantastic attire, came swarming in their bark canoes, dimpling the waters that were scarce parted by the slender keels.

Eugene St. Foy caught the inspiration of the scene, and with untiring ardor pursued his favorite art, tracing his lonely way through forest wilds,—happy in the ambitious dreams of sanguine youth which marked no cloud arising to dim the brightness of the future. Following the course of the little river St. Charles he stood, one day, awe-struck and with admiring wonder, before the graceful cataract, long since famed as the Falls of Montmorency. Age after age that stream had poured its waters from the giddy height, and chimed its solemn anthem in the solitary wild! Never before had foot of civilized man approached, or an artist's eye gazed upon its wondrous beauty.

Eugene sketched with rapid hand; but hour after hour passed away, and the setting sun was shimmering through the forest leaves, and spanning the leaping flood with a brilliant rainbow, when he threw aside his pencil, and exclaimed with proud satisfaction, "This surely shall win for me a name!" Close to him a slight rustling as of a startled fawn caught his ear, and looking up he saw a pair of bright dark eyes peering from behind a bush, and directly a young Indian girl sprang to her feet, and stood timidly before him, her eyes still bent on his, as if transfixed by curiosity and wonder. Her attitude was the perfection of unstudied grace; her figure tall and delicately formed, and her features regular and finely moulded, expressed the simplicity of childhood, and the blushing consciousness of early womanhood. Her gay, savage attire, relieved the dark hue of her olive complexion,—a tunic of beaver skins edged with scarlet cloth, and confined at the waist by a belt, wrought with porcupine quills;—deerskin mocassins richly embroidered, displayed the symmetry of her limbs, while a tuft of scarlet feathers mingled with her jet black hair, which fell in silken masses on her neck and shoulders.

Eugene gazed on the sudden apparition with intense delight; "surely," he thought, "this is the crowning glory of the scene—the beautiful goddess of this wild domain;"—and again seizing the pencil, he began to sketch her as she there stood, her eyes following the motion of his hand, but otherwise immovable as a statue. Presently, like a bashful child, she came step by step towards him, and glanced over his shoulder; but when the picture met her eye, she started, as if surprised and delighted by the feats of a magician, and clapping her hands uttered a wild, but musical cry, pointing to the water-fall, the trees, and to herself, as if to identify them all with the subjects of his artistic skill.

"Pretty savage, from whence comest thou?"—

began St. Foy, taking her hand, and quite un- mindful that his refined dialect was lost on her untutored ears; but she sprang from him with the bound of a young doe, and but once pausing to look back, pursued her flight and was soon hid in the dense shadows of the wood.

In another week the young artist had joined an expedition sent by the Viceroy to explore the country bordering on the great St. Lawrence. The party, consisting mostly of young men, filled with a romantic spirit of adventure, sailed from Quebec in bark canoes, attended by Indian guides, to whom every path of the wilderness was well known. At the entrance of the Sorel, the party separated, and St. Foy with a few others, proceeded to the present village of Chambly, where the charming scenery tempted them to encamp for a few days, and enjoy the pleasures of hunting and of fishing in the fairy little lake. St. Foy took no delight in these amusements, but spent his time in solitary rambles in which he found rich subjects for his favorite art. He at first rarely ventured without a guide; but familiarity with forest life rendered him daring, and he one day found himself bewildered by a labyrinth of paths, alone, and totally unable to identify the one, which he had followed from the encampment. Night was approaching, and the land-marks of the forest were unknown to him. Dreamily he had wandered on, he knew not where, carving the name of Madeline on many a tree,—when suddenly he observed the lengthening shadows, and the deep gloom settling on the forest—and the silence was more profound, for the birds had ceased their warbling, and the little wild wood animals had sought their nightly coverts.

Eugene was fearless and light of heart; all his efforts to escape, only involved him more and more in the intricacies of the forest,—he shouted aloud, hoping his voice would reach some friendly ear, and echo caught the sound and repeated it from rock and dell, but brought no answer, and all was silent as before. Eugene next kindled a fire and piled high the blazing branches, thinking it would at least keep off the beasts of prey who might soon be prowling abroad, and the grateful warmth was welcome even under a summer's sky, in those thick forest shades. Scarcely had the fire begun to blaze, when at some distance, beyond a level greensward, an answering flame leaped high into the air, spreading a ruddy glow around, and disclosing several groups of tawny figures, sitting or standing near it. The young artist stood a few moments admiring the picturesque effects of this animated scene, which seemed to have sprung from the earth, before him; then

hastened to the spot, relying on the friendly disposition of the Indians, for a hospitable reception. As he approached nearer, he found the party consisted of some twenty savages, who were probably abroad on a hunting excursion, and had just encamped there for the night. Most of the men were sitting on the ground smoking their rude pipes, while several squaws appeared busied at the fire, engaged in culinary preparations.

St. Foy's sudden appearance produced an evident sensation, though the Indians seldom express surprise, or allow the gravity of their countenances to be disturbed by any emotion. They were, in fact, returning from the Fort, where they had been to traffic; and as Eugene approached them with friendly signs, and endeavored to make them comprehend that he had lost his way, they made room for him within their circle, and offered a pipe, which is always a pledge of amity. The women gathered about him with more unrestrained curiosity, but a few words of command, as it appeared, from an old warrior of the tribe, sent them hastily back to their occupations. Close beside the warrior, stood a young girl, of perhaps fifteen summers, who seemed exempted from household drudgery; and as Eugene met her flashing eye, he recognized the striking features and the graceful form, that had won his admiration at the Falls of Montmorency. With the habitual gallantry that was extended to all her sex, the young Frenchman saluted her by a courteous gesture, and the recognition was acknowledged by a crimson flush that dyed her tawny cheek, and gave a softened grace to her expression.

Oneidava, the Sachem's daughter,—the Lily of the Lake, as she was fondly styled,—had indeed been tenderly cared for, and reared with a gentle love, that is rarely extended to savage woman. Safe under her father's powerful protection, she had grown up, beautiful and beloved,—the young men of the tribe worshipped her in silence, but none ventured to offer her the homage of affection, she seemed so elevated above them; and among the bravest, she had not yet found one, worthy to receive her love. Eugene St. Foy enjoyed a romantic adventure in the true spirit of careless and ardent youth, frank and genial in his manners, he at once won the confidence of his savage entertainers, and was hospitably pressed to share their rude repast. Some among them could utter a few words of his own language, which they had learned in their intercourse with the white strangers, and aided by expressive signs, he made them comprehend his situation, and received from them assurances of aid whenever he wished to regain his companions. Fasting

and exercise had given him a keen appetite, and the venison, roasted on coals, and the baked cakes of maize, which were placed before him, if not very tempting to the palate, could not be refused when offered by the graceful hand of Oneidava.

On the following morning he awoke at an early hour, and found the Indians already prepared to pursue their onward journey, which they gave him to understand was some degrees farther south, to their hunting grounds on the borders of a great lake. St. Foy hastily decided to follow out the adventure, satisfying his doubts by the ready logic of a strong inclination, which suggested that he could but learn the habits of that singular race, among their own forest homes, and also that the opportunity would afford rich subjects for his artistic skill. He prevailed on a young savage, by some tempting reward, to carry back a message to his companions at Chambly; and *he* never knew that his messenger was unfaithful, while *they* waited long and vainly for his return, and day after day scoured the neighboring woods in hopeless search for him.

Weeks passed into months,—Summer was waning, and still St. Foy remained a willing captive among the red men of the forest. The old Sachem of the tribe looked on him as an adopted son, but the young warriors regarded him with secret envy, believing that the Lily of the Lake, would surely become the wife of the pale face stranger. Yet Eugene still wore a talisman near his heart,—the miniature of the gentle Madeline—and his better nature revolted from the thought of treachery to his early vows. Why did he not fly when temptation pressed upon him, and whispered bland falsehoods, sapping the foundation of his virtuous resolution!

Wherever he went, Oneidava attended on his steps. Like a beautiful spirit she fitted around his path, and if he sought the depths of the forest shade, to commune alone with his heart, and still its rebellious throbbing,—there she followed with steps lighter than a bounding fawn; and timid as a gentle child, she would wait in silence, watching him with eyes so full of love and tenderness, that he could not cast her from him, or resist her fascination. The wild enthusiasm of her nature captivated him, no less than her more gentle moods. She seemed instinctively to appreciate the refinement of his mind, and to sympathise in all his emotions. The creations of his pencil, filled her with wild delight—she would gaze on them, and clap her hands, and often tears rushed into her eyes, when words failed to express her admiration. Her ardent feelings met a full response in his own heart, and satisfied every wish—never

had the calm and too sensitive Madeline, awakened emotions so passionate and absorbing.

The bridal feast was prepared, and amidst the festivities of savage rejoicing, the dark eyed daughter of the Iroquois was given in marriage to the stranger youth. And was St. Foy happy in the accomplishment of his wishes? Did no pale remembrance cast a shadow on his joy? Alas! the faithless lover had already marred the integrity of his soul, and a broken vow is surely followed by a righteous retribution. Yet for a time Eugene revelled in the happiness which he had so dearly brought by a sacrifice of principle. Still, in the shadows of the old forest, he pursued his favorite art, and whispered his tale of love. Oneidava learned from his lips the words of his native tongue, and never had they sounded so sweetly in his ear, as when breathed in the music of her voice. Away from all jarring sounds, and from every curious eye, they wandered along the wooded shores of the lovely lake, which now bears the name of Champlain, or floating in a frail bark canoe, glided over its quiet waters, and choosing some lonely isle, thy would make it, for a time, the resting place of love, till roving fancy allured them to some brighter spot.

The early frosts of Autumn, again tinged the forest with a thousand brilliant hues, and the crisped grass, and falling leaves gave melancholy token of approaching Winter. The Indian party were preparing to remove farther to the west, and St. Foy on learning their intentions, for the first time realized the thought that he must go with them, he knew not whither, or else return to the abodes of civilization, and carry with him his Indian bride. Was there no alternative? What would the Viceroy say to *him*, the protégé whom his favor had placed in the path of fortune, from which he had so recklessly turned aside!

Torn by contending emotions, Eugene sought the deepest solitude, vainly hoping to calm the tumult of his feelings. There Oneidava came to him with flying footsteps, joy sparkling in her eye, the bearer, she fondly hoped, of happy tidings. With a playful gesture, she held up a packet, which a friendly savage, charged to seek St. Foy wherever an Indian trail could lead him, had just brought from the Viceroy at Quebec. His eye caught the well known writing on the superscription, and with a frantic hand he snatched it from her, and gazed upon it while a mortal paleness overspread his features, which became rigid as a marble statue.

With a wild cry, Oneidava threw herself on his breast, and twining her arms around his neck, in the most endearing accents of affection sought

to win from him the secret of his sudden change. For the first time he recoiled from her caresses, and cast her rudely from him. The Indian girl started to her feet, and looked at him with a proud, searching gaze, but wounded tenderness chased away resentment, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. Eugene, touched to his inmost heart, caught her in his arms, and in the earnest tones of sincere affection, sought to calm and reassure her. But the golden chain of confidence was rudely shivered, and its broken links could never become reunited.

When St. Foy found himself again alone, he opened his letters and read them with indescribable emotion. M. de Roberval, in the confident hope that he still lived, and that the Indian messenger would overtake him in his wanderings, entreated Eugene to place himself under his guidance and return without delay to the settlement. The season, he said, was fast advancing, and already their vessels were in readiness, and waited tidings from him, to depart on their homeward voyage. Despatches had been received from France, during his absence, and letters from Madeline were enclosed. With a pang of bitter self-reproach Eugene cut the silken threads, and read there, words of deep, maidenly affection, which had once thrilled, like tones of sweetest music, on his wayward and fickle heart.

From that moment, firmly as he sought to veil his feelings, the eye of constant and watchful love, detected the sorrow and the vain regret that constantly corroded him. Oneidava breathed not a word of reproach, nor betrayed a jealous fear, but a shadow had fallen on the sunshine of her love, and her heart was wrung with sorrow. She saw him afterwards in conference with the Indian guide, and fear sharpened the vigilance of her natural sagacity, and impelled her to watchfulness and secrecy.

But if St. Foy meditated escape, he found himself surrounded on all sides by the most determined obstacles. The eyes of the warriors were upon him, for he had been adopted into their tribe, and they would not suffer him to depart. There was no outward restraint, but he knew that his steps were watched, and he inwardly reproached Oneidava for the abridgement of his freedom. But whatever were her sufferings, she endured then with savage sticism; her eyes still followed him with mournful tenderness, and his capricious coldness, was answered only by more devoted expressions of affection. Often his love for her revived with passionate fondness, and the dream of their former happiness was transiently renewed. Remorse and pity melted his heart,

but with all his generous impulses, his nature was selfish, and his spirit rebelled against the very shadow of restraint.

It was a dark, stormy night. On the morrow the Indians were to depart westward, and the bustle of preparation throughout the encampment had given place to deep repose. Oneidava slept, or seemed to sleep soundly on her couch of skins, and St. Foy, not daring to cast on her one parting look, rose softly and lifting a mat which closed their leafy tent, passed forth into the outer air. There he was joined by the Indian guide, and with swift and noiseless steps they entered the forest depths. But behind them was a step lighter than their own, and an eye which pierced through the gloom followed their stealthy flight. Oneidava's loving heart could not be deceived, and throughout that day she had noted the secret council, and the hasty preparation. With a beating heart, and eyes closed but sleepless, she lay, seemingly wrapped in repose, for she knew that other eyes were watching, and that in the hour of need, she alone could save him. Her presentiment was just; and as she still followed Eugene, like an unseen guardian spirit, a cry was raised from the encampment, and the savage warriors came swarming on his track.

The treacherous guide uttered a shrill cry and darted from him, hiding himself in the intricacies of the wood.

Eugene bewildered, knew not where to turn; but a soft hand clasped his own, and the sweet voice of his forsaken Lily, whispered him to keep silence and follow her. Passively he submitted to her gentle guidance, the storm raged—flashes of lightning showed him the pale, agitated face of Oneidava, but on they passed—turning from the path which their pursuers had taken, till their voices were almost lost in the distance. Presently the broad lake lay before them, and a bark canoe was moored upon its margin. Oneidava looked with an anxious eye upon the tossing waves,—a moment she hesitated, a slight sound, unheard by St. Foy, caught her practised ear—she laid her head upon the ground—to listen—then starting up, whispered hurriedly.

"They are coming—it is our only chance of safety," she stepped into the frail canoe, still leading her bewildered lover, and loosing it from the mooring, dipped the paddles lightly into the waves.

Scarcely had they parted from the shore, when a savage band rushed to the spot, and a loud shout of rage, mingled hideously with the rushing of the storm. A vivid flash of lightning revealed the fugitives, beyond their reach; the rain poured

in torrents, the thunder roared, and the wind sweeping over the waves in sudden blasts, whirled the little bark in circling eddies—another flash, and then midnight darkness, and again the lightning gleamed like a fiery spirit across the angry waves—an empty bark floated passively towards the shore, but the young artist and his Indian bride were never seen again.

Madeline pined long and faithfully for her absent lover, but happily his infidelity never reached her ears. When all hope of his return failed, after years of patient waiting, she retired from the world, and devoted the remnant of her days, to the religious duties of a conventual life.

Many long years passed away, when some succeeding adventurers in exploring the borders of Champlain, discovered melancholy traces of the ill-fated Eugene St. Foy. The descendants of the old Sachem, Oneidava's father, preserved his *port-feuille*, as a sacred relic, and the almost obliterated traces of his pencil, and his name, written by his own hand, painfully recalled his sad history, to the memory of his countrymen. Tradition still cherishes his name among the scattered Iroquois, and from father to son is handed down the melancholy Legend of the Lake.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

AFTER having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not perhaps have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness his visitor said: "I come to you, sir as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing upon the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me

more than a duty, it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purses in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There! why there's scarcely anything."

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday, that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you: but that does not trouble me: I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.—"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present, made me by the Emperor of Austria: his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after invoking the richest blessings of heaven on his generous benefactor. He then repaired to the principal jeweller of the city in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants.—The latter went out and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of the police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said, "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweller.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man; come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful

owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are *you*?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present, you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means; and yet by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You *must* be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then seized by sudden inspiration he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then as the last note died away, she cried with irrepressible enthusiasm:

"Bravo, Liszt, tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweller.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist.—However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and accompanied by the jeweller.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at the door. They entreated him to give some concerts, leaving it to him to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweller perceived that talent, even in a pecu-

niary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel."

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three millions of francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.

MORNING.

The Morning! 'tis a glorious time,

Recalling to the world again

The Eden of its earlier prime,

Ere grief, or care began their reign.

When every bough is wet with dew,

Their pure pearls lit with crimson hues;

Not wan, as those of evening are,

But pearls unbraided from the hair

Of some young bride who leaves the glow

Of her warm cheek upon their snow.

The lark is with triumphant song

Singing the rose-touched clouds among;

'Tis there that lighted song has birth,

What hath such hymn to do with earth?

Each day doth life again begin,

And morning breaks the heart within,

Rolling away its clouds of night,

Renewing glad the inward light.

Many a head that down had lain,

Impatient with its twelve hours' pain,

And wishing that the bed it prest,

Were, as the grave's, a long last rest,

Has sprung again at morning's call,

Forgiving, or forgetting all;

Lighting the weary weight of thought

With colours from the day-break brought,

Reading new promise in the sky,

And hearing Hope, the lark on high!

L. E. L.

CLARENCE FITZ-CLARENCE.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EGOTIST.

BY E. E. M.

CHAPTER II.



FITZ-CLARENCE was still reading in his room when his valet entered. There was a certain uneasy look about the latter's face, as if conscious that he was the bearer of tidings likely to

prove very unwelcome, but after a momentary pause, he gathered courage and boldly informed his master that, "there was a lady in the hall who wished to see him."

"A lady in the hall who wishes to see me," angrily ejaculated Fitz-Clarence, "why, who, the deuce can she be?"

"She is dressed in deep mourning, sir, and begged of me to give you this card," and Norris, rather fearfully extended it.

His master snatched it from him and as his eye fell on the delicately traced name it bore, he muttered an angry imprecation between his closed teeth. Suddenly turning upon his valet, he exclaimed in tones whose calmness strangely contrasted with the fierce light of his flashing eyes:

"What, did you mean, by allowing this person to wait for me in the hall? Why, did you not say I was from home, and consult my wishes before you presumed to force her on me thus?"

"I could'nt, sir; Miss Castleton and Miss Woodville were in the next room and they would have heard me. She insisted too, most urgently, on seeing you."

"What, they were in the next room? Then they overheard all that passed?"

"No, sir. The lady spoke in too low a voice for that, and I, not caring to call the attention of the young ladies towards us, entered into no words with her. She said she would wait any length of time, for that she must see you before she goes."

"The deuce, she did! Well, let her come up

and I scarcely think she will feel inclined to repeat her visit."

The man disappeared, and Fitz-Clarence threw himself on a sofa with a countenance that portended anything but a favorable reception for the coming visitor. Shortly after, Norris returned accompanied by a lady whom, despite his master's stormy glances, he deferentially ushered into the room, closing the door upon her. The new comer, who was attired in cheap and somewhat faded mourning habiliments, threw back her thick veil as soon as she found herself alone with Fitz-Clarence, revealing as she did so, a face which, notwithstanding its marble pallor, was of striking beauty.

"Clarence," she ejaculated in low, faltering tones.

"Well, Mrs. Eshton?" was his brief reply, as he eyed her with a look of cold, cruel determination, which imparted to his handsome features an expression perfectly repulsive.

"Mrs. Eshton! Clarence, Clarence, have you no better reception for your only sister, the sister whom you have not seen for years?"

"Whom I have not seen, rather, since she disgraced herself and her family by a degrading, humiliating marriage," was the bitter reply.

"Ah! my brother, you are cruelly severe, but even if your harshness is merited, have I not suffered enough in long years of poverty, illness and sorrow, to expiate my one offence?"

"I do not know, madam, I never professed to be the keeper of your conscience; all I wish to know, is, what has procured me the favor of this most unexpected visit?"

A pang of anguish contracted the white features of his beautiful petitioner, and for a moment she was silent, almost choked by emotion; at length she whispered;

"Can you, look, at these thin, worn, garments; this face, pale from anxiety and want, from the fatigues of a journey performed with fewer comforts than a parish mendicant would have enjoyed, and ask what brought me here?"

"So, you came, then, to ask for money," was the unfeeling reply; "Why can't you say so at once?" A faint flush overspread her cheek, but

Continued from page 27.

the bread of the poor, as she well knew, is too often steeped in bitterness, and she gently replied:

"Clarence, whilst my poor husband lived I never troubled you, indeed had I wished to do so, he would not have permitted it, but now that I am utterly alone, the helpless mother of a still more helpless family, I have no resource but to throw myself on your kindness and compassion."

"Or else, to marry again for love," retorted her brother with a sneer. Mrs. Eshton's very lips became colorless, and but for the support of the chair against which she leaned, she would have fallen to the ground. Unwilling to entail on himself the disagreeable bustle such a consummation would ensure, Fitz-Clarence poured out a glass of water from a vase on the side-table and handed it to her, at the same time coldly bidding her be seated. Weak and miserable, the unfortunate woman could repress no longer the flood of burning tears that forced their way through her closed lids, but Fitz-Clarence ejaculated in a freezing tone:

"Mrs. Eshton, I want no heroics. You will oblige me by reserving them for some more devoted admirer of the drama than I am."

His harshness produced the desired effect, her tears stopped as if frozen in their source, and something of a stronger, a more determined spirit diffused itself through that drooping frame.

"Well, Mrs. Eshton," pursued her companion; "Let us understand each other. Even, if I assist you, now, do you really expect for one moment that I am to support, clothe and maintain in future, the interesting relict and family of Mr. Eshton deceased?"

"Clarence, you know well, I have no such expectation," was the calm and somewhat firm reply; "I only ask you for a trifling temporary relief, such as your very valet might accord if my pride permitted me to apply to him. 'Tis the first time I have sued to you and it will be the last."

"What guarantee have I of that?" he sneered; "Success now, might induce farther applications." "Never," replied his sister with strange energy; "Whilst, Clara Eshton has life, never will she trouble you again; but, as I have sought you to-day, I will not depart, my mission unaccomplished. Clarence, out of the abundance of your riches, will you give me nothing to save myself and my family from starvation?"

Fitz-Clarence, without a word, threw back the lid of the desk, and drew forth a purse which he flung towards her, exclaiming:

"There, take that, and remember that you

adhere to your promise of never tormenting me again."

There was something so inexpressibly, so bitterly disdainful in Fitz-Clarence's face, in the action itself, that the woman's pride, the very soul of his sister revolted within her; as if suddenly changed into a new being, she drew up her slight figure to its full height and turning upon him a flashing glance, beneath whose deep and utter scorn he involuntarily quailed exclaimed:

"Nay, keep thy gold; Clara Eshton would rather die in her poverty and her want, than exchange for thy riches and thy heart. Keep it, Clarence, and beware that thy Sybarite couch, which now a rose leaf ruffles, be not yet strewn with stinging thorns."

She turned proudly from the room as she spoke leaving the egotist to pace his rich apartment, muttering threats and imprecations on her and all the world.

The high spirit that had sustained poor Mrs. Eshton through the closing part of the interview, soon began to desert her, and as she remembered that she was penniless, friendless, (for counting on the certain assistance of her brother, she had only brought from home the small sum necessary to defray her expenses to her destination) she almost regretted the quick though just movement of indignation which had thus robbed her of her last hope. Drawing down her veil, she rapidly descended the stairs and passed through a side passage to the small ante-room opening on the court-yard, where some passengers were already waiting for the return coach in which she was to take a place. There was a something high born and graceful about her every movement, her figure itself, that pointed her out, despite her humble habiliments as one of a superior class; and passengers, waiters and ostlers, all alike, passed to glance curiously towards her, as she seated herself in as quiet and concealed a corner as she could select. Shortly after, Adrian Woodville, seeking to kill time, lounged in, and the instant his glance fell upon her, the same earnest questioning gaze overspread his features, which had so often in the course of her painful journey, brought the glow of shame to her cheek. Shrinking from that long scrutiny, concealed even as her features entirely were, by the thick folds of her veil, she half averted her head, and young Woodville, divining from the hasty movement that his curiosity was annoying to its object, carelessly turned away and shortly after left the room.

After a half hour, which shame, anxiety and mortification had rendered an age of suffering,

the noisy horn of the High-Flyer rang through the court-yard and the passengers hastily sprang to their feet. Mrs. Eshton, recoiling from the confusion that ensued, hung back, waiting till it should have subsided in some degree, when the loud voice of the guard, replying to the query of some passenger;

"Ten shillings outside, sir," struck upon her ear.

The announcement fell upon Mrs. Eshton like a death-knell. She had but half the sum, and she was alone amongst strangers. The passengers were already taking their places, in another moment, the vehicle would be in motion. What was she to do—where was she to look to? Like a death sickness, did the feeling of her own, utter fearful loneliness, steal over her, and covering her face with her hands, she convulsively murmured;

"My God! Do thou, have pity on me, since man will not."

"Pardon my presumption, Madam," exclaimed a kind, manly voice at her side: "But, without seeking to discover in any manner the cause of your grief, tell me, can I be of any service."

Even through the folds of her veil, which, with true woman's pride, Mrs. Eshton still kept down, she read in Woodville's handsome face the impress of a kind and generous heart. Still, how could she ask, or receive from an utter stranger, such a donation as money? Convulsively clasping her small hands, she stood silent, ready to sink to the earth with shame, but unable to utter the humiliating want her heart prompted. Again the loud voice of the guard was heard summoning the laggard passengers. Mrs. Eshton's terrified start betokened she was alive to the risk of farther delay, and yet her pale lips uttered no word. Adrian, partly divining the truth, respectfully, though somewhat hesitatingly, exclaimed, as he pressed a small purse into her hand:

"Again, pardon this liberty, dear Madam, but even as I would wish my own sister to be befriended, I have befriended you."

A stifled, convulsive sob was the only reply, and the unknown, tremblingly accepted the arm he proffered to lead her to the vehicle.

"An inside place, guard, for this lady."

The man promptly sprang forward, and Adrian, himself, carefully assisted her into the coach. As he was about to close the door, with sailor-like friendliness, he extended his hand. Mrs. Eshton pressed it a moment passionately in her own, murmuring in a voice whose soft, prayerful intonations brought a strange mist before the young sailor's eyes:

"May God bless and reward you for your noble charity."

In another moment, the High-Flyer, with its lonely broken-hearted occupant, and noisy, boisterous, outside passengers, was whirling away on the high road, whilst Adrian Woodville sought the sitting room, to dispel in reading or conversation, the feeling of sadness that did such honor to his kind and generous heart. Remarkable and interesting as was the incident, he abstained, with true delicacy, from mentioning it to any one, even Blanche, for the unknown had evidently desired secrecy, and he obeyed her wishes.

Shortly after, Mr. Fitz-Clarence summoned his valet.

"Norris, has that woman gone yet?"

"Yes, Sir."

"When did she go?"

"About half an hour ago, in the High-Flyer."

"Did any one suspect the object of her mission; or, who she came to see?"

"No, Sir."

"Ah! all's right then, pick up that purse, and put it in my desk. That will do."

The man retired, and as he turned away, there was a look of unutterable contempt on his features, for blindly submissive as he was to all his master's commands, whether just or otherwise, even he loathed the icy selfishness of the egotist.

"Well, I am rid of her at last," murmured the latter to himself: "What a fortunate thing she made her exit so quickly. A disclosure would have effectually marred my plans with regard to my fair Blanche, and given her, soul and sentiment, to her youthful adorer, Adrian Woodville."

Alas! for poor Blanche Castleton, if she wavered between him and Clarence Fitz-Clarence.

With the first stroke of the dinner-bell, Fitz-Clarence descended to the dining-room, but his haste availed him little. Blanche was already there, looking much more animated than usual, whilst young Woodville leaned over her chair, watching her expressive features, listening to her sweet tones with a tenderness, an eager devotion that could neither be misinterpreted nor mistaken. The abode to which Fitz-Clarence mentally consigned him, would be unmentionable, and unable to overcome his ill-temper, he contented himself with silently bowing to the party, and then seated himself at some distance from them. During dinner, he endeavored several times to catch Blanche's eye, but it was always studiously averted. Charlotte, good naturedly feeling for his evident discomfiture, exclaimed, as they rose from table:

"Wont you join us in our walk, Mr. Fitz-Clarence?"

rence? We are about to set out on a sea-side ramble."

Blanche, however, interposed, and prayed they would converse awhile in the sitting room, as she still felt somewhat fatigued from the effects of a short morning walk, she had previously taken with Charlotte. The proposition was, of course, unhesitatingly assented to, and the little party were soon comfortably seated. Adrian, having secured Blanche's arm as he led her from the dining-room, of course, contrived to obtain a place next her, and Fitz-Clarence, irritated beyond measure at this arrangement, threw himself into an arm chair, disguising his annoyance under his usual assumption of supercilious *nonchalance*.

Uninfluenced in any degree by his silence or indifference, the conversation flowed on in a lively and spirited strain. Adrian was questioned on his sea-life, his foreign adventures, and with many a mirthful anecdote and jest, he satisfied the curiosity of his fair listeners. Suddenly, Charlotte provoked by the determined taciturnity of Fitz-Clarence, whom she chose to consider in the light of a sort of *protégé* of her own, turned towards him, exclaiming with mock earnestness:

"Tell us what has chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad!"

"Not sad, but *ennuyé*," replied Fitz-Clarence, languidly.

"Anglicé, bored," retorted Miss Woodville; "I must translate for the benefit of Adrian, who possesses a most English antipathy and ignorance of French, and at the same time return you thanks for the implied compliment contained in your last speech."

"Well, I confess our conversation must prove rather uninteresting to Mr. Fitz-Clarence," said young Woodville: "The sea is seldom an amusing topic to any, save a sailor."

"And, that, nature never intended Mr. Fitz-Clarence for," said Charlotte, mischievously: "It would be rather difficult to climb the masts with kid gloves, especially, straw color."

The exquisite bit his lip, and Adrian, thinking his sister rather severe, quickly interposed:

"May I ask have any of your family ever embraced the sea as their profession?"

"My mother's eldest brother is one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and my two cousins, Viscount Marston, and Lord George Somerset, are both in the Navy," rejoined Fitz-Clarence, half closing his eyes.

"Lord George Somerset," eagerly exclaimed Adrian, overlooking in his haste, the impertinent listlessness of the speaker; "is he really a cousin of yours? I know him well, that is by reputation,

and a braver soldier and truer gentleman never existed. He is, indeed, an honor to all connected with him."

"Well, I assure you, we, Fitz-Clarences, have always looked on him as quite the reverse. A boisterous, noisy fellow, full of absurd ejaculations and imprecations—in fact, totally unfit for any court, save that of Neptune."

"Well, he would be just the one to win my fancy, or that of my friend Blanche, here. She has a most romantic enthusiasm for high-spirited, dashing heroes."

"Yes, I am aware of that," rejoined Fitz-Clarence, with a bitter smile, as he recalled the conversation he had overheard between the young friends, the night previous to his formal introduction to them. Blanche merely glanced towards him, and momentary, fleeting as was that glance, he read in it cold disapprobation. Recalled to himself by this, he abandoned in some degree his overwrought elegance, and joined in the conversation in a more friendly spirit; but Blanche was cold, and, despite even Adrian's efforts, determinedly silent. Anxious to counteract the effect of his late folly, he took advantage of a pause, during which Charlotte had called her brother over to the window to look at some passing object, to approach Blanche, and exclaim as he leaned over her chair, and fixed his speaking eyes on her face:

"What have I done, Miss Castleton, to cause this painful change?"

"What change!" was the cold reply. Surely our friendship is as great now as it has ever been."

The calm, but cutting retort caused Fitz-Clarence to crimson to the very roots of his hair with anger, but still he smoothly rejoined:

"Nay, change there is, Miss Castleton. If not in words, at least in looks. A solitary gleam of sunshine, faint though it may be, is ever strangely missed, if suddenly withdrawn."

"I would never be withdrawn without cause," was the almost involuntary reply.

"Ah! I understand you, and 'tis to punish me for some past offence, to give me a lesson, that you treat me thus; but have you not often heard it said, '*Le prétexte ordinaire de ceux qui font le malheur des autres est qu'ils veulent leur bien!*'"

The sounds of a foreign tongue, which Fitz-Clarence had purposely adopted, on the strength of Miss Woodville's information that her brother was ignorant of it, instantly struck upon the latter's ear, and he turned quickly towards the speaker. Blanche, somewhat embarrassed, hastily rose and proposed, "if they were all willing, that they should no longer delay their walk."

CHAPTER III.

"I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart."

BYRON.

As Fitz-Clarence had expected, Charlotte Woodville fell to his lot, and, notwithstanding she was in one of her liveliest moods, he was too much engrossed in his jealous scrutiny of his rival who led the way with Blanche, to even catch the import of her conversation. Again and again did he contemptuously repeat to himself: "This Woodville has neither my faultlessness of feature, my polished grace of person and of manner. What have I to fear from such rivalry?" Still he felt there was a certain charm about the frank, easy smile, the clear, ringing tones of the young sailor that could not but serve as a most unfavorable contrast to himself. After proceeding some considerable distance, now commenting on the brightness of the waves that rolled their foam wreaths almost to their feet, then recurring to olden scenes and pleasures which they had shared together in childhood, Blanche, who began to feel chilly, intimated a wish to return; and the gentle tenderness with which young Woodville wrapped her shawl around her, his eagerly expressed anxiety lest the walk had injured her, were all fresh stings to the acrid spirit of his haughty rival.

Miss Woodville, who enjoyed the scene with all the buoyancy of youth and health, proposed they should all rest a few moments in a pleasant sheltered little dell, whilst they arranged their plans for the remainder of the day. Her brother, however, dissented on Blanche's account, and Charlotte cheerfully rejoined:

"Well, then, Blanche and I will return immediately to the house, where we can amuse ourselves together till the evening, when we will expect you, gentlemen, to join us."

"Capitally planned," rejoined Adrian; "Well, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, how shall we wile away the time till permitted to seek again the ladies' society? 'Tis a beautiful afternoon for a ride."

This friendly courtesy irritated the fastidious Fitz-Clarence more than absolute uncivility could have done; and forgetful, for the moment, of Blanche's presence, he briefly replied, "that riding was an exercise he never practised, unless through necessity."

"You fish or shoot, then?"

"Neither. The former is a most disgusting occupation, whilst carrying a gun is a regular bore."

"Well, at least, you are fond of an hour on the water," resumed Woodville, evidently now

more with the intention of finding out what this very delicate gentleman could do, than from any great desire for his society: "I have seen a couple of splendid row-boats drawn up on the beach."

"Row-boats!" ejaculated Fitz-Clarence, and glancing with a smile of ineffable superciliousness from the speaker's embrowned and muscular wrists to his own lady-like hands, encased in gloves of finest Parisian kid; "I never touched an oar in my life."

"Perhaps you had better remain at home, then, with the ladies, and wind their worsteds for them," was the cutting reply of young Woodville, as he turned abruptly away."

"Yes, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, you and Blanche can enact the parts of Hercules and Omphale," hastily interposed his sister, fearful he had pointed his sarcasm too sharply.

Fitz-Clarence, thus recalled to the presence of Blanche, glanced sharply towards her, and saw on her lip, what he supposed could never have found place there, a curl of faint, yet decided contempt. Charlotte, who noticed his gleaming eyes, commenced to dread a dispute between him and her prompt, though generous-hearted brother, exclaimed, pointing to a groom who was walking a spirited horse up and down at some distance:

"There, Adrian, is your favorite Regis waiting for you. Be off for a ride, and return soon. Mr. Fitz-Clarence will see us to the house."

The young sailor, too proud to betray the secret unwillingness he felt to resign Blanche to the care of one whom he already knew was a rival, left them with a gay farewell, and the little party set out on their homeward route. Fitz-Clarence was himself again—all smiles and polished courtesy; but Blanche was worse than indifferent—she was markedly cold and silent, and from her altered manner, her chill taciturnity, he learned at once how greatly the late scene had prejudiced him in her eyes.

Whilst revolving how he could retrieve, by some mighty or desperate effort, the position he had lost, they came in view of a group of children who were amusing themselves with flinging far into the shining waters, the stones and shells they gathered on the beach. Fitz-Clarence, like most egotists, hated children, and he was about taking a small circuit to avoid passing too near them, when a heavy splash in the water, followed by an agonized, childish scream fell on their ear, Blanche turned pale as death, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed:

Save him, for God's sake! Mr. Fitz-Clarence, save him!

The appeal and the opportunity were alike too favorable to be disregarded, and with a bound, Fitz-Clarence had cleared the intervening space and plunged headlong into the waves. The moment was most opportune, for the child, a beautiful though fragile looking boy of seven, was already nearly insensible, and when Fitz-Clarence's delicate though nervous arm encircled him, evidently sinking for the last time.

Delivering his dripping burden into the hands of the servants, whom the cries of the children had already attracted to the spot, he turned towards Blanche, to find in her approving smiles his reward. He met it, for in her earnest, speaking eyes, those which for weeks past had so coldly and pertinaciously shunned his own, he read more, far more than he had even dared to hope for. True, Blanche almost instantly averted her gaze, but though still silent, she was no longer cold or distant, and when he begged her to lean on Miss Woodville's arm as she still trembled violently, she earnestly but diffidently entreated him "to think of himself and hasten to change his dripping clothes."

Fitz-Clarence replied by a silent, devoted glance which caused Blanche's blushing gaze to seek the ground, and then with a smiling bow to Miss Woodville, he tore off his Parisian gloves and flung them away. As the silent gaze of the two girls followed his slight elegant figure, the eldest turned to her companion exclaiming:

"Yes, he is indeed what I pronounced him the first evening I saw him, a splendid creature." Miss Castleton's cheek was scarlet but she spoke not. "And, after all, Blanche, if he is a little too attentive to his person, a little too much given to self-worship, he is no coward, no cold-hearted, paltry egotist. Had he been such he would not have flown so quickly to the rescue of an unknown, uncared-for child.

"Yes, I must say I did not expect so much from him, Charlotte, and I have wronged him all along, greatly. Drawing unjust inferences from his very personal superiority, his faultless elegance of look and manner, I feared, shunned him, as one to whom the conquest of hearts would be alike an easy and an idle pastime. Feeling how little there was in common between him and I—how widely opposed were our characters, pursuits and social positions—I discouraged, as far as lay in my power, the trivial attentions he paid me, and which I judged were but the weapons with which the egotist or the man of fashion strove to wile his idle hours. Now, however, that he has shewn himself in a truer, nobler character, I may accord him, without fear or self-reproach, the civi-

lity and friendship he has all the time received at your hands; but let us hasten home now, for I feel very chill."

From that hour, Fitz-Clarence advanced rapidly in the task that had once seemed almost hopeless. Vainly did Adrian Woodville surround his early play-mate with all the gentle cares of a true and loving heart; vainly did he press his suit with honest open warmth, he was no equal match for the insidious Fitz-Clarence, with his soft, musical tones, earnest, expressive glances, and half-spoken, half-implied words of love and praise. Blanche had yielded up her heart for the first time to an earthly love, and the strength, the intensity of her own feelings, soon terrified herself. True, she struggled with it, but vainly, for what chance had she against the wiles and arts of the accomplished egotist. Her passion for the latter became what she herself had once, when idly guessing with her friend into futurity, termed an all-engrossing, all-absorbing feeling; whilst he, on his side, omitted no efforts to heighten it. He had just left Blanche one evening in the sitting room, where he had been pouring into her ear for more than an hour, his words of eloquent homage, and the young girl was yet revolving all he had said with a strangely flushed cheek, when the door abruptly opened, and Adrian Woodville entered. He was unusually pale, and his fine countenance betrayed marks of unequivocal agitation.

"Well, Miss Castleton," he hurriedly exclaimed, as if to disguise, by rapidity, the unsteadiness of his voice; "Pardon this unseemly haste and intrusion, but my very soul is on the rack, till I hear from you, my final sentence. You have had time for reflection; for mercy, surely you will not confirm the cruel sentence you half uttered last night?"

Blanche's bright color had given place to a marble pallor, and she falteringly ejaculated:

"Alas! I must. 'Tis not my will, but my heart that speaks against you."

"Blanche, it does not, it cannot," was his vehement reply; "'Twould be ungrateful if it did. Have I not loved you from your very babyhood? Have not my boyhood and my manhood been alike devoted to you, every thought, every feeling tending towards you, their worshipped centre?"

"I know they have, dear Adrian, and I would to Heaven, for your sake, 'twere otherwise."

"But, Blanche, were we not brought up together? was not every childish joy and grief held in common? did not my affection for yourself become a thing as necessary, as natural to me as is the breath of life itself? Oh! Blanche! by the memory of our early days, of unclouded sun-

shine—by the childish aspirations and dreams we shared together, when sitting apart from the noisy childish revels, in which your feeble strength forbade your joining—by the tears you shed, your little head reposing on my bosom as you listened to me telling of the far-off lands I would visit, the seas I would traverse when I would grow to be a man—tears so quickly dried when I whispered I would take you with me,—that we would never be parted—by the memory of all this, I beseech you to tell me what has changed you thus ?”

“I am not changed, Adrian ; I love you still the same as in childhood.”

“Then will you come with me now, as you would have done then ? Will you share my home and fortunes ? Oh ! no ; that you will not do. Weep not thus, Blanche dear. Much does it grieve me to pain you thus, but my time is short, and I have much to say. I hinted last night at an alternative. I must explain it more fully now. If you listen to my prayers, buoyed up by the coveted prize held out to me, I will ardently pursue the career I have entered upon ; but if fate and your own heart have decreed it otherwise, I will bid a farewell to England forever, to live and die abroad.”

“Oh ! Adrian, in mercy spare me !” murmured the girl, with a passionate burst of tears. “Why should you spurn the love I offer you—a sister’s warm, unchanging affection ?”

“Because, Blanche, I could not bear to look upon you, you whom I once considered as all my own, the wife of another. How poor would be the return you could offer me in such a case for my own deep passionate devotion to yourself. Would it not be a mockery, an empty mockery ? No, no, tell me my fate, now, at once. This moment is decisive. I remain in England, only as your affianced husband.”

A pause followed, during which, Blanche’s features worked convulsively, and her color went and came with fearful rapidity. At length, in a tone, whose low, hoarse accents spoke more of anguish and despair, than of hope, she murmured, resting her small hand on his arm :

“Have it as you will, dear Adrian, but oh ! you must not, you will not leave us.”

For a moment, a look of strange delight lighted up the young man’s countenance, the next it had passed away. The anguish-stricken features of the weeping, trembling girl, beside him, could not be mistaken, and passing his arm around her, he gently whispered :

“Blanche, it is not thus a loving bride should yield her consent to a lover’s vows. Tell me, my heart’s sister, why you weep and tremble thus ?”

“Ah ! Adrian,” was the convulsive, sobbing reply ; “’Tis because I cannot love you as you wish. I love another.”

“And who is that other, Blanche ?”

“Fitz-Clarence,” was the almost inaudible reply.

Young Woodville was silent a moment, whilst an expression of the deepest despair shadowed his countenance ; but feeling even in his own utter misery for the terrible agitation of the fragile creature at his side, he struggled to reply with tolerable calmness.

“Well, dearest, be it so, and may he, your heart’s choice, love you as well as I have loved, and ever will love you. Weep no more, my poor Blanche, but look up again, and tell me you will grant me that sister’s affection, I so rashly, so presumptuously rejected a moment since ? It will suffice me now.”

“But, ah ! you will not leave us, Adrian, you will not leave England ?”

“Not if I can help it, my own Blanche, but I must start for London this evening. I have received imperative letters requiring my presence there, and ’tis as well for both, that we should part now, for a short time, at least. Meanwhile, remember, if ever misfortune or sorrow overtake you, if this happy Fitz-Clarence, on whom you have bestowed the priceless treasure of your affection, prove ungrateful for the gift, or wring the heart that gave it, remember you have a friend, a brother, in Adrian Woodville. And, now, my well and long loved Blanche, farewell !” Straining her passionately to his heart, he murmured : “Forgive me, ’tis for the last time,” and then gently depositing the almost fainting girl on a sofa, hurried from the room without hazarding another word, or look.

As soon as Blanche recovered in some degree from her terrible agitation, she hastened to her own apartment ; and when Charlotte returned some time afterwards from a drive with Mrs. Woodville, she found her friend seriously indisposed. She was farther pained by hearing of the abrupt departure of the brother, who had left a few pencilled lines for to her say : “That business of pressing importance had called him to London, and would prevent him rejoining them that season at Brighton.”

CHAPTER IV.

"Do anything but love; or, if thou lovest
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him;
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won; or thou wilt, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness."—L. E. L.

"How felt the maiden in that hour?"—Scott.

Two days passed, ere Blanche was well enough to leave her room, and when she did so, the pallor of her cheek, the feebleness of her step, her whole frame betokened how little Blanche Castleton was calculated to struggle with the cares or trials of life.

"But, what of Fitz-Clarence?" the reader will, perhaps, exclaim; "Now, that his end was won, his rival conquered and banished, why did he linger?" We will see.

It was the evening of the third day from Adrian's departure, when Blanche, with a slow step descended to the sitting-room. Fitz-Clarence was there, awaiting her, he said, and in the absorbing delight of listening to his words of praise and endearment, she forgot in a measure, her own previous mournful regrets. Gently, yet closely, Fitz-Clarence questioned her on the cause of her manifest sadness, and unable to baffle that clever cross examination, he at length drew from the girl a sort of half admission of what had passed. The confession but seemed to redouble Fitz-Clarence's tenderness, and another hour was passed in gentle, happy converse. At length Charlotte entered. Her elastic spirits, unlike those of her friend, had entirely recovered from the painful surprise of her brother's abrupt departure; and on entering the department, she gaily exclaimed:

"Why, good people, what is the matter? You look as if you had just had a lover's quarrel. Surely, you have not got as far as that yet? You, particularly, Blanche; you look so grave and still. Here, take your guitar, and give us some merry strain; but, no, sing that little gem from the pen of Haynes Bayly, that we got last week, from London." The song she alluded to was a new and favorite one of the day, and Blanche most reluctantly prepared to comply. As she sang the words:

"Why didst thou say I was brighter far,
Than the bright ray of the evening star;
Why didst thou come,
Seeking my home,
Till I believed that thy vows were sincere."

she involuntarily glanced towards Fitz-Clarence, who was leaning over her in a lover-like attitude of devotion. His gaze was fixed fully, absorbingly on herself, but there was something strange, indefinable in that glance that caused the pale cheek of the girl to become yet paler, and though like thought that expression had passed from her lover's face, she laid down the instrument with ill-disguised agitation, praying them to excuse her as she could sing no more.

"Rather an abrupt finale, Blanche," laughed her friend, snatching it up; "Let me try it."

Whilst she ran over the accompaniment, humming the air to herself, Fitz-Clarence bent over his young companion and whispered;

"Blanche, dearest, surely that song was not for me!"

"Oh! God forbid!" rejoined the girl with a shudder; "Where we love, 'tis madness, death, to doubt."

Fitz-Clarence smiled but his soft reply corresponded with his preceding words, and Blanche retired to rest that night with the still blissful certainty that no cloud, darker than the absence of Adrian Woodville, hung over her sky. Another and another day passed. New visitors had replaced the old ones; new faces appeared at windows, thronged around the tables, but our little party still remained united and happy as before. Blanche, to whom the thought of even a day's separation from her lover was unendurable, professed the air of Brighton was doing her a world of good; and Fitz-Clarence unrelaxing in his attentions and cares, was weaving more surely and firmly around her, each day, the chain that was already beyond the power of her will to sunder. A letter came from Adrian announcing his departure from England and praying forgiveness for the suddenness of the step which he attributed however to imperative duty. Blanche alone knew the secret of that abrupt departure, alone knew the hidden meaning of the thousand gentle endearing messages he sent his dear sister Blanche, and had it not been that her affection for Fitz-Clarence had now become her world, her life, this added stroke would have destroyed again the feeble breath of health that was struggling through her fragile frame. Some days after the reception of the letter, when Charlotte had recovered from her grief and Blanche had almost regained her former gentle gayety, the latter descended one morning to the sitting-room where she and Fitz-Clarence daily passed so many delightful hours. The apartment was vacant, but it was no great matter of regret to her then, for she longed for thought and solitude. Flinging herself

on a couch, she lay back and revolved with closed eyes the future that now lay so bright before her. Fitz-Clarence, leaning over the very couch on which she then reclined, had won from her, the previous night, for the first time the confession that he was most dear to her, and had given in return his assurance that he loved her more than all the world beside. What a blissful recollection for one who loved as she did! She was disturbed in her roseate dreams by the entrance of Miss Woodville, and after a few words of mirthful railery on the contemplative mood in which she found her, the conversation became general.

"Where is Fitz-Clarence?" asked Charlotte, after a momentary pause.

"In his room. He told me he had several letters to write, and could not join us for an hour or two yet."

"Well, we will amuse ourselves together, till then, and when your admirer is at our service, take a long walk. The day is truly delightful."

"Yes, and I feel in the very mood for active enjoyment."

"I believe you, Blanche, for I never saw you look so well or handsome before. Why, you are as different to the quiet, spiritless invalid that accompanied me to Brighton in search of life and health, some short time since, as day is to night. I might point out the sovereign elixir; or rather physician, that has effected all this, but I am really tired teasing you. Here, please hold this skein of silk for me. I dare not trust one whose thoughts are so seriously engrossed, to wind it."

The time passed swiftly enough, and the girls were still engaged in lively dialogue, when a light, quick step resounded in the corridor.

"There, that is Fitz-Clarence," ejaculated Blanche, with a joyful start, and suspending her employment whilst her soft cheek gained a crimson glow.

"Blanche, my good friend," returned Charlotte, gravely, "I fear you love this fascinating Fitz-Clarence, too much for your own happiness, and not for all the treasures of this earth, would I allow any one to become as dear to me, as he is to you. One thing is certain, that, however well-disposed or perfect he may be now, you will effectually spoil him, once he is your husband. But, that is just your character; just what I always prophesied for you."

As she spoke, Fitz-Clarence entered. He looked unusually handsome and lively, but there was something about his appearance that struck the girls unfavorably, the moment of his entrance. A second glance explained the mystery. He had resumed his rings and studs: in short, all the

vanities and superfluities of the elaborate toilette in which he had first made his appearance before them.

"Why, Clarence, you are masquerading this morning," exclaimed Blanche, in her gentle tone.

"Not masquerading, Miss Castleton, but resuming my former character which I had laid aside for awhile"

Blanche started and looked enquiringly at him, for he spoke with the identical lisp and languid drawl which had grated so unpleasantly on her ear when she had first heard his voice; but smiling at her own timid nervousness, she rejoined:

"You are so perfect in your part, you almost frighten me; but, what do you propose to do in your resumed character?"

"To bid you both farewell, ladies, ere I start for London, and to express a wish that our protracted flirtation has rendered Brighton as agreeable to you both, as it has done to myself."

Blanche colored painfully and then paled again, not that she suspected even for a moment that Fitz-Clarence spoke seriously but there was a rudeness, an indelicacy about the jest, which coming from one so refined, so polished as he was, both surprised and pained her.

"What, my fair friends, will neither of you say farewell, or give me a hand in friendly parting?"

"Have done with this nonsense, Mr. Fitz-Clarence," interrupted Charlotte angrily, as she saw Blanche's breath come gaspingly and her color vary with unwonted rapidity; "'Tis both ill-judged and ill-timed."

"Say you so, fair counsellor? Well in return for it, and the useful advice you imparted me, some time since, concerning the discarding of all superfluous elegancies from my toilette and speech, I will counsel you to send for Mr. Adrian, whom Miss Castleton despatched rather precipitately across the ocean, to console her in my absence."

"Clarence!" ejaculated Blanche, springing to her feet with clasped hands, and a countenance that seemed almost spirit-like in its thrilling earnestness, its fearful unearthly anguish, "Clarence, tell me for God's sake is this truth or mockery?"

"Truth, young lady, perfect truth, and as a parting token of friendship, I will advise you and your sensitive-hearted companion, for the future, when you boast of your heart-freedom and insensibility, to take care that the adjoining apartment has not an occupant, and above all an occupant in the shape of a young and single gentleman; or as you, Miss Castleton, obligingly styled him, a silly exquisite." As he spoke, he coolly turned from the room. Without a word, a single cry, Blanche fell, as if stricken, to the earth; and when her terrified

companion had raised her she feared, from the marble rigidity of her features and the dark hue around her lips, that life was entirely extinct. Blanche, however, returned to consciousness; returned to it a blighted, broken-hearted, hopeless woman. The physicians spoke of imprudent exposure; hinted at thin shoes, fresh colds; Blanche contradicted them not, thankful that she was thus spared the added penalty of the world's mockery or sympathy, and her faithful friend who alone knew the sad secret of all, on whose bosom alone she could freely weep, bound by her agonized prayers and entreaties, was silent too. A few days after, strange faces occupied the apartment where the two girls had passed so many happy and tranquil hours. Charlotte rejoined her family and her lover to whom she was shortly after united, whilst Blanche Castleton returned to her gloomy home in the North of England, to hide in its solitude her blighted hopes and her broken heart. Whether the egotist pursued his heartless career unchecked by adversity, undisturbed by remorse whether chance ever again associated him in any manner with his victim, a further development of our tale will tell.

(To be continued)

PUBLIC MEN IN PRIVATE LIFE.

BY W. P. C.

It is a delicate thing to draw aside the veil that shields from public observation the virtues or the vices of domestic life—to reveal at once its happiness and misery, its pleasures and its pains. Yet this is interesting and useful, especially when they whose characters we study, have, in public capacities, attracted a more than ordinary share of popular attention. We may derive peculiar advantage from a contemplation of the statesman's home, his accustomed recreations, his social companions, and his private studies. From such a contemplation, we may learn the secret of his fame, observing all the various circumstances which have tended to exalt or to obscure it. It is worthy of regret, that in our historical researches, we should manifest so little curiosity respecting matters so important. We are satisfied with knowing what political sentiments, distinguished public men have entertained, without seeking to discover the reasons which led to the adoption of them. If we would comprehend the real character of any one who holds a prominent position in society, we ought to turn to him when general attention seems diverted from his actions; when wearied with the toils and troubles of an arduous career, he seeks relief in the enjoyment of domestic pleasures; when in the bosom of his family,

he unrestrainedly pours forth the feelings of his heart, disclosing the true motives of that conduct which the world applauds or censures. Hence we may determine how far our admiration of his brilliant talents or profound acquirements should extend, and learn what limits to assign to our confidence in his integrity. An endless variety of examples are found, to show the closeness of the union which subsists between the public and the private character of men. Two or three will be sufficient for our present purpose.

To the researches of Mr. D'Israeli, we are indebted for the possession of many curious facts concerning the domestic habits of distinguished historical personages. With respect to the famous Chief Justice Coke—"The oracle of law,"—this interesting writer remarks: "official violence brutalized, and political ambition extinguished, every spark of nature in this great lawyer when he struck at his victims, public or domestic. His solitary knowledge, perhaps, had deadened his judgment in other studies; and yet his narrow spirit could shrink with jealousy at the celebrity obtained by more liberal pursuits than his own. The errors of the great are as instructive as their virtues, and the secret history of the outrageous lawyer may have, at least, the merit of novelty, although not of panegyric."

We are told that Coke had already acquired a considerable amount of wealth when his insatiable avarice, united with his indomitable and unscrupulous ambition, induced him, in the hope of gratifying both, a second time to marry. He became the husband of a lady of high rank, whose selfish and overbearing disposition corresponded nearly with his own. It is singular, that in the celebration of this marriage, he pretended ignorance of those laws whose great expounder and unflinching advocate he was, and caused it to occur in an illegal and forbidden manner. This union resulting from a combination of the worst passions of the human heart, produced its natural consequences. Violent quarrels ensued between the equally vindictive and unconciliating parties,—quarrels which drew down on both the merited contempt of all who knew them. These quarrels ended only with the life of Coke, who died at a very advanced age, transmitting to posterity a reputation for profound legal knowledge which no one since has rivalled,—a reputation which no earthly means could have tarnished, save the undisputed record of his private vices.

A different example is afforded by the history of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In the case of few great men, has the connection between public and private character been closer or more decided—

ly marked, than in his; in none has the frank and conscientious avowal of political opinions more immediately resulted from the nature of secluded studies, and the varied and, sometimes, melancholy circumstances of domestic life. The earlier part of the career of this richly gifted but eccentric being, was attended by the vicissitudes of fortune, to which the highest order of genius is so frequently subjected. The years of his boyhood and youth were alternately brightened and clouded by ambitious plans and disappointed expectations. Yet in these plans, and in their sequences, were shadowed forth the future destiny of the brilliant dramatist and orator. He married a lady of surpassing beauty and of rare accomplishments, the lustre of which her profession as a public singer had not tended to diminish;—one, moreover, who united to all these a high degree of intellectual excellence, a gentle disposition and a trusting heart. To this marriage may be attributed what little happiness he afterwards enjoyed. Without such a wife, his unfortunate habits of intemperance would have been less restrained, and would have borne him sooner to his grave. But, strange infatuation! He who stood almost upon the pinnacle of literary fame, who had electrified a world with his transcendent eloquence, sacrificed at the shrine of a degrading appetite the splendid reputation he had won.

His political career is striking. Many wonder that he should so long have supported a cause, which, from its very origin, was evidently hopeless. The reason may be found in that natural sense of justice and propriety, which, through all his frailties and his faults, continued to display itself until his latest hour. In the senate and at home, he was the same consistent and inflexible defender of the truth—the same warm-hearted and impulsive friend. But attractive as this subject is, we cannot now pursue it further. This illustrious man, after all the admiration and the envy he had excited,—after all the honors and the slights he had experienced, reduced to abject misery and want, *died broken-hearted*. With Byron—

“We sigh that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.”

In our biographical researches, we shall often be surprised to find, that men whose high position in society should have been a sufficient guaranty of their domestic conduct, have descended to the performance of acts, the publicity of which would stamp upon their names perpetual contempt and infamy. We have heard of a cele-

brated diplomatist of a transatlantic nation, who was actually engaged in a violent personal contest *with his wife*; which was only terminated by the fortunate intervention of a body of military! But incidents like this afford us little pleasure. We turn away with eagerness from them, to those more hallowed scenes, where peace and purity and love preside.

Let us seek another illustration in the life of a distinguished patriot and statesman of more recent times—John Quincy Adams. Unswerving in his fidelity to the eternal principles of liberty and justice, he sought by earnest effort to elevate the character and condition of his country. Raised by the voice of the free people he had served, to the highest post of trust and honor in its gift, surrounded by a limitless multitude of perplexities and cares, he never ceased to think of his domestic circle and its peaceful pleasures. To these he eagerly retreated, when the day of toil was past,—and mingling in the sports of childhood, forgot his weariness:—

“Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.”

To watch the dignified and apparently inaccessible statesman changing thus into the familiar friend, the affectionate husband, the indulgent father,—to see his icy reserve melting away beneath the genial warmth of his own fireside, brings more real satisfaction to the reflective mind, than the most extensive knowledge of his public acts, or the clearest insight into his political conceptions. We hear with wonder and with admiration, the announcement of some grand financial scheme, every point of which displays the comprehensive genius and profundity of its originator. We are startled by a wild and thrilling burst of eloquence, a vivid portraiture of beauty or sublimity, a brilliant flash of wit. But far superior to the strange and sometimes painful feelings which attend on these, are the quick emotions which the incidents of social life awaken. These appeal to the finer feelings of our nature; they touch no chord of bitterness; they kindle no consuming flame; the spirit they invoke, is that sublime and holy spirit of benevolence and love, which raises man above the passions and pursuits of earth, to a communion with the angels and with God.



OPENING ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE YOUNG MEN'S IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION, THREE RIVERS, ON THE 10TH DEC., 1850.

BY A SCOTCHMAN AND A SOLDIER.

When cheerful Spring arrayed in vernal bloom,
Bids vegetation burst its frozen tomb;
Invites the Rossignol to chaunt his lay,
And tells the sportive lamb to come and play.
All nature hears and owns her magic voice,
And birds and beasts, and woods and fields rejoice;
Then sweetest flowers of every scent and dye
Diffuse their fragrance and delight the eye,
In every grove the feather'd warblers sing,
And all creation feels the breath of Spring.
How pleasant then, betimes, to roam abroad
And learn instruction from the works of God;
To saunter forth in meditative mood,
And court the pleasures nursed by solitude,
How pleasant then, soon as the morning smiles
To cross the bridge among our river Isles,
There stray alone beneath the forest trees
And watch their homage to the gentle breeze,
Or cull the simple flowers that deck the sod
And read in every leaf the name of God.

How still and sweet in summer evening bright
When the fair moon comes forth in cloudless light,
To mount the coteau where the eye surveys
The lovely scene, at one extended gaze,
Our noble river like a silver plain
In moonlight grandeur rolling to the main,
The fleet of vessels floating o'er its tide,
The street of cottages on either side,
Our pretty village with its spires of light,
Our busy windmills in their winged flight,
The handsome trees, that studded here and there,
Surround the mansion or the cottage fair.

But now, alas! our summer walks are o'er
And hoary winter trembles at the door,
The loveliest flow'r in all the train of Spring
Is now a withered and a shrivelled thing,
The little birds who lately sang so sweet
No more their melting strains of love repeat,
But sadly sit beneath the sheltering pine,
Or sing their ditties in a warmer clime,
Yon murky cloud surcharged with hail and sleet
Approaches fast with nature's winding sheet,
The water spirit scowls o'er lake and river,
And dark Saint Maurice frowns more black than
ever.

Our forest trees are naked graceless forms,
And stern old winter reigns in clouds and storms,
Yet tho' the icy monarch be severe
He brings us blessings with the closing year,
Pure bracing frosts, instead of mists and rain,
And health and leisure follow in his train,

I now congratulate this youthful band
Who in improvement's march go hand in hand,
That you have found the way to cheer with glad-
ness,

The bleak and lonely hours of nature's sadness,
And would suggest with all submission due,
A few brief hints, my dear young friends, to you.
This is perhaps the happiest time you'll find
By moral culture to improve the mind,
The well selected book to read with care,
And note and study what is striking there,

From works of science cull the fruits and flow'rs,
Or charm with poetry your leisure hours,
Take up "John Milton," lofty and sublime,
Read "Young's Nights Thoughts" or "Pollock's
Course of Time,"

Old "Chaucers" works or "Spencer's Fairy Queen"
Or good King James' "Christ's Kirk on the Green,"
Get Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Ben Jonson too,
And Burns and Ramsay, read them through and
through

With "Thomeon's Seasons," and his hymn of
praise,

And Robert Bloomfield's sweet tho' simple lays,
With all who sang, inspired, since Homer's days.

Authentic history stores the youthful mind
With information of the richest kind,
Perusing which, we clearly learn and know
Events which passed some thousand years ago,
How kingdoms rose and mighty empires fell,
The kings who govern'd ill and govern'd well,
The power and pride of ancient Greece and Rome,
Of Babylon's glory and of Babylon's doom,
Of Judah's land and Zion's holy hill
Long desecrated by the infidel,
The most distinguished men of former times
To learn their virtues and avoid their crimes,
Review the mighty hosts of other years,
The mail-clad warriors with their shields and
spears,

Call Alexander forth in conquering pride
And place the great Napoleon by his side,
While glory's trumpet sounds the blast of fame
And prostrate nations tremble at their name,
Bid the wild Arab hear the prophet's voice
And shout for Allah and for paradise,
Then turn the page where other names are found
Of greater work tho' of an humbler sound,
How bold Columbus, with his sails unfurl'd,
Exploring, sought and found another world,
How Christian champions, with the Gospel light,
Have cheered the dark abodes of heathen night,
How noble Howard traced the sons of grief
And to the hopeless prisoner brought relief,
When fancy acts as waiting maid to truth
Then works of fiction may divert our youth,
But useful knowledge, information sound,
In works of fiction seldom will be found,

When ever subjects for debate begin,
Strain every nerve the laurel wreath to win,
Exert in argument your utmost skill,
Attack, defend, but keep your temper still,
Have memory's precious treasures still at hand,
While clear, convincing reason holds command,
Those valued friends who, in the passing year,
Have earn'd your thanks for their assistance here,
Whose useful lectures and whose labors kind,
Were intellectual baquets for the mind,
Will lend their services with right good will,
And in the coming year assist you still,
And O may He who bade the light arise,
And noontide glory burst o'er earth and skies,
Shed o'er your minds the intellectual ray,
Till dawning twilight brightens into day,
And guide your footsteps in the morn of youth,
In paths of honor, uprightness and truth,
Through life direct you as He sees the best,
At death receive you to His glorious rest.

RONDO.

J. N. Hummel,

ARRANGED FOR THE LITERARY GARLAND BY W. H. WARREN OF MONTREAL.

Vivace
e
Scherzante

Pia.

Over.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line in the treble with various intervals and a bass line with chords and single notes. There are some accidentals, including a sharp sign above the first few notes of the treble staff.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music continues with a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with chords and single notes. There are some accidentals, including a sharp sign above the first few notes of the treble staff.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line in the treble with various intervals and a bass line with chords and single notes.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line in the treble with various intervals and a bass line with chords and single notes.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music features a melodic line in the treble with various intervals and a bass line with chords and single notes.

RONDO.—HOME.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system includes a fermata over a note in the treble staff and a 'tr' marking. The second system includes a 'for' marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line in both staves of the third system.

HOME.

WHERE burns the loved hearth brightest,
 Cheering the social breast!
 Where beats the fond heart lightest,
 Its humble hopes possessed?
 Where'er the smile of sadness,
 Of meek-eyed patience born,
 Worth more than those of gladness,
 Which mirth's bright cheek adorn?
 Pleasure is marked by fleetness
 To those who ever roam,
 While grief itself has sweetness
 At Home, dear Home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits, when most brief;
 There eyes in all their splendor
 Are vocal to the heart,
 And glances, gay and tender,
 Fresh eloquence impart;
 Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
 Oh, do not wildly roam!
 But seek that hidden treasure
 At Home, dear Home!

Does pure religion charm thee
 Far more than aught below?
 Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
 Against the hour of woe?
 Think not she dwelleth only
 In the temples made for prayer;
 For home itself is lonely,
 Unless her smiles be there.
 The devotee may falter,
 The bigot blindly roam;
 If worshipless her altar
 At Home, dear Home!

Love o'er it presideth,
 With meek and watchful awe;
 Its daily service guideth,
 And shows its perfect law;
 If there thy faith shall fail thee,
 If there no shrine be found,
 What can thy prayers avail thee.
 With kneeling crowds around?
 Go, leave thy gift unoffered
 Beneath religion's dome,
 And be her first-fruits proffered
 At Home, dear Home!

OUR TABLE.

Nor having been favored since our last Number, with the sight of any of the numerous new publications which are daily appearing from the teeming presses of the neighboring Republic; we can only speak from report of one or two which seem to us to deserve especial notice. Among these a work entitled an "Historical View of the Language and Literature of the Slavic Nations, by Talvi," is perhaps the most attractive, both from its unusual subject, and from having been written by a Lady. "For," says our authority, "Talvi is none other than the wife of the accomplished gentleman who gives the preface to the book, and thus she comes before the public leaning upon her husband's arm, and with veiled face." A learned lady she must be to have chosen such a subject for her pen, nor could she have chosen it at a better time than now when the study of the different races of the human family, is becoming a subject of such general interest.

"The Slavic Nations were the last who made their appearance in Europe, or the third in that mighty procession begun by the Celts, and continued by the Teutons. The Celtic element is strongest among the Irish, Highland Scotch, Welsh, and French. The Germanic and Anglo-Saxon people are Teutonic. The Russians, Poles, Bohemians, &c., are Slavic.

"The first authentic intelligence had of them," says Talvi, "dates about the middle of the sixth century, and the first attempt to Christianize them was made before the seventh, but it was not till the beginning of the ninth that the success of the attempt evinced itself in their language and literature. The translation of the Bible by Cyril was the first endeavor to embody their speech in writing."

Talvi traces the progress of their literature, and investigates their languages, of which there are a great variety, with wonderful patience and clearness, and concludes with giving various specimens of the Slavic poetry, which abounds in verses of an amatory kind; but the two presented below, are of a different kind. "The Slave-Gangs," from the Bulgarian, the other, "The Orphan's Lament," from "Upper Lusitania," are exceptions

to the general character of those given in the volume, and they possess a simple and plaintive sweetness, which renders them very beautiful and touching:

"O thou hill, thou high green hill!
Why, green hill, art thou so withered?
Why so withered and so wilted?
Did the summer's frost so wilt thee?
Did the summer's heat so parch thee?
Not the winter's frost did wilt me,
Nor the summer's heat did parch me;
But my glowing heart is smothered,
Yesterday, three slave-gangs crossed me;
Grecian maids were in the first row,
Weeping, crying bitterly:
"O our wealth! Art lost forever!"
Black-eyed maidens from Walachia,
Weeping, crying, in the second:
"O ye ducats of Walachia!"
Bulgar women in the third row,
Weeping, crying, "O sweet home!
O sweet home! beloved children!
Fare-ye-well farewell for ever!"

Far more unhappy in the world am I,
Than on the meadow the bird that doth fly.
Little bird merrily flits to and fro,
Sings its sweet carol upon the green bough,
I, alas! wander wherever I will;
Everywhere I am desolate still!
No one befriends me wherever I go,
But my own heart full of sorrow and woe!
Cease thy grief, oh my heart, full of grief,
Soon will a time come that giveth thee relief.
Never misfortune has struck me so hard,
But I, ere long again better have fared.
God, of all else in the world has enough
Why not then of orphans and widows enough?

The same author under the name of Talvi, has recently published a work of fiction, entitled "HELOISE; or THE UNREVEALED SECRET." The scene of the story is laid in Germany, Russia, and on the Circassian frontier. The plot is well managed, and the descriptions of Russian and Circassian life and scenery very striking. It is a specimen of romantic literature creditable to the talents of its accomplished author, and worth the perusal of those who may be so fortunate as to obtain it.