







Select Literature.

BIANCA, OR SPORZA'S TOWER.

During the rule of that cruel and heartless tyrant, Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, there dwelt upon the borders of Lago Maggiore...

The Count de Ricci was in his sixty-fifth year but still hale and vigorous. Having been a great warrior in his youth, he grew stern and rigorous in his old age...

Though Bianca acquired the credit of being an adept in astrology and heretofore she knew scarcely anything of these sciences. She loved dearly to gaze into the clear vault of heaven...

On one of these islands, the most barren of the three, and called the Island of Flowers, the old Count de Ricci had a lovely tower...

It was the month of June, and Bianca crossed over to the Island of Flowers, with her usual attendants, and took up her abode in the tower...

The Lady Bianca passed a fortnight in perfect tranquillity on the little Island of Fiorona. It was the day of the period, she began to remember that no tidings reached her of her father's proceedings...

One very fine tranquil evening, just half an hour before sunset, Bianca was seated on the open piazza of her favorite chamber in the tower...

was impelled over the water by one man. It was an extremely light, buoyant skiff; and being vigorously pulled, went swiftly over the smooth surface of the lake...

Bianca no sooner heard the words of the man in the barge, than she started to her feet, and with horror called old Tarnaso and his son, or blood will be shed...

Greatly agitated at the scene she had witnessed, Bianca, followed by her maid and the trembling chamberlain, rushed to the spot, calling out in loud tones to the assassins to beware how they committed murder on the lands of the Count de Ricci...

With great difficulty the fair girl and her assistants drew the stranger within the shed, during which time he groined several times. Having laid him upon some mats, a little wine was poured down his throat...

At the end of a week he was able to converse; and Bianca was informed by the doctor, who was principally attended to his case, that he expressed an interview with her. He had left his couch, and was sitting in an easy chair, propped with pillows...

As she entered the apartment with a little more color in her cheek than usual, the stranger made an effort to rise, but grew deadly pale from the exertion...

The stranger took the hand held out before she could withdraw it, and most humbly and respectfully, and with something of deep devotion in the manner, kissed it, saying—

'Ah, lady, you have been a ministering angel to me. A life's service cannot repay your gift to me of life. You cruel fate! from me you must receive tidings that will pain your heart.'

'Good Heavens! Then what has happened? My dear father, and how came you, a stranger, to know of my misfortune—for such, I suppose, your tidings must relate to him.'

could withdraw it, and most humbly and respectfully, and with something of deep devotion in the manner, kissed it, saying—

'What has occurred to her? Your aunt I should the stranger, in a low voice, and looking extremely dejected. 'I did not know the Duchess was your aunt. Worse and worse!'

'What do you mean, my aunt?' responded Bianca. 'Your aunt I should the stranger, in a low voice, and looking extremely dejected. 'I did not know the Duchess was your aunt. Worse and worse!'

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