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TRIFLES FROM THE BURTHEN OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

A TALK ABOUT EMIGRATION.



RACHEL, have you forgotten the talk we had about emigration, the morning before our marriage?" was a question rather suddenly put to his young wife, by Lieutenant M——.

as he paused in his rapid walk to and fro the room. The fact is, that the Lieutenant had been pondering over that conversation for the last hour. It had long been forgotten by his wife, who was seated upon the sofa with a young infant of three months old upon her lap, whose calm, sleeping face she was watching with inexpressible delight.

"Ah, we have been so happy ever since, that to tell you the truth, dear John, I have never given it a second thought; what put it into your head just now?"

"That child, and thinking how I could provide for her in any other way."

"Dear little pet. She cannot add much to our expenses;" And the mother stooped down and kissed her babe with a zest which mothers alone know.

"Not at present. But the little pet will in time grow into a tall girl; and other little pets may be treading upon her footsteps and they must all be clothed and fed, and educated."

Rachel in her overflowing happiness had dismissed all such cruel realities. "Emigration," she said, "is a terrible word. I wish that it could be expunged from the dictionary."

"I am afraid, my dear girl, that you are destined to learn the practical illustrations of its meaning. Nay, do not look so despondingly. If you intended to remain in England you should not have married a poor man."

"Don't say that, my beloved. That union made me rich in treasures which gold could not buy. But seriously, I do not see this urgent necessity for emigrating, we are not rich, but we have enough to be comfortable, and are surrounded with many blessings. Our dear little girl, whose presence seems to have conjured before you the gaunt image of poverty, has added greatly to our domestic happiness,—Yes,—little Miss Innocence, you are awake, are you—come crow to papa, and drive these ugly thoughts out of his head." The good father, kissed fondly the smiling cherub seductively held up to him, but he did not yield to the temptation, though Rachel kissed him with eyes brimful of tears.

"We are indeed happy, Rachel. But, will it last?"

"Why not?"

"Our income, love, is very, very small."

"It is enough for our present wants, and we have no debts."

"Thanks to your prudent management. Yes, we have no debts. But it has been a hard battle,

only gained by great self denial and much pinching. We have kind friends, but I am too proud to be indebted to friends for the common necessities of life. The narrow income which has barely supplied our wants, this year, without the encumbrance of a family, will not do so next. There remains no alternative but to emigrate."

Rachel felt that this was pressing her hard. "Let us drop this hateful subject," she said, "I cannot bear to think upon it."

"But we must force ourselves to think about it,—calmly and dispassionately. And having determined which is the path of duty we must follow it out without any reference to our own likes or dislikes. Our marriage would have been a most imprudent one, had it been contracted on any other terms, and we are both to blame that we have loitered away so many months of valuable time in indolent ease, when we should have been earning independence for ourselves and our family."

"You may be right, John. But it is not such an easy matter to leave your country and home, and the dear friends whose society renders life endurable, a certain good, for an uncertain better, to be sought for among untried difficulties. I would rather live in a cottage in England upon a crust of bread a day, than occupy a palace on the other side of the Atlantic."

"This sounds very prettily in poetry, Rachel. But, alas, for us, life is made up of stern realities, which press upon the mind and brain too forcibly to be neglected. I have thought long and painfully upon this subject, and I have come to the determination to emigrate this Spring."

"So soon!"

"The sooner the better. The longer we defer it, the more difficulties we shall have to encounter. The legacy left us by your Aunt, will pay our expenses out and enable us to purchase a farm in Canada, a more propitious time could not be chosen, the only obstacle in the way is your reluctance to leave your friends. Am I less dear to you, Rachel, than friends and country?"

"Oh! no, no. You are more to me than all the world. I will try and reconcile myself to the change."

"Shall I go first, and leave you with your mother until I have arranged matters in Canada?"

"Such a separation would be worse than death. Yes, I will go, since it must be." Here followed a heavy sigh, the husband kissed the tears from her eyes, and whispered, that she was his dear good girl, and poor Rachel would have followed him to the deserts of Arabia.

Rachel remained for a long time in deep

thought, after the door had closed upon her husband. She could now recal every word of that eventful conversation upon the subject of emigration which they had held together before their marriage, and, in the blessed prospect of becoming his wife, it had not then appeared to her so terrible. Faithfully had he reminded her of the evils she must encounter in uniting her destiny to a poor man; and he had pointed out emigration as the only remedy to counteract the imprudence of such a step, and Rachel, full of love and faith, was not hard to be persuaded. She considered, that to be his wife, endowed as he was by nature with so many moral and intellectual qualities, would make her the richest woman in the world. That there was in him a mine of mental wealth, which could never decrease, but which time and experience would augment, and come what might, she, in the end, was sure to be the gainer. For, she argued, did I marry a man, whom I could not love, merely for his wealth, and the position he held in society, misfortune might deprive me of these, and nothing but a disagreeable companion for life would remain. We think Rachel, after all, reasoned rightly, though the world would scarcely agree with us. But in matters of the heart, the world is seldom consulted.

After the marriage, our young friends retired to a pretty cottage upon the coast, and for upwards of a year they had been so happy, so much in love with each other and so contented with their humble lot, that all thoughts upon the dreaded subject of emigration had been banished.

Rachel knew her husband too well, to suspect him of changing his resolution. She felt that he was in the right, and painful as the struggle was, to part from all her dear friends, it was already made. Opening her writing desk, she took from its most sacred nook a copy of verses written by her husband a few days before their marriage, which but too faithfully coincided with his remarks that morning.

Oh can you leave your native land,
An exile's bride to be?
Your mother's home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the main with me,
Across the wide and stormy sea,
To trace our foaming track:
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back.

And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind;
Nor feel one lingering fond regret
For all you leave behind?
Can those dear hands, unused to toil,
The woodman's wants supply;
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh.

Amid the shade of forests dark,
 Thy loved Isle will appear,
 An Eden whose delicious bloom,
 Will make the wild more drear;
 And you in solitude may weep,
 O'er scenes beloved in vain;
 And pine away your soul to view,—
 Once more your native plain.

Then pause, my girl—e're those dear lips
 Your wanderer's fate decide;
 My spirit spurns the selfish wish—
 You must not be my bride!—
 But oh, that smile—those tearful eyes,
 My former purpose move;
 Our hearts are one, and we will dare
 All perils, thus to love!—

"Yes, I can and will dare them, dearest husband," said Rachel, carefully replacing the paper. "I am ready to follow wherever you lead, —England! my country! the worst trial will be to part from thee!"

—
 THE OLD CAPTAIN.
 —

Rachel's reveries, were abruptly dispelled by a knock at the door, and her "come in," was answered by a tall, portly, handsome, old lady, who sailed into the room, in all the conscious dignity of rich black silk, and stiff white lawn.

The handsome old lady, was Mrs. Kitson, the wife of the naval officer, whose ready furnished lodgings they had occupied for the last year. Rachel thrust aside her desk, and rose to meet her visitor. "Pray take the easy chair by the fire; Mrs. Kitson, I am happy to see you, I hope your cough is better?" "No chance of that," said the healthy old lady who had never known a fit of dangerous sickness in her life, "while I continue so weak, Hu, hu, hu, you see my dear, that it is as bad as ever." Rachel thought, that she never had seen an old lady, at her advanced stage of life, look so well. But every one has some pet weakness, and Mrs. Kitson's, was that of always fancying herself ever ill. Now Rachel had no very benignant feeling towards the old lady's long catalogue of imaginary ailments, so changed the subject by enquiring very affectionately after the health of the old Captain.

"Ah, my dear, he is just as well as ever. Nothing in the world ever ails him, and little he cares for the suffering of another. This is a great day with him. He is all bustle and fuss, just step to the window, and look at his doings. It is enough to drive one mad. Talk of women wearing the smalls, indeed. It is a libel on the sex! Captain

Kitson, is not content with putting on my apron, but he appropriates my petticoats also. I cannot give an order to my maid, but he contradicts it, or buy a pound of tea, but he weighs it after the grocer; now my dear what would you do if the Lieutenant was like my husband?"

"Really I dont know," and Rachel laughed heartily; "It must be rather a trial of patience to a good housekeeper like you. But what is he about. He and old Kelly seem up to their eyes in business. What an assemblage of pots and kettles and household stuff there is upon the lawn. Are you going to have an auction?"

"You may well think so. But were that the case there might be some excuse for his folly. No. All this dirt and confusion, which once a week drives me out of the house, is what Kitson calls clearing up the ship, when he and his man Friday, (as he calls Kelly) turn every thing topsy turvy, and to make the muddle more complete they always choose my washing day for their frolic. Pantries and cellars are rummaged over, and every thing is dragged out of its place for the mere pleasure of making a litter and dragging it in again. The lawn covered with broken dishes, earless jugs, cracked plates and bottomless saucepans, to the great amusement of my neighbors, who enjoy a hearty laugh at my expense when they behold the poverty of the land. But what does Kitson care for my distress. In vain I hide up all the broken crocks in the darkest nooks of the cellar and pantry, nothing escapes his prying eyes. And then, he has such a memory that if he misses an old gallipot, he raises a storm loud enough to shake down the house.

"The last time he was in London, I collected a great quantity of useless trash and had it thrown into the pond in the garden. Well, when he cleared the decks next time, if he did not miss the old broken trumpery. All of which he said, he meant to mend with white lead on rainy days, while the broken bottles, forsooth, he had saved to put on the top of the brick wall, to hinder the little boys from climbing over to steal the apples. Oh, dear, dear, there was no end to his bawling and swearing and calling me hard names, while he had the impudence to tell Kelly, in my hearing, that I was the most extravagant woman in the world. Now, I, that have borne him seventeen children should know something about economy and good management, but he gives me no credit for that.

"He began scolding again to day, but my poor head could not stand it any longer, so I came over to spend a few minutes with you,"

The handsome old lady paused to draw breath,

and looked so much excited at this recapitulation of her domestic wrongs, that Rachel thought it not improbable that she had performed her part in the scolding.

As to Rachel, she was highly amused by the old Captain's vagaries, "By the by," she said, "Had he any luck in shooting this morning? He was out at sun-rise with his gun."

The old lady fell back in her chair and laughed immoderately.

"Shooting! Yes! yes, that was another frolic of his. But Kitson is an old fool and I have told him so a thousand times. So you saw him this morning with the gun?"

"Why I was afraid that he would shoot my husband, who was shaving at the window. The Captain pointed his gun sometimes at the window and sometimes at the eaves of the house, but as the gun always missed fire, I began to regain my courage and so did the sparrows, for they only chattered at him in defiance."

"As well they ought, for he had no powder in his gun. Now Mrs. M—— you will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you. But you know the man. When my poor Betsy died, she left all her little effects to her father, as she was not acquainted with any of her late husband's relations. In her dressing case, he found a box of charcoal for cleaning teeth, and in spite of all I could say or do, he would insist it was gunpowder,

"Gunpowder! says I, what should our Betsy do with gunpowder. Its charcoal, I tell you."

"Then he smelt it and smelt it; 'Tis gunpowder, dont you think I know the smell of gunpowder. I, that was with Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar!"

"'Tis the snuff in your nose, makes every thing smell alike, says I, do you think Betsy would clean her beautiful white teeth with gunpowder.

"Why not,' says he, 'there's charcoal in gunpowder, and now, madam if you contradict me again, I will shoot you with it, to prove the truth of what I say.'

"Well, I saw that there was no help for it, so I e'en let him have his own way, and he spent an hour last night in cleaning his old rusty gun, and rose this morning by day-break with the intention of murdering all the sparrows. No wonder that the sparrows laughed at him. I have done nothing but laugh ever since, so out of sheer revenge he proclaimed a cleaning day, and he and Kelly are now hard at it."

Rachel was delighted with this anecdote of their whimsical landlord, but before she could answer his indignant partner, the door was suddenly opened, and the sharp keen face of the little officer was thrust into the room.

"Mrs M—— my dear, that nurse of yours is going to hang out your clothes in front of the sea. Now it is hardly decent of her, to expose your garments to every boat that may be passing."

The Captain's delicacy threw Rachel almost into convulsions.

"Besides" he continued pettishly, "she knows no more how to handle a rope than a pig. If you will just tell her to wait a bit until I have overhauled my vessel, I will put up the ropes for you myself."

"And hang out the clothes for you; Mrs. M—— if you will only give him the treat. Besides he will not shock the sailors by hanging them near the sea," sneered the handsome old lady.

"I hate to see things done in a lubberly manner."

"Now pray oblige him, Mrs. M—— he is such an old woman I wonder he does not ask you to let him wash the clothes."

"Fresh water is not my element, Mrs. Kitson, I never suffer a woman to touch my ropes. Attend to your business, and leave me to mine, and put a stopper upon that clapper of yours, which goes at the rate of ten knots an hour, or look out for squalls."

In the hope of averting the storm which Rachel saw was gathering upon the old lady's brow, she assured the Captain that he might take the command of her nurse, ropes, clothes, and all.

"You are a sensible woman, my dear, which is more than I can say of some folks," glancing at his wife, "and I hope that you mean to submit patiently to the yoke of matrimony, and not pull one way, while your husband pulls another. To sail well together on the sea of life, you must hold fast to the right end of the rope and haul in the same direction." His hand was upon the back of the door, and the old lady had made herself sure of his exit, when he suddenly returned to the sofa, upon which Rachel was seated, and putting his mouth quite close to her ear, while his little inquisitive eyes sparkled with intense curiosity, said in a mysterious whisper: "How is this, my dear, I hear that you are going to leave us!"

Rachel started. Not a word had transpired of the conversation she had lately held with her husband. Did the old Captain possess the gift of second sight? "Captain Kitson!" she said in rather an excited tone, "who could have told you so?"

"Then it is true!" and the old fox nodded his head at the success of his stratagem; "Who told me—why I cannot exactly say who told me. But, you know where there are servants living in the house, and walls are thin—news travels fast."

"And when people have sharp ears, to listen to what is passing in their neighbors' houses," muttered the old lady in a provoking aside.

Rachel was amazed beyond measure at the impertinent curiosity of the old man. Her husband had only mentioned the subject to her, that morning; and she felt certain that their conversation must have been over-heard. Captain Kitson and his help-mate were notable gossips, and it was mortifying to know that their secret plans, in a few hours, would be made public. She replied coldly: "Captain Kitson you have been misinformed."

"Now my dear, that wont do. Leave an old sailor to find out a rat. I tell you, that it is the common report of the day. Besides, is not the *Leaftenant* gone this morning with that scape-grace Tom Wilson, to hear some lying land-shark preach about Canada."

"Lecture, Kitson," said the old lady, who was not a whit behind her spouse in wishing to extract the news, though she suffered him to be the active agent in the matter.

"Lecture or preach, its all one. Only the parson takes a text out of the Bible to hold forth upon, and these pick-pockets say what they can out of their own heads. The object in both is to make money. I thought the *Leaftenant* was too sensible to be caught by chaff."

"My husband is of age to judge for himself," said Rachel coloring; "He does not need the advice of a third person."

"To be sure. To be sure," said the crafty old man without taking the least notice of her displeasure; "But what is Canada to you my dear. A fine settler's wife you will make, nervous, and delicate. Half the time confined to your bed with some complaint or another, and then, when you are well, the whole blessed day is wasted in reading and writing and coddling up the baby. I tell you that this sort of business will not do in a new country like Canada. I was there, often enough, during the American war, and I know that the country will neither suit you, nor you the country." Finding that Rachel returned no answer to this burst of eloquence, he continued in a coaxing tone; "Now just once in your life be guided by wiser and older heads than your own, and give up this foolish project altogether. Let well alone. You are happy and comfortable where you are. This is a nice house, quite big enough for your small family. Fine view of the sea from these windows, and all ready furnished to your hand. Nothing to find of your own but plate and linen. A pump, wood-house and coal-bin, all under one roof. An oven,"—

"Stop," said the old lady; "You need say nothing about that, Kitson. The oven is good for nothing. It has no draft, and you cannot put a fire into it without filling the house with smoke."

"Pshaw!" muttered the old man; "A little contrivance would soon put that to rights."

"I tried my best," retorted the wife, "and I could never bake a loaf of bread fit to eat."

"We all know what bad bread you make, Mrs. Kitson," said the Captain; "But I know that it can be baked in it—so hold your tongue, madam, and don't contradict me again. At any rate there is not a smoky chimney in the house, which is complete from the cellar to the garret. And then the rent. Why what is it—a mere trifle—too cheap by one half. Only twenty five pounds per annum, what can you wish for more. And then, the privilege which you enjoy in my beautiful flower garden and lawn, there is not every lodging house which can offer such advantages, and all for the paltry sum of twenty five pounds a year."

"The cottage is pretty, and the rent moderate," said Rachel, "we have no fault to find, and you have not found us very difficult to please."

"Oh, I am quite contented with my tenants, I only want them to know when they are well off. Look twice, before you leap once, that's my manner; and give up this mad Canadian project, which I am certain will end in disappointment. And with this piece of disinterested advice, away toddled the gallant naval commander to finish the arrangement of his pots and kettles, and to superintend the hanging out of Rachel's clothes.

Do not imagine, gentle reader, that the picture is over charged. Captain Kitson, is no creature of romance; or was, we should rather say, for he has, long since, been gathered to his fathers; but a brave uneducated man, who during the war had risen from before the mast to the rank of Post Captain. He had fought at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and distinguished himself in many a severe contest on the main, and bore the reputation of a dashing naval officer. At the advanced age of eighty, he retained all his original ignorance and vulgarity, and was never admitted into the society which his rank in the service entitled him to claim.

The restless activity which, in the vigor of manhood, had rendered him a useful and enterprising seaman, was now displayed in the most ridiculous interference in his own domestic affairs, and those of his neighbors. With a great deal of low cunning, he mingled the most insatiable curiosity, while his habits were so penurious, that he would stoop to any meanness to gain a trifling pecuniary advantage for his family.

He speculated largely in old ropes, condemned boats, and sea-tackles of all descriptions, while, as consul for the port, he had many opportunities of purchasing the wreck of the sea, and the damaged cargoes of foreign vessels at a cheap rate, and not a stone was left unturned by old Kitson, if, by the turning of it, a copper could be secured.

The meddling disposition of the Captain, rendered him the terror of all the fishermen on the coast, over whom he maintained a despotic sway, superintending and ordering their proceedings with an authority, as absolute as though he were still upon the deck of his own war ship. Not a boat could be put off, or a flag hoisted without he was consulted. Not a funeral could take place in the town without his calling upon the bereaved and offering his services upon the mournful occasion, securing to himself by this simple manœuvre, an abundant supply of black silk cravats and kid gloves.

"Never lose any thing, my dear, for the want of asking," he would say; "A refusal breaks no bones and there is always a chance of getting what you ask for."

Acting upon this principle, he had begged favors of all the great men in power, and had solicited the interest of every influential person who had visited the town, during the bathing season, for the last twenty years. His favorite maxim, practically carried out in his instance, had been very successful, for by it, he had obtained commissions for all his sons, and had got all his grandsons comfortably placed in the Greenwich, or Christ Church Schools.

He had a garden too, which was at once his torment and his pride. During the Spring and Summer months, the beds were dug up and remodelled, three or four times during the season to suit the caprice of the owner, while the poor drooping flowers were ranged along the grass plot to wither in the sun during the process. This he called putting his borders into ship shape.

The flower beds that skirted the lawn, a pretty grass plot containing about an acre of ground, and surrounded by poplar trees, were regularly sown with a succession of annuals all for the time of one sort and color.

For several weeks, innumerable quantities of double crimson stocks flaunted before your eyes, so densely packed that scarcely a shade of green relieved the brilliant monotony. These were succeeded by larkspurs of all colors, and lastly by poppies which reared their tall gorgeous heads above the low white paling, and looked defiance on all beholders. Year after year presented the same spectacle, and pounds of stock, larkspur and

poppy seed, were saved annually by the old man to renew the floral show. Tom Wilson, who was highly delighted by the Captain's oddities, had nick-named the Marine Cottage, *Larkspur Lodge*.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

THE news of the Lieutenant's projected emigration, soon spread through the village, and for several days formed the theme of conversation among friends and acquaintances. The timid blamed, the harsh criticized, and the wise applauded. The worldly sneered and made it a subject of ridicule, and prophesied his early repentance and quick return. John M—— listened to all their remarks, combatted vigorously their objections, and finally determined to abide by the conclusion that he had formed;—that he was in the right.

Rachel, who, like most women, was more guided by her feeling than her reason, was terribly annoyed by the impertinent interference of others, in what she peculiarly considered her own affairs; but day after day, she was tormented by visitors, who came to condole with her on the shocking prospect before her. Some of these were kind, well-meaning people, who really thought it a dreadful thing to be forced, at the caprice of a husband, to leave home and all its kindred joys. To these, Rachel listened with patience, for she believed that their fears were genuine, and their sympathy sincere.

There was only one person in the whole town, whose comments she dreaded, and whose pretended concern, she looked upon as a real bore. This person was Mrs. Saunders, the wife of the second best surgeon in the town.

The dreaded interview came at last. Mrs. Saunders had been absent in the country, the moment she heard the news, she rushed to the rescue of her friend. And here I must explain what sort of friendship it was, that existed between Henrietta Saunders and Rachel M——, and why the latter had such a repugnance to the visit.

Mrs. Saunders was a woman of great pretensions, and had acquired a sort of influence in the society of which she formed a part, by assuming a superiority to which, in reality, she had not the slightest claim.

She considered herself a beauty, a wit, a person of great literary taste, and extraordinary genius. She talked of her person, her paintings, her music, her poetry, for by these names she designated a handsome, but masculine face and figure, a few wretched daubs, some miserable at-

tempts at rhyme, and the performance of a few airs upon the piano. She claimed so much, and her temper was so fierce and vindictive, that her acquaintance, for friends she had none, in order to live in peace with her, yielded to her all, and many good credulous people, really believed that she was the talented person that she pretended to be.

A person of very moderate abilities can be spiteful, and Mrs. Saunders was so censorious, and said such bitter things, that her neighbors tolerated her impertinence, out of a weak fear, lest they should become the victims of her malicious tongue.

Though occupying the same house with her husband, whose third wife she was, they had long been separated, only meeting in public and at their joyless meals. Three children had been the fruits of this ill-starred union—two girls and one strange uncouth looking boy, who, really clever, was hated and ill-treated by his mother, for the great likeness which he bore to the despised and neglected father.

Rachel had no feeling in common with Mrs. Saunders, she neither courted her good opinion, nor wished for her society. To say that she hated her, would be too strong a term; but there had always existed a secret antipathy, a certain antagonism between them, unobserved by careless acquaintances, but well understood by the parties concerned.

Her loud, harsh voice, her ungente, unfeminine manners, her assumption of learning and superiority without any real pretensions to either, was very offensive to a proud, sensitive mind, that could not brook the patronage of such a woman. Rachel had too much self respect, not to say vanity, to tolerate for a moment the insolence of a Mrs. Saunders. She treated her advances to friendship with a marked coldness, which, instead of repelling, only seemed to provoke a repetition of the vulgar, forcing familiarity from which she intuitively shrunk. The dislike was mutual—but Mrs. Saunders would not be affronted. Rachel belonged to an old and highly respectable family—Mrs. Saunders was a tin-smith's daughter, and she wished people to forget her acquaintance with pots and kettles, and she constantly boasted of her intimacy with her dear friend, Mrs. M——.

"She is a young person of some literary note," she would say, who deserves to be encouraged; "Her verses are really, rather pretty, and with the advice and assistance of some friend, well versed in these matters, (herself, of course,) she may one day make a tolerable writer."

M—— was highly amused by the league of

defensive and defensive, which was carried on between his wife and Mrs. Saunders, who was the only real blue stocking in the place, and he was wont to call her, Rachel's *Mrs. Grundy*.

Mrs. Saunders was really glad that her dear friends, at the Marine Cottage, were going, but as she always spoke in direct opposition to her real sentiments, she feigned the most intense astonishment and grief.

"Mrs. M——," she exclaimed, the moment she sank into a chair, lifting up her hands and eyes: "Is it true? True that you are going to leave us? I cannot believe it! Tell me that I am misinformed! That it is one of old Kitson's idle gossip. For really I have not felt well since I heard it. What a blow to your mother? What a shock to the whole family? What a loss to society—to the world? What a dreadful sacrifice of yourself?"

Mrs. Saunders paused for breath, and applied a snowy cambric handkerchief to the glassy eyes, over whose hard surface no tears had stolen for years.

Rachel remained silent and embarrassed. She knew not what to say. She felt no confidence in Mrs. Saunders. She disbelieved her affectation of woe, until the weeping lady again gasped forth:

"Do not leave me in suspense, I beseech you. Tell me if you are really going to Canada?"

"Is that all, Mrs. Saunders? I could not imagine the cause of your distress."

"All! Is it not enough to agonize your friend? It is impossible that you can regard such a dreadful event with such stoical indifference! No, no! I see through it. It is only assumed to hide an aching heart. I pity you, my dear friend. I sympathize with you from my very heart. I know what your feelings are. I can realize it all."

"It is of no use lamenting over what is irremediable. Emigration is a matter of necessity, not choice. Did we consult our own feelings, Mrs. Saunders, we should certainly prefer staying at home."

"Your husband is mad, to draw you away from all your friends at a moment's warning. I would remonstrate. I would not go. I would exert a proper spirit, and make him abandon this idiotic scheme."

"Mrs. Saunders, you speak too warmly. Why should I endeavor to prevent an undertaking, which Mr. M—— considers, would greatly benefit his family?"

"Nonsense! I hate—I repudiate such passive obedience, as beneath the dignity of woman. I am none of your bread and butter wives, who consider it their duty to become the mere echo of

their husbands. If I did not wish to go, no tyrannical lord of the creation, falsely so called, should compel me to act against my inclinations."

"No compulsion is necessary, when both parties are agreed."

"Oh, yes, I see how it is," with a contemptuous curl of the lip; "You are determined to bear Mr. M—— out, like a good dutiful wife, who aspires to become an example of enduring patience, to all the refractory conjugals in the place. Myself among the rest. I understand it all. How amiable some people can make themselves at the expense of others."

"Indeed Mrs. Saunders, I meant no reflections upon you. I never talk *at* any one."

"Certainly not." You are not aware I suppose," with a strong sneer, "that differences exist between Mr. Saunders and me, and will continue to exist, as long as mind claims a superiority over matter, that we are only husband and wife in name. But I forgive you,"

"You have nothing to forgive," said Rachel, indignantly; "Nor do I ever trouble my head with what does not concern me."

"Oh, no! You are too selfishly engrossed with your own happiness, to have any sympathy for the sorrows of a friend. Ah! well, it is early days with you yet. Let a few short years of domestic care pass over your head; and all this honey will be changed to gall. Matrimony, is matrimony, husbands are husbands, and wives will strive to have their own way, and will fight to get it, too. You will *then* find, however, little of the sugar of love remains to sweeten your cup, and in the bitterness of your soul, you will think of me."

"This must be a false picture," said Rachel; "Or who would marry!"

"It is true in my case."

"But there are exceptions to all rules."

"Humph!" responded Mrs. Saunders: "This is another compliment at my expense."

"My dear Madam, I do not wish to quarrel with you; but you seem determined to take all my words amiss."

A long silence ensued. Mrs. Saunders smoothed down her ruffled plumes, and said in a pitying, patronizing tone:

"You will be disgusted with Canada. We shall see you back in twelve months."

"Not very likely. That is, if I know anything of John and myself."

"What will you do for society?"

Rachel thought that solitude would be a luxury, and Mrs. Saunders away.

"You may be twelve miles from the nearest habitation. No church—no schools—no markets—no medical attendant—think on that, Mrs. M——. And worse, far worse,—no sympathizing friends to condole with you in distress and difficulty."

"These may be evils," said Rachel, losing all patience; "but we shall, at least, be spared the annoyance of disagreeable visitors."

"Oh, Rachel, how could you be so imprudent as to speak your thoughts aloud, and before such a woman as Mrs. Saunders." That lady took the hint and rose indignantly from her chair, and haughtily wishing Mrs. M—— good morning, swept out of the room.

Rachel was astonished at her own want of caution, but she knew that it was useless to apologize, and she felt perfectly indifferent as to the result. Nor did she care if she never saw Mrs. Saunders again.

"Thank God she's gone!" involuntarily burst from her lips when she found herself once more alone.

It was impossible for Rachel to contemplate leaving England without great pain. The subject was so distressing to her feelings, that she endeavored to forget it as much as possible. When the great struggle came, she hoped to meet it with becoming fortitude, not only for her own, but for her husband's sake. The manner in which it had been forced upon her by Mrs. Saunders, was like probing a deep wound with a jagged instrument, and after that lady's departure, she covered her face with her hands, and wept long and bitterly.

(To be continued.)

O WHITHER HAVE OUR FATHERS FLED!

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

O! WHITHER have our fathers fled?

They liv'd and flourish'd, once as we.

Lo! they're all slumbering with the dead,

For death has been their destiny.

Then what's the world we've here below?

Or why should folly claim a care?

A moment more, and men shall go,

To mingle with the men who were.

For wealth, that scarce deserves a name,

How many trust the treacherous deep;

To win themselves a worthless fame,

How many make whole nations weep!

'Tis said one warrior wept of yore,

When ev'ry land was over-run;

He wept, that he could win no more,

What boots him now, the world he won?

TYNDENAGA, 1851.

THE PHILANTHROPIC SENTIMENT.*

BY THE REV. HENRY GILES.



THE relation which the philanthropic sentiment bears to some other sentiments shall occupy the remaining portion of this essay.

It is not independent of the more intimate sentiments, and cannot be cultivated separately from those of home or country. Nay, it is by means of these that it has existence, and it is by the associations with which these connect it, that it becomes a strong and a moving principle. For, if the idea of home—with its primitive instincts, and its domestic affections had no charm on ray heart or imagination, it is plain that applied to the world at large, it would be a cold and a lifeless abstraction. It would have no meaning, no power, and no impulse. If the idea of my nearer kindred aroused no fond emotions in my breast, it were vain to tell me of kindred to my race. If I had no loving bonds which united me with a small home-family, there are no ties by which I could be made to feel united with a boundless world-family. Country becomes dear through the endearment of home; and the sentiment, as it widens to the fullness of its compass, embraces our kind, within the circle of its regards. This must be the order. For, if we had never loved those near to us whom we have seen, we could never love those afar off whom we have not seen, nor can see. But, the feeling once existing; the association once originated, I not only bring the distant more into connection with this near emotion, but in the force of it, I *understand* his being, and I can interpret his nature by my own. I appreciate, by these means, his gladness and his grief; his wishes and his fears. In the degree that I thus feel I am saved from doing him evil: I am urged to do him good; in the degree, that we both mutually feel thus, we are friends and benefactors. He has like relations to life that I have. He as I, had a mother, and lay, an infant on her bosom: he had a father, and a roof he called his home; and though he come from the other side of the globe, there are some passages of a

common experience between us. When he is delighted or when he mourns, I have some knowledge why he rejoices or why he weeps. And this feeling is not less necessary in social and moral disparities, that in national differences and distance: it is necessary to keep alive the sense of our universal humanity, to strengthen the bonds of our kindred, to preserve unbroken that unity of sympathy, which we may call the Catholic faith of a common nature. It is necessary for the charities of our spirit to feel that the remote and colored savage is our brother; that he has human instincts, human affections, which to him as to ourselves, have their share of blessing and of suffering: but it is often also just as necessary to feel thus towards the poor man at our doors, or to the criminal within our borders. Adversity will indeed frequently so mar the visage of our neighbor, that, left to our selfishness, we would not willingly claim relationship to him: and guilt may so disorder the soul of even our nearest friend, that our pride would tempt us to deny him. But the knowledge, that any of us may be victims of distress or of temptation, united with the emotion of a large benevolence, will cause us to despise no man for his outward condition, nor to approach any without compassion, whatever be his sin.

As the philanthropic sentiment arises out of the more immediate affections, so these affections are not complete, if the philanthropic does not rest upon, and ennoble them. Men may have very devoted affections within their homes, and be very selfish men, notwithstanding. Men may be very loving within their thresholds, but, outside them, be rapacious, unmerciful, and unjust. A savage may cherish the most ardent attachment to the locality with which he is connected; but if his affections extend no farther, he is still a savage, though these affections should be ever so heroic. Such beings do not, and cannot love their homes or their country nobly. To love nobly in our homes, in our circle, or in our country, we must love them in their highest relations. The husband does not love his wife, truly, until he loves more in her than the wife; until he loves her not merely as his, but as herself; merely as a pleasant companion, but as a spiritual agent; until he re-

Continued from page 73.

cognises in her, and reverences an immortal humanity. A man does not truly love his child; his friend; his brothers, his compatriots until he discerns in them, the claims of that great nature, on which God has stamped the image of his divinity. This will enlighten and dignify his affections; it will raise them up from simple instincts into exalted moral feelings, and while it guides him wisely towards those to whom he is not attached, it will guide him to be kindly and friendly towards all besides.

The Philanthropic sentiment does not set aside any other; and it does not take the place of any other. It does not abrogate, and it cannot replace the domestic sentiment. This is too closely wrought with every fibre of the heart—too deeply imbedded in its earliest feelings, to have its impressions effaced by remote considerations, or to have its want supplied by general principles. Nor can the patriotic sentiment more than the domestic be abrogated or replaced by the philanthropic. The philanthropic sentiment does not abrogate, and it cannot replace the sentiment of duty. The qualities of motive and of deed, are all that conscience assumes to judge; and conscience, as Bishop Butler finely observes, if it had the power, as it has the right, would assuredly govern the world. The philanthropic sentiment does not abrogate, and it cannot replace the sentiment of religion. The sentiment of religion transcends all relations of the visible. It reaches to those which belong to the unseen, the eternal; the absolute, and the perfect. We defend, then, no theoretical philanthropy. We speak of that which grows out of the natural affections; and which, far from setting them aside, is only their full and adequate expression: we speak of that in which the best sentiments of the spiritual and social being have their ultimate development and their noblest manifestation. We do not deny that this like the tendencies of our nature may run into extravagance, and so become, even with the best desires, an uncompromising and intolerant enthusiasm. Granting all this—are there no visionaries but those of philanthropy? Has not selfishness also, its Quixotisms? Has it not its air-built delusions; its treasures of gilded clouds; its dream-formed plans: its passionate expectations; its unsubstantial hopes; its persuasions the most frenzied, and its anticipations the most absurd? Which has most crammed the asylums of the insane? Which has caused the most maniacs? The enthusiasm of humanity or the enthusiasm of worldliness? Which has wrecked more brains into hopeless madness? The struggles for man or the struggles for vanity?

But, after all, Christianity gives us the only practicable philanthropy; for Christianity is the truest of all systems to the order of nature. It associates moral principles as well as moral sentiments with the home affections, and thus it makes the nearest emotions, guides to the remotest duties. It honors every age and every condition of humanity; the child as well as the patriarch; the beggar as the king; the savage as the sage; it does not confine our kindred to the fire-side, but carries it out into the whole family of man; and lest the feeling of kindness should grow cold by such abstraction, it constantly recalls us to our fire-sides again. Theorists, from Plato to Godwin, have been constructing systems for man's perfection; but the systems did not admit of even temporary application. Ancient systems have been long forgotten; and the authors of those more recent, have seen the children of their fancy laid in the tomb of an early oblivion. These theories have left no impressions on society. They have established no institutions; they have rectified no errors; they have strengthened no principles; they have imparted no power; they merely dazzled as they flashed along their narrow track, but gave no ample or steady illumination to the world. All abstract speculations—ancient or modern—which have been designed for the moral government of man, have endeavored to make him something else, than that which he is, and to procure some other end for him, than that for which he seems fitted and created. Upon opposite principles, but with equal success—they have treated him as an angel or a brute; as a genius of pure intellect or as machine of passive indifference; as a child of peace or a lover of distinction; as a being of mere sensation, or as one capable of an entire independence on the senses; as a natural egotist or a natural philanthropist; and he, the meanwhile stood unmoved by either, and at the same time distant from them both. Men pretended in these schemes, to aim at universal peace, happiness, and perfection; they would render their kind blessed, without laying hold on those affections and faculties in the progress and cultivation of which their felicity consists; they would render them perfect by destroying their nearest relationships, by blighting all that enlightens and consoles; by converting all the intimate charities of life into vague and joyless generalities. They pretended to build up universal benevolence on the ruins of domestic love; to give goodness a wider freedom by cutting its nearest ties; to open fuller channels of virtue by drying up all its immediate fountains and having thus severed man's soul from home, from brethren, from country, and from heaven;

they congratulate him on his victory over prejudice; they congratulate him on his extent of dominion, when all is desolation; on his fraternity, when all are strangers; on his wisdom, when he believes nothing, and nothing is left him to believe; they congratulate him on his grandeur, when there is no love in the present, and no hope in the future; they congratulate him on his emancipation from the bondage of custom and superstition, when they have delivered him into the glorious liberty of a universe, *where there is no Deity, but where all is death.* We of this generation have almost seen an attempt to reduce such doctrines to practice. It commenced with a declaration of the widest philanthropy—we know in what it ended. Calling themselves prophets of liberty, the men who made this attempt, became tyrants and anarchists; they substituted abstract maxims for home-born feelings; they substituted Pagan fables for evangelical revelations; they endeavored to repeal the natural and the religious affections; they endeavored to reduce their atrocious theories to fact; but while they urged on their plans of universal welfare, nations stood aghast in terror at a mission of massacre, preached in the roar of the cannon, sealed with the baptism of fire and of blood. The regenerators nothing daunted, swept along in their apostleship of lust and carnage: onward, and onward, they continued, growing wilder in their progress; hope was quenched before them, and desolation was left behind: onward still they kept, until their destiny was complete; until they perfected an example that history might record for an everlasting warning. If these preachers of philanthropy did not establish a blissful millennium on a godless and homeless earth under a Fatherless heaven, in the midst of graves, among tombs inscribed with the epitaph "*Death and eternal sleep,*" they gave to the world such a spectacle of sensuality and slaughter, as the world will not be in haste to copy. No: if we would learn a true philanthropy, let us go to Him, who gave the epitome of human duty in the generous precept, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and if we would know who it is that is our neighbor, let us study it in the parable of the good Samaritan.

(Concluded.)

THE EXILE.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

THE bark, that's to bear me
From home and its sweets,
But waits for the land-breeze
To breathe on her sheets—

And here wings the wanton
Upon them to play--
'Tis blowing—she's going—
Oh there—she's away!

All hope then has vanished—
That dusk seal'd my doom,
It quenched the last glimmer,
That peeped through my gloom
As wild as the woe was,
That darken'd my brow;
The shafts of affliction,
I felt not till now.

Some say, "'tis unseemly
The tear to let flow,
That the man's but a woman,
Who weeps at his woe."
They say, but they know not
The anguish that lies,
In parting for ever,
From all that we prize.

Roll on ye dark gushes,
Why should I restrain;
Ye but lighten a bosom,
That's bursting in twain,
Roll on, while I murmur
Farewell to yon shore,
To the land of my birth,
Which I'll never see more.

Now far in the distance
That land do I leave,
To the eye it but seemeth
A spot on the wave,
But while I can ken it,
On it are mine eyes,
When 'tis lost in the Ocean
I'll look where it lies.

These Mariners round me
Are merry—They may,
They brave not the billows
Beyond them to stay,
To steer his course backward
Each fellow is free,
He's doom'd not to wander
An outcast like me.

Again, to the harbor,
They've left, they'll arrive;
While to me 'tis forbidden,
As long as I live,
'Mid regions far distant
I'm destin'd to roam,
While the hand of the stranger
Shall dig my last home.

TYNDENAGA.

CLARENCE FITZ-CLARENCE.*

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF AN EGOTIST.

BY R. E. M.

CHAPTER V.



IX years had now elapsed since Fitz-Clarence had parted from Blanche Castleton at Brighton. We will not trace his career through that period, suffice it to say it was as cruel, as heartless, as might have been expected from the proofs of utter egotism he had given during the short episode of his life, in which she had played so sad a part. Friends had fallen off from him—relatives had gone down to the tomb—the good, the virtuous, had suffered, had died, and yet no shade of remorse, no pang of sorrow had ever reached that marble heart. No, Fitz-Clarence could suffer but through himself alone, and it seemed as if fortune and favor had alike conspired to shield from the faintest breath of sorrow, their favored child. But one source existed on earth to cause him even a thought of care or anxiety, and that was the detriment his fortune had received in a course of extravagance as unbounded as his had been. Where his own convenience, pleasure or caprice were concerned, he was ever lavish in the most unlimited degree; and whether it was a rare King Charles spaniel, an Arabian hunter, or a diamond pin that he fancied, it was ever procured at the moment, no matter how exorbitant or extortionate was the price demanded. After a few months quiet reflection, Fitz-Clarence had resolved to mend his fortunes by contracting an immediate alliance with some wealthy heiress. In consequence of this resolve, he obtained an immediate introduction to the pretty Miss Cavendish, whom he had ascertained was the wealthiest and most admired heiress of the season; made himself very agreeable, and in a short time was on the most intimate terms with her. It was in the drawing room of the latter's elegant home in Cleveland Square, that we will

again introduce him to the reader. Flora Cavendish, a gay coquettish girl of nineteen, was leaning carelessly back amid a heap of embroidered cushions, one dainty little foot conspicuously resting on a silken hassock; whilst Fitz-Clarence, looking into her face as he had looked in Blanche Castleton's six years before, stood beside her, in appearance more handsome and irresistible than ever. A slight shade of seriousness rested on Miss Cavendish's usually thoughtless features whilst her companion's countenance wore a look, of deep, though probably assumed feeling. He at length broke silence by exclaiming in a low tone.

"So, you really leave us to-morrow?"

"You say that, as if you really felt sorry, Mr. Fitz-Clarence," rejoined the heiress, raising her bright eyes half seriously to the speaker's face.

"Sorry! Miss Cavendish!" and Fitz-Clarence's expressive countenance finished the sentence more eloquently than words could have done.

The young lady's eyes, albeit of no very timid nature, drooped for a moment beneath his ardent gaze; and she nervously stooped to adjust her bracelet clasp to cover her confusion. Her companion seeing his advantage continued;

"Had I only a hope, however faint, that you would give a thought in Italy, to those you leave behind, I would not feel so sad as I do now."

Had any of Miss Cavendish's other numerous suitors ventured on such a speech, they would have been rewarded by a peal of merry laughter, but Fitz-Clarence's eyes were so very earnest and so very expressive; his tones so musically persuasive, that she only rejoined with a shade of his own sad seriousness of manner;

"Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Clarence, I fear your memory can prove as readily forgetful as my own. How soon you have forgotten my old school-mate, Lady Agnes Vere, and Miss Forrester, to whom you were so very devoted last winter."

"Ah! but, Flora,—I beg pardon, Miss Cavendish,—I never loved them."

Again his earnest glance assisted his companion to draw the palpable inference his half spoken sentence contained; and the heiress considerably

* Continued from page 90.

embarrassed, and feeling the conversation was getting too serious, even for her coquettish taste, quickly exclaimed;

"We are really attaching too much importance to a mere trifle. A few months will be the utmost limit of my absence, for papa, who is never contented at home, is always doubly discontented abroad. I will see you here on my return."

"I will not, I *cannot* wait till then. As soon as my affairs permit it, I too, will seek Italy, and trust to join you there."

"Yes, provided I have not previously entered some of its countless, holy and secluded convents," and the girl smiled.

"Oh! do not do that; you will drive too many devoted admirers to despair, and above all, do not fall a victim to the musical name and dark eyes of some Italian count."

As he spoke, the door opened, and a tall, pleasant looking man, the father of the heiress, entered.

"Well, Flora, are you all ready and packed for to-morrow? Ah! Mr. Fitz-Clarence, happy to see you."

Fitz-Clarence replied with great cordiality to his friendly greeting, and Mr. Cavendish continued;

"I must really chase you away, my young friend. Flora has wasted her whole morning with you already, and to-morrow, when we should be starting, she will be looking for missing band-boxes, and counting up lost valises. Her maid has about as much forethought and solicitude as herself, for she has been talking for the last three hours out of the window, to that philosophic valet of yours."

Miss Cavendish reddened, but Fitz-Clarence smiled, and as he pressed her hand at parting, he whispered a hope that they would soon meet again, and that the feelings of both would remain unchanged till then. The speech was rather a daring one, but the heiress resented it not, and she answered it by a quiet blushing glance, such as she had seldom if ever bestowed on any suitor before. Miss Cavendish and her father left the following morning for the Continent; and Fitz-Clarence having remained with them to the last moment, and seen them fairly embarked, returned to his Hotel, thanking his good fortune they were off, "for," as he murmured to himself, "though Flora Cavendish is as agreeable a girl as I have ever yet met; and though she numbers more thousands than she does years, still, dancing attendance on her is a regular bore."

CHAPTER VI.

"I TELL thee, friend, of that lady beware,
Not for her wealth, or her jewels rare,
But for her mind and her face so fair."

Not many weeks had elapsed ere Fitz-Clarence issued his orders to Norris, who still adhered to him, to prepare for an immediate departure from England; and his parting interview with his agent, which had been preceded by several of a most stormy character, confirmed him entirely and irrevocably in the resolution he had vaguely entertained for some months previous, that of marrying Flora Cavendish immediately, and building up anew on her wealth, the tottering fortunes of the Fitz-Clarences. Travelling by the most luxurious and easy manner, Fitz-Clarence, after a brief and favorable voyage, at length reached the city of Naples. Fatigued and consequently out of temper he arrived at the Hotel, and his future bride did not entirely escape the anathemas and invectives he lavished on "the cursed Italian cookery and the still more detestable Italian people."

The day was far advanced ere he left his apartment and lounged into the sitting-room, intending to call up the host and question him as to the whereabouts of the Cavendishes, knowing well that English travellers, of their wealth and expensive habits, had of course come within the sphere of his curiosity, or observation. The sitting-room, however, was already occupied by a tall, fair young man, an English nobleman, who, but lately freed from his tutor, was now making a second tour of the continent on his own particular account. There was a something so exquisitely fastidious in his dress, so languidly indifferent in his countenance and manner, that Fitz-Clarence at once perceived he had encountered a kindred spirit. Still, mindful of his own dignity, he made no approach to anything like conversation, and without a word, he threw himself on the most comfortable chair the apartment contained, its one couch being already occupied by the stranger who was stretched full length upon it. A brilliant Southern sun darted in its rays obliquely through the half closed blinds, and the light spread broader and broader till at length it flashed over the sleepy eyes of Lord Orford. With a softly lisped invective against "that cursed, Italian sun," he sprang to his feet, and Fitz-Clarence, still out of humor with everything around him, readily joined in his companion's assertion; "that Italy was an odious country, and the Italians an odious people." The conversation thus propitiously opened, the travellers got on

amazingly well; and though the same two spirits in a drawing-room in St. James', would have disagreed on every possible subject, they now accorded perfectly together. At length, Fitz-Clarence taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, enquired "if his companion knew whether the Cavendishes were still in Naples."

"Ah! you are one of Flora Cavendish's train?" rejoined the other; "Well, you have come a day too late. I'm sorry for you, *pon honor*, but she left here yesterday."

"Keep your sympathy till it is asked for," retorted Fitz-Clarence, nettled at the equivocal expressions of compassion bestowed on him; "You seem to require it as much for yourself, for from appearances, *you* were probably a day too early."

"You are mistaken there," laughed Lord Orford; "Though Flo Cavendish is a charming girl, I want neither her thousands nor herself; and the scriptural prohibition against cousinly alliances was perfectly superfluous in our case." Seeing Fitz-Clarence's enquiring glance, he answered it by adding; "Yes, Miss Cavendish and I are cousins, and we flirted in a cousinly way during her four weeks' sojourn here."

"Then, why have you lingered behind her?" asked Fitz-Clarence quickly, an expression of distrustful jealousy overspreading his features.

"Because, as I have already told you, I want neither her fortune nor herself, and her own indifference equals mine. I have another reason too, even more potent, for remaining here. Not on account of the beautiful skies and gardens that stupid poets prate so much about; but for the starry eyes of the most beautiful woman in all Naples, the Marchesa di Colonna."

"Indeed," said Fitz-Clarence listlessly; "I think such a cause, unaided by other motives, would be insufficient to detain me a second hour in this Paradise of the earth, as it is absurdly styled."

"And, yet, Flora Cavendish's eyes brought you all the way from London," was the quick retort.

"Not her eyes but her fortune," returned Fitz-Clarence coolly; "My estate is sadly impaired."

"A frank confession," replied Lord Orford, his satire entirely disarmed by Fitz-Clarence's easy indifference; "But, as to this Marchesa, were you only to see her, you would not wonder at my remaining stationary in Tartarus, much less Naples, for her sake. Such a figure, such features and such eyes; large, soul-haunting, melancholy."

"I hate your large eyed, melancholy looking

woman," returned Fitz-Clarence; "Flora Cavendish, with her meaningless, indeed silly smile, and laughing glances, is far more to my taste."

"But you have not seen the Marchesa," returned his companion, who on this one point, was earnest, indeed enthusiastic; "To see, is to admire, and her suitors are as numerous as her own perfections."

Fitz-Clarence sneered, one of his quiet but expressive sneers, and Lord Orford continued: "Why, she is the undisputed, reigning *belle* of Naples; and our countrymen, against whom I regret to say, it is asserted she has a most unaccountable prejudice, have been enlisted as well as her own in her long train of adorers. His Grace of Normanby's talented youngest son, whom all London chooses to consider in the light of an embryo Pitt, forgot his statesmanship and diplomacy in the bewildering light of her eyes, and haunted her footsteps for half a dozen months till he became utterly discouraged by her own unceasing coldness and pride."

"She is proud then?"

"Oh! yes. Proud as Lucifer, and one would think she still expects what nature evidently intended her for, a throne."

"Or, an English title, that of Countess of Orford for instance," sneered Fitz-Clarence.

"Indeed, I would bestow it with all my heart if she would only accept it."

"Then, why do you not try her—propose at once?"

"Because, I am waiting till I know sufficient Italian to do so with some degree of grace."

A silence followed and then Fitz-Clarence exclaimed; "But, who or what is she, this wonderful Marchesa?"

"A young and beautiful widow, connected through her deceased husband with the first families of Naples, and mistress of a fortune that could buy Flora Cavendish twice over."

"Ah! she is rich, then?" and the egotist's look grew more interested; "She must be a perfect *non-pareil*. How long is her husband dead?"

"Three years, I believe, and he met her at Nice, whose invigorating clime she had sought for her health. She was poor but handsome; he rich but old; and she returned with him to Naples, Marchioness of Colonna. Indeed though, I know very little of her history, except what I have gathered from my own observation. I cannot understand this odious Italian dialect and they cannot understand mine. Every question I propose is always met by their stupid *Non capisco Signor*, the only sentence, by-the-bye, I have been able as yet to commit to memory."

"And the Marchesa speaks no English whatever."

"No. When the Count di Raselli, my only friend here, introduced me to her, I ventured on some elegant little compliment about my previous intense desire to meet the pride and ornament of Naples, she turned from me with a contemptuous *Non capisco*, and never condescended to bestow a second glance on me through the course of the night."

"And, what the deuce does *Non capisco* mean?" asked Fitz-Clarence impatiently.

"Ha ha!" laughed the young Lord, "I see you know even less of Italian than myself. I will tell you then in one moment, what took me nearly three months to find out. It means 'I do not understand,' so whenever any stupid Italian addresses myself, I stop him at once by disdainfully repeating my one solitary Italian sentence."

"Well, it seems to me, if I admired the Marchesa as much as you profess to do, I would not be so long in learning her language; but, cannot you, in the mean-while, find some other way of expressing your devotion. If the Marchesa has such expressive, melancholy eyes, you can easily read your fate in them."

"Oh! indeed, their meaning is no enigma, for at all times and all seasons, when looking at or listening to any unfortunate individual she does not choose to rank among her particular friends, it is pride—haughty contemptuous pride."

"I thought you said her eyes were melancholy."

"So they are, when she is silent, or engrossed with her own thoughts."

"Well, she is certainly a singular being, and I would rather like to see her, but that is out of the question."

"Why, out of the question," returned Lord Orford, eagerly; "The Count di Raselli gives a grand entertainment to-night, and I could bring you with me. I should like very much to have your opinion of her."

"It is formed already. She is a capricious, arrogant woman, spoiled by flattery and would likely prove as humble where she met with pride, as she is now haughty whilst surrounded by slavish adulation. Another thing, I want to get up with the Cavendishes as soon as possible. Flora, is worth a dozen of your pretentious Italian Marchesas. Come, tell us the route they have taken, I must leave Naples this evening."

Lord Orford looked annoyed. "You are in a wonderful hurry," he rejoined; "And, your estate must be in a pretty condition, or you would not be so anxious about the heiress. On my word, though I cannot tell you precisely when or how

they have gone; only Uncle Cavendish promised to write me from Rome, where they contemplate making something of a stay."

"Confound it!" muttered Fitz-Clarence, "I think my best plan is to start in pursuit of them at once, and trust to my lucky star for coming up with them *en route*. However, in return for your charitable information, I will accompany you to-night to Count Raselli's, give you a veracious, unprejudiced opinion of this peerless Italian, and leave Naples to-morrow."

"Very well—the arrangement is perfect. My valet can procure you any dress you wish, for, you must remember, it is a fancy ball. Raselli will be delighted to see you, his wife and daughters are quite ambitious of sprinkling their salon with English guests. By-the-bye, pardon me, but what is your name?"

"John Thompson, Hosier, from Cheapside, London," was the reply.

Lord Orford only smiled, for the appearance and manners of his new acquaintance were too high-bred, too polished to be mistaken; and when the latter again exclaimed, "Clarence Fitz-Clarence," he rejoined without any appearance of surprise;

"Oh! the Fitz-Clarence's of Wolverton Abbey. I have heard of them often. Your mother was a daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and the most beautiful woman in London at the time of her death. My name is Harry Villiers, or as the peerage styles me, the Earl of Orford."

That night at a suitable hour, Fitz-Clarence and his new friend were on their way to the Palazzo di Raselli. Having no particular object in view, no point to gain, Fitz-Clarence declared the selecting and arranging a fancy costume was too much trouble, and he contented himself with his usual elegant and elaborate toilette. Lord Orford was dressed as an Eastern Emir, but neither the flowing richness of his robes, nor the brilliancy of his gems, could impart to his figure and manner, the graceful elegance that distinguished his companion; and the young nobleman could have evinced no better proof of his accustomed want of fore-sight and of fore-thought, than presenting to the notice of the woman whose love he sought, so fascinating and gifted a rival. As they entered the salons of Count Raselli, a buzz of enquiry ran round the circle of Sultanas, Nuns, Knight Templars and Flower-girls, and Fitz-Clarence in his simple though studied toilette, was an object of more eager admiration and enquiry, than the most sumptuously attired and perfectly finished character there. Many a flashing glance from dark Italian eyes, many a sunny

smile was lavished on the fair and boyish young English Lord; but Fitz-Clarence with his matchless face and figure, his high-born *distingué* air, was the centre of all smiles and glances. Carelessly, indifferently, he received these intoxicating tokens of admiration; in his opinion they were but his just due, a natural thing, and none of the dark eyed beauties around, could flatter themselves they had won a second glance from the fascinating young stranger.

The Contessa di Raselli, the graceful hostess to whom he was immediately presented by Lord Orford, received him in the most flattering manner, and she instantly introduced him to a beautiful girl on her right, attired in the picturesque costume of a Greek flower girl, the daughter of the Duke di Rimini. Linda di Rimini was a young lively girl, with magnificent jetty hair and eyes, and a complexion glowing with the warm though dark Roses of the South. She farther possessed the important qualification of being slightly acquainted with his own tongue, but neither her broken English, which sounded so sweet when lisped by her musical Italian voice; nor the gentle unassuming gaiety, so admirable in one surrounded as she had been from her cradle by splendor and homage, won from Fitz-Clarence a simple thought even of admiration.

As soon as he conveniently could, he freed himself from the flower girl's slight chains, and retired to a deep recess where he could watch the revelry around, without sharing in it. Whilst listlessly following the movements of the dancers, speculating at the same time whether he would travel with Miss Cavendish after he had married her, or leave her at home whilst he pursued his peregrinations abroad, Lord Orford entered from another room, whence the loud swelling notes of an exquisite voice stole out, filling the air with ravishing melody. On perceiving Fitz-Clarence, he hurried up to him, but his face wore a most discontented expression.

"Hah! Fitz-Clarence, I have been seeking for you every where. Is it not too bad!"

"What?" was the brief, listless reply.

"Why, the Marchesa is not here, and our hostess had previously assured me she would certainly be present."

"Why, I think there are Marchesas enough here to restore your good humor," rejoined Fitz-Clarence, glancing round the room with his cold sneer; "I see a couple looking very earnestly in our direction."

"Oh! yes, I know them both, and I must pay my court to them at once. I have not done so yet; but, why are you not dancing?"

"I am not in the vein, and I prefer, too, viewing all those radiant planets at a distance, for in a nearer encounter I might get scorched."

"Indeed, I think it would be very hard to scorch you," returned Lord Orford looking narrowly at him; for short a time as they had been acquainted, and careless and unobservant as he usually was, he began already to see the mould of which the egotist was formed. Fitz-Clarence was silent, apparently disdaining a reply, whilst his companion resumed;

"You danced though, once, did you not?"

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"Some flower girl, I believe," and he carelessly adjusted his watch guard.

Lord Orford was a dandy and something of an egotist too, but all his own affectation and conceit, fell infinitely short of the incomparable effrontery, the matchless insolence of his new acquaintance; and after regarding him a moment in silence, he exclaimed with some asperity.

"Some flower girl? The Duke of Rimini's only daughter and heiress you mean, a blood relation of the royal family of Naples."

"Is she?" and Fitz-Clarence's attention never wandered a moment from his watch-guard.

"What do you think of her?" asked Lord Orford, evidently growing more irritated.

"Oh! she is a most charming girl. In fact they are all charming people here. Sultanas and shepherdesses, perfectly irresistible."

Lord Orford, without perceiving the sneer with which this was said, rapidly rejoined;

"Ah! I knew you would find our fair Linda charming. Next, to the Marchesa, she is the most fascinating person I have ever met at home or abroad. 'Tis said, though, she is affianced to the Prince di Mantoni. A sad pity if true, but there she is talking to that deucedly handsome German Prince. She has no business with him at any rate, and I must break in upon their dialogue."

Away he hurried, and Fitz-Clarence smiling contemptuously, threw himself back on his seat, and yawned.

CHAPTER VII.

ART thou not noble? then thy brow believ thee!
Thou art! I read it in thy proud dark eyes,
Whose glance is truth and love, and in those lips,
Whose smile is but a ray of the soul's sunshine;
In thy high bearing, in thy movements, words;
Thou art of heaven's nobility—as far
Excelling, earth's, as doth yon winged star,
Robed in its garment of celestial glory,
Out shine the earth-bound glow-worm.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

SOME hours after, Fitz-Clarence wearied of the music and revelry, rose and passed through the long suite of lighted rooms in search of a more quiet spot. He at length reached a small apartment entirely deserted. The embroidery frame, and mother of pearl work-box and cases scattered around, betokened it was the sitting room of some of the fairer members of the family, and he flung himself on a couch whose luxurious cushions were yet redolent of delicate perfumes and essence. Whilst lying back in a sort of dreamy reverie, favored by the dim light of the apartment, for but one silver lamp dispelled its gloom, a side door opened and a lady entered. The intruder was a tall, elegantly formed woman, and as she paused a moment, her hand still resting on the door as if hesitating whether to enter or not, he thought he had never seen a more queen-like or majestic looking being. Unlike the other ladies of the party, who were all attired in fancy dresses, or in light gossamer robes, she was clothed in a robe of black velvet, that swept the ground around her in heavy, ample folds. The corsage was low, revealing a neck and shoulders of matchless beauty, and whose dazzling whiteness was doubly enhanced by the sable hue of her garment. No ribbon or superfluous ornament, marred the singular yet rich simplicity of her attire, and a solitary diamond bracelet and tiara, from whose magnificent stones the faint light flashed back in a thousand varied hues, were her sole ornaments.

There was something so striking, so regal in her appearance, that Fitz-Clarence actually held his breath in fear that she should turn from the room, before he had distinctly seen if her features corresponded with so matchless a form. Fortunately for his wishes, the couch on which he lay was entirely wrapped in shadow, and farther screened by a small Mosaic table beside it, and the lady, not perceiving him, entered.

She advanced to the table over which the lamp was suspended, and as she poured herself out a glass of water from the vase upon it, the light fell full upon her features, revealing them clearly as if in noon-day. Fitz-Clarence started, but it was not her perfect loveliness of feature or look, that excited his emotion. No, it was the strange and sudden consciousness that there was something familiar, something he had seen before in that beautiful, *spirituelle* face. Where, where was it? Vainly, he taxed his memory—vainly went back on the past, whilst his glance wandered over the classical features, the dark pencilled brows, the thrillingly beautiful eyes before him. Memory was still a blank, and he inwardly mur-

mured with impatience; "It must have been in a dream."

"As the lady returned the silver goblet to its place, by some chance she raised her eyes to the lamp suspended above her head, and Fitz-Clarence was strangely struck by the expression of deep, unutterable melancholy that filled their dark shining depths. They seemed to tell, not some passing sadness, not of some trivial grief to be wept at to-day and smiled at to-morrow, but of some mighty sorrow that had passed like a lasting blight over that keen sensitive spirit, and left its eternal, ineffaceable impress behind. Soon, her eyes drooped, and she breathed a long heavy sigh, a sigh that seemed to come from the very depths of her heart. In another moment she awakened with a start from her melancholy reverie and turned from the room, leaving Fitz-Clarence involved in a perfect labyrinth of bewildering doubts and conjectures.

"Who, was this radiant, this queen-like creature, whose very gems seemed regal in their magnificent worth? Why was she so sad, so mournful-looking?" Of course his doubts remained unanswered, and he sprang to his feet, resolved to solve them as soon as possible.

Lord Orford was the most probable source of information, and he hurried off to seek him. After threading his way through half a dozen crowded rooms, he at length found him in the principal saloon, seated on a couch in earnest conversation with a very merry and very giddy looking Juno. Heedless of the enquiring gaze of the latter, who seemed suddenly to remember something of her dignified and august character, on finding her dialogue with her engrossing partner so unceremoniously interrupted, Fitz-Clarence hastily stooped towards him and asked;

"Can you tell me the name of the lady who wears a black velvet dress?"

"Oh! yes. The Signora Orivetto. There she is."

"Where, where?" and Fitz-Clarence eagerly looked in the direction his companion indicated.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, turning away in disgust, as his glance fell upon a respectable but shrewish looking lady of fifty, attired in a black velvet, and crimson turban; "Pshaw! that, is not her. The lady I mean, was young, and wore magnificent diamonds."

"Diamonds! Young! Ah! it must be the Contessa di Lavelli. She is dressed as a lady of the old French school. Black velvet robe, opening in front over a petticoat of rose-colored satin, superb diamonds, and high-heeled shoes; excessively pretty, and *petite*."

"Lord Orford, you are surely amusing yourself at my expence and that of politeness. The person I speak of, was tall and stately; and, unlike the rest of the Italians, dazzlingly fair. Raven hair and eyes, and simply but richly dressed."

"By Jove! Fitz-Clarence, I could almost swear you were describing the Marchesa di Colonna, only she is not here to-night. Wait patiently, my dear fellow, till your Juno comes into the room, and I will then give you all the information in my power—meanwhile, allow me to attend to mine."

Lord Orford's partner, who had looked indeed very stately and Juno-like whilst his attention was withdrawn from herself, soon regained her smiles and her giddiness when he turned anew to her; and Fitz-Clarence petulantly moved from them, and resting his arm on a gilded cornice near him, stood, with his back towards the company, examining or feigning to examine, a splendid painting of Titian's. Suddenly, a momentary, hush, succeeded by a general increase of sound, caused him suddenly to turn, and there, the centre of a hundred worshippers, the cynosure of all eyes, stood the beautiful and interesting visitant of the ante-room. What was it that caused Fitz-Clarence's cheek to crimson, his eye to flash so wonderingly? Strange, incredible as it appeared even to himself, the brilliant eyes of the ball-room Queen were fixed full on himself as he turned, fixed, not with the passing curiosity that a stranger might call forth, nor even with the earnestness bestowed on a face and figure whose elegance shone conspicuous amid all others, but with a strange indefinable expression, a thrilling intensity that spoke of forgetfulness of time, scene and the presence of those around her—a mind whose every faculty and thought, were at the moment centred, whether in praise or in blame, in love or in hatred, exclusively in himself. As his glance encountered her's, it seemed there was sympathy, almost recognition between them, but her eyes were instantly averted, and turning towards Lord Orford, Fitz-Clarence eagerly whispered;

"There, there she is. Who, is she?"

"The Marchesa," vehemently ejaculated the young nobleman, springing to his feet; "the Marchesa di Colonna," and in another moment he had muttered some disconnected apology to his half-wondering, half-indignant Juno, and left her side to mingle with the crowd that surrounded the object of his own volatile admiration.

"Fitz-Clarence, more interested and eager than he had ever felt in his life, impatiently gazed around, already chafing at the difficulties which

he foresaw would interpose between an introduction to the *belle* of Naples, when the Count di Raselli, his polite and affable host, passed near him. Fitz-Clarence immediately addressed him in French, a language with which the Count was perfectly conversant, and requested an introduction to the Marchesa. The Count smiled for the demand had already been repeated fifty times to him, during the short period that had elapsed since the lady's entrance, but a friend of Lord Orford, and a gentleman of Fitz-Clarence's appearance and manner, was not to be slighted, and he cheerfully assented.

"Does she speak English?" asked Fitz-Clarence eagerly.

"I think not, at least I have never heard her attempt it, but she is perfectly conversant with French."

"Ah! that is charming," thought Fitz-Clarence, inwardly blessing his one year's youthful residence in Paris, and with a smiling brow he expressed his satisfaction and gratitude to his host. As they approached the Marchesa, her magnificent dark eyes were fixed full on Fitz-Clarence, but their expression baffled all penetration. Count Raselli, who seemed on very intimate terms with her, introduced his companion, and the latter instantly solicited her hand. She assented by a cold and almost imperceptible inclination of her head, and a moment after, they were standing up together, both apparently indifferent to the indignant glances and stormy brows of the many suitors around, who all naturally considered they had a prior claim to her hand beyond the handsome but unknown Englishman.

After a moment, Fitz-Clarence stole a covert glance at his beautiful partner—her dark searching eyes were again stedfastly fixed upon himself. Though thus detected, they were averted without the faintest shade of embarrassment, and he felt he had at length met a fellow mortal, whose imperturbable self-possession and proud cold tranquillity rivalled his own. Soon he ventured on some complimentary speech about his having obtained an honor in gaining her hand, which he had not even dared to hope for; and when he turned towards her to see the effect his words produced, a curl of proud contempt wreathed her lip.

"Heavens!" thought Fitz-Clarence, "is this being, with her disdainful smile, her marble features, her defiant haughty glance, the woman I saw an hour since, all softness and feeling. Did my vision deceive me then, or does it now?"

All doubts on the latter point were easily dispelled, for the Marchesa's features still wore their

look of icy indifference, and when her delicate hand first touched his in the dance, it seemed to him that a thrill of dislike ran through her frame. Conversation with her was next to impossible, and when he resigned her to one of the many eager claimants for her hand, he felt that the impression he had made upon her, through whatever reason he could not divine, had been most unfavorable. Fitz-Clarence danced no more that night. Vainly, stately Sultanas with eyes as flashing as their gems, gazed enquiringly, encouragingly upon him; vainly Sylphs, Seraphs and Shepherdesses, displayed their pearly teeth in smiles directed to himself alone, he was insensible to all, and for once, another being shared the private imaginings of which he himself was generally sole object. This Marchesa, so universally flattered and worshipped, so favored by Nature and by Fortune—so proud so coldly beautiful and yet at times, so soft, womanly, so sorrowful; this being, between whom and himself, there seemed already to exist some secret mysterious relationship, some unaccountable singular sympathy; who had singled him out, a perfect stranger, the first moment of her entrance into a room crowded with the highest and noblest of the land, and whose dark haunting eyes had sought and followed him so often through the night. Influenced by a sudden wish again to see her, to again meet her glance, he bent his steps towards the chief saloon, but she was not there. He turned into an inner apartment, hung with rich amber colored hangings, and there, the centre as usual of a crowd of worshippers, stood the Signorda di Colonna, engaged at the moment in animate discussion with the Austrian Ambassador, one of the cleverest and most gifted men of his day. As both spoke in Italian, the subject of the discourse was of course entirely lost to Fitz-Clarence, but he needed no interpreter to read the varying changes of the Marchesa's expressive face, the high noble intellect that rested on that queen-like brow, or beamed in the dark intelligent eye. The entranced eagerness with which the group around her, hung on her every word; the murmured exclamations of applause, suppressed only through respect to herself, told him she defended well the cause she had undertaken, and when a bystander whispered him, she spoke of the rights and liberties, and the past glories of Italy, he wondered not at the infatuated worship with which her impulsive countrymen surrounded her. He could not help thinking there was a strange resemblance between the Marchesa, and a picture he had once seen of Corinna crowned at the Capitol, and the remembrance displeased him. He had always felt a certain jealousy mingled with distrust, of

those women, who, whatever their natural genius or superiority, presumed to engross a fame or celebrity, to which, as woman, it seemed to him, they had no claim, and as a more unrestrained murmur of *bravos* burst from the group at the conclusion of the lady's reply to some polished though despotic speech of the Ambassador, Fitz-Clarence abruptly averted his head. He had stepped however within a charmed circle and he could not leave it. Again he turned towards the Neapolitan Aspasia, and though olden feelings and prejudices that had grown up with him from his boyhood, spoke loudly against her, they were all absorbed, despite his struggles and efforts, in a feeling of intense admiration for her high and glorious intellect, her proud mental superiority. Ere long, the music in an adjoining room struck up some lively strains, and the Marchesa, wearied of the discussion, uttered some courteous closing word to the Ambassador and moved a few paces off. A moment after, the young flower-girl with whom Fitz-Clarence had danced in the commencement of the evening, entered the room leaning on the arm of her father, the Duke of Rimini, a fine looking man though somewhat past the prime of life, covered with stars and glittering decorations. He led his daughter up to the Marchesa, and after a few smiling words of friendly admonition regarding the young Linda, turned away, leaving the latter seated beside her.

Fitz-Clarence had seen Bianca di Colonna in two different lights, that of a proud, admired idol of fashion, and a gentle melancholy dreamer; he was now to see her in the doubly fascinating character of a kind-hearted, affectionate woman. Much as he had already witnessed of the wonderful depths of expression of which the beautiful Italian's features were capable, he was almost bewildered by the sunny sweetness of the smile, the tender loving light of the eyes that were turned on the young girl, who now approached her, and pressed her hand with friendly warmth. It was evident that Linda di Rimini was a great favorite, and the kind interest with which she listened to her childish confidences and remarks, and replied to her questions, she would not have vouchsafed to the highest and noblest of her suitors. Indeed, it had been more than once said that Linda di Rimini was the only thing in Naples that the Marchesa di Colonna loved.

Whilst they were still conversing together, Lord Orford approached to solicit the Marchesa's hand. The instant his accents fell on her ear, the whole expression of her countenance changed, and with chilling coldness, she "prayed to be excused, as she was greatly fatigued."

Her young companion, feeling for the annoyance so plainly pictured in the pleader's face, and already somewhat favorably prepossessed in favor of the fair-haired young Englishman, proved more accessible when he addressed a like request to her, and they immediately joined the dancers. The Marchesa at the same moment passed out into another apartment.

Fitz-Clarence, wearied of the company, and dissatisfied with himself for the singular feeling of restlessness the very thought of Bianca di Colonna excited in his breast, resolved not to increase it by wilfully exposing himself farther to the spells of her beauty and genius, and endeavored to occupy his thoughts by examining the contents of a portfolio of drawings on a table beside him. After some considerable time, Lord Orford and his youthful partner returned to the room, and as they entered, the latter looked around, and exclaimed in her sweet, broken English:

"The Marchesa is not here, we must seek her."

"Yes, but, pray be seated, 'till I procure you some refreshment," rejoined her companion with pressing gallantry.

Fitz-Clarence, contrary to his usual wont, sprang forward to hand her a seat, and whilst Lord Orford, went on his mission, he remained beside the fair Linda's chair. The latter was evidently well pleased with his homage, indeed she had a particular fancy for displaying to all the handsome Englishmen she met, her proficiency in their tongue, and Fitz-Clarence saw at once that his attentions were far more welcome to her than these of his serene Highness, the German Prince, or the whole of her Italian suitors with the exception, of course, of the young prince, to whom she was affianced, and who was at that time absent in his own state. It was not, however, Linda's smiles or flattering preference, that had won him to her side. The same feeling that had prompted him to follow the Marchesa from room to room, now inspired him with the wish to ingratiate himself with the young girl, who seemed honored with her special favor and friendship, and enabled him to listen to her simple remarks without any outward tokens of weariness. He was bending over her with the flattering look of devoted interest he could call to his face for the most indifferent object, when the timid glance of his companion suddenly grew more embarrassed, and following its direction, he encountered the dark, fathomless eyes of the Marchesa, fixed intently on himself. She was standing in the doorway, leaning on the arm of Linda's father, who was directing his remarks at the time to a most inattentive ear.

This time, Fitz-Clarence asked himself with a strange thrill of delight, "why did she seek, why watch him thus?" and his heart prompted the gratifying reflection, that she who had remained cold to so many Italian suitors, might yield at length to an English lover. The Duke smilingly approached his daughter, and at the same moment Lord Orford returned. Fitz-Clarence took advantage of the momentary confusion that ensued, to whisper a respectful request for the Marchesa's hand, certain of meeting, if her feelings corresponded in any degree with his own, a most willing assent. To his indignant surprise, she returned a cold, though polite refusal, and almost immediately left the room with the Duke.

"What a termagant!" he muttered, as he threw himself on a damask couch, turning his face from the dancers.

Linda, after a wondering, and somewhat offended glance towards the recreant knight, accepted Lord Orford's arm, and he was left to the free indulgence of his ill-humor and moody reflections. He was still reclining in the same position, solacing himself with bitter resolves and sneers, when Lord Orford, flushed and heated with dancing, entered.

"Well, Fitz-Clarence, what are you doing here? How are you enjoying yourself?"

"Oh! vastly," was the scornful reply; "but notwithstanding the intensity of my happiness, I would much rather be lying on a sofa at the hotel."

"Nonsense! You talk like a misanthrope; but tell me, what do you think of the Marchesa?"

"She is a very elegant looking woman, and very clever, but too pretentious and arrogant for my taste."

"Hush! such opinions would be considered high treason here; but do you know that she gives a grand entertainment to-morrow night, and that I am fortunate enough to have secured an invitation?"

"Indeed," said Fitz-Clarence, his eyes and countenance betraying an eager interest, his negligent tones but ill concealed; "Will it be a large assembly?"

"Yes, all the *élite* of Naples will be there."

"I would like in that case to be invited too," lisped the exquisite; "I would have a better opportunity of judging of Italian beauty and fashion than I have had to-night, for I have been all the time, sadly out of humor."

"Then, you do not start in pursuit of Flora Cavendish, to-morrow?" asked Lord Orford with a mischievous smile.

"The day after will do as well," was the calm reply; "but I would really feel greatly indebted

to you, if you could get me a card for to-morrow night."

"Well, I will do what I can, but the Marchesa is terribly exclusive. Our only chance is through our host, Count Raselli, who is on very friendly terms with her, and we will ask him to exert his influence in your favor. Come, let us make the effort at once."

Count Raselli's reception of Fitz-Clarence, was far from being as courteous as it had been on his first entrance. He had noticed his supercilious indolence, his contemptuous indifference to all around, and had felt anything but favorably impressed by it. Lord Orford, however, set matters right, by saying his friend had not yet recovered from the fatigues of his long voyage, intimating at the same time, that if the Count di Raselli would be kind enough to procure him, if possible, an invitation for the Marchesa's, he would be able to enjoy the gaieties of Naples better, and at the same time contract a deep debt of gratitude towards himself.

Count Raselli, a gentlemanly, well-bred man, instantly assented, and advanced towards the Marchesa, who was at the moment taking leave of her hostess. He whispered a few words to her, and after a friendly inclination of her head, she turned toward Fitz-Clarence, who, with Lord Orford, had joined the group around her, and briefly, indeed almost coldly, said: "she would be happy to see him the following evening at the Villa di Colonna." In another moment, she had taken the arm of an elderly gentleman near her, and left the room.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Lord Orford; "Another second, and you would have been too late. Fitz-Clarence, you are a lucky fellow."

Fitz-Clarence said nothing, but he thought so too.

(To be continued.)

GOD BLESS THEE MOTHER.

The following lines were suggested by reading the verses in the November number "To my Sleeping Boy."

God bless thee mother!—bless the thoughts
Which rise within thy breast,
That living well of holy love
Whose course none can arrest;
But ever flowing—ever full—
It pours in strength along,
Its murmuring sounds of solace sweet,
Its never-dying song.

God bless thee mother!—beautiful

And angel-like thou art,
Thus bending o'er thy sleeping boy
The darling of thy heart,
Marking as flits across his face
The sweet and sinless smile,
Which tells thee mother that the babe
Reads all thy thoughts the while.

Which tells thee that thy mother's love,

By angel whisper shed,
Stirs now within his inmost soul,
And o'er his face is spread,
A bright acknowledgement to thee
How sweet a thing it is,
A youthful mother's holy love,—
That, that fond love is his.

God bless thee mother!—many a day,

And many a weary night,
And many an agonized hour
Has proved thy love's strong might,
When hanging o'er the withering bed
Of sickness and of pain,
Thou'st watched and prayed returning health
Might bless thy boy again!

And when the boon was granted thee,

How bright thy beaming eye,
How full thy heart of gratitude
As lifted up on high,
Thy soul poured forth its voiceless thoughts—
Its deep-felt thanks to Him,
Who thus again had fill'd thy cup
Of joy unto the brim.

God bless thee mother!—bless the love,

Which shadows, far or near,
With all its holy influence
The child to thee so dear,
Which follows his wild wand'ring steps
To every distant shore,
Which watches o'er him 'mid the din
Of Ocean's wildest roar.

Which clings around him in the field

Where hostile foes are met,
Where many a mother's guiding star
In darkest night may set
Which there gleams in his dying hour
A vision sweet and mild,
A weeping mother praying by
The deathbed of her child.

God bless thee mother!—bless the love

No power on earth can change,
No force control its angel flight,
Its wide unbounded range
No dark malignant pestilence
Can scare that love away
No shadow o'er an honored name
A mother's love can stay.

No poverty—no fearful crime,

Can quench the living flame
Which burns within the mother's breast,
Forever and the same.
I feel that love, my mother dear,
E'en watching o'er me now,
Though Death's cold hand is on thy heart—
His dust upon thy brow.

TORONTO.

A. W.

CORREGGIO.*

A TALE TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.



LOUD and tumultuous was their welcome! Music sounded, and golden goblets sparkled crowned with flowers; while maidens richly attired, danced in charming mazes before them, and crowned the master with laurels and roses. Modestly, but without embarrassment, the painter received the universal homage, expressing his thanks with the dignified courtesy of a man used to the society of courts. These exhibitions were renewed again and again, 'till all were summoned to the magnificent banquet.

The happy day was crowned by an evening of pleasure. The sweet moon shone brightly through the trees, and mingled her soft light with the many colored lamps suspended amid the rich foliage. In the midst of the garden, on a green lawn, the table was set; and around it sat the merry, brilliant guests, in a checkered circle, as chance bestowed them, for all ceremony was banished. Sprightly conversation was alternated with charming songs, and the dancers were never weary of forming fanciful groups. All were in the full tide of enjoyment, except Julio Romano, who looked now and then abstractedly around him.

"What is the matter with you, Romano?" asked the Duke at length, who sat next him; "do you miss any one?"

"I will not deny, my prince," replied Julio, "that it surprises me much not to see the excellent Allegri among my friends. I esteem him highly, and he seems not inimical to me."

"I would swear to that," said his highness, "but he has not been invited."

"How!" cried Julio astonished, and would have started up, but the Duke held him back and whispered.

"Sit still! you know how much I esteem Correggio as a painter, but as a man, there is no bearing with him. He is, if not conceited, over confident, and arrogates too much. Though he scarce knows the name of envy or malevolence, he is indiscreet in his derision, where he conceives himself entitled to make sport, and in his levity often deeply injures those who love him most; yesterday Castiglione complained bitterly of him, and a reckless fool I must call him, at all events, for his silly behavior towards the Princess Isaura. Believe me, a little mortification can do him no harm, and his having been left out in the invitations to this entertainment, may lead him to reflect more seriously upon his conduct; he will then readily perceive where his fault lies."

"Yes, if he will take the trouble to examine," replied Julio, smiling. "Oh, my prince! I knew long ago what you tell me of the good Antonio; I know also, that it never once enters his thoughts what injury his carelessness may occasion to others, and to himself; nay, that his own ruin may be the consequence. Had he such a mis-giving, his happiness, his peace would be lost for ever; and if we would keep the artist, we must not awaken him out of the fair dream, that all men are pure, true, and free from guile as himself."

The Duke was about to answer, but at that moment, from the grand entrance of the hostelry, two men entered the garden, a third following behind them. They came immediately to the place where the Duke and Julio sat, and threw off their mantles and bonnets, discovering themselves, to the astonishment not only of Gonzaga and Julio Romano, but of the rest of the company, to be Antonio Allegri, Correggio and Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

"I have the honor to salute you, noble prince," and Michael Angelo, "and you, Julio Pipi, take also my friendly greeting. This morning I arrived in Mantua, and would have joined you immediately, having learned your rendezvous, but I met Allegri, whose cupola at Parma I had seen two days before! By Saint Lucas! I was resolved to know such a man; and we are ac-

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quainted with each other." He looked fixedly on Correggio, who took his hand and pressed it with looks of joy, to his heart.

"How much I am rejoiced to see you, Master Angelo," said the Duke.

"And I!" cried Julio Romano, "and you also, Correggio. I had almost given up the hope of seeing you here."

"Oh," replied the painter, "I should have been here this morning, with the Marchese Rossi, who brought me the invitation, but Michael Angelo wished to see your Giant's Fall;—we adjourned to my studio to chat a while, and the hours passed insensibly."

"You amaze me!" cried the Duke, "the reserved, silent Michael Angelo has passed the morning in *chat* with you?"

"It was a profitable discourse, my gracious lord; no idle prattle," said Buonarrotti. "I have few words, it is true, where nothing but empty talk is going on; yet, where I may learn something, I can listen and speak, and both with pleasure."

The Duke looked astonished—now on Michael Angelo, now on Correggio, then on Julio Romano, who nodded his head approvingly.

"Well," he said at length, "Master Angelo, if you esteem Correggio so highly, there is nothing for us to do, but salute him as the *third*, after you and Raphael."

"You do him not too much honor! Will you permit us to take seats?"

"Here—beside us."

"On this side—and you, Antonio, king of colors, sit by me—Cospetto! If I had had you thus before, there would have been a little more harmony in my light and shade. Well, so be it. Give me more drink!"

While Michael Angelo and Correggio once more drank to the health of Romano, the Duke beckoned the Marchese Rossi apart, and questioned him minutely about the first meeting of the two painters. The Marchese told him how he and Correggio were about leaving the castle to mount their horses, and come over to Pietola, when the hall door opened, and Buonarrotti appeared; how, without ceremony, he had addressed Allegri with the question,—"Are you Correggio?" and on his answer in the affirmative, had simply added—"And I am Michael Angelo;" offering his hand, while Correggio joyfully embraced him. How both had discoursed of their art, and Buonarrotti had highly praised Correggio's work at Parma, particularly the cupola of St. John; criticising the drawing at the same time. How Correggio, mortified, had confessed he had seen

none of Michael's paintings; the latter exclaiming, "Then you must come to Rome! you must see my Sistine chapel! *you* will understand it." How Correggio had shown him Julio's picture, which the noble Florentine gazed upon long and earnestly; then with manifestations of deep delight, had returned to Correggio's own paintings—for instance, the *Io* and the *Leda*, and the *Madonna* with *St. George*; and bursting out at length with the exclamation,—"*Yes—you* understand it!" With great difficulty had he, (Rossi,) and Correggio been able at last to persuade the enthusiast to ride with them to Pietola.

The Duke, apparently satisfied, dismissed the Marchese, and returning to his place, renewed his conversation with the three great masters. Suddenly Castiglione approached the group, and laying his hand lightly on Correggio's shoulder, said, "Master Allegri, a word with you."

Allegri rose, and bowing to the Duke, withdrew with the Count, who led him towards the place occupied by Prince Cosimo, and in presence of the fair Isaura, said, in a friendly tone,—"*The Prince and I* rejoice at the acknowledgement you have to-day received from the great Buonarrotti, which has the more increased our wish, to have as soon as possible in our possession, the portrait of the Princess, by your hand. Tell us then, when you think you can have it ready for us."

"The picture of the Princess is finished," answered Correggio carelessly, but immediately repented his precipitation, when, not only the Prince and the Count, but Isaura herself, exclaimed with one voice,—"*How—finished!*" and then added,—"*And when shall we have it?*"

"Oh," said the painter, embarrassed and correcting himself,—"*not finished*, I should have said: the portrait of the Princess is spoiled, and I have had to rub it out."

"Heaven help us!" cried the Prince, "spoiled!"

"And will you begin afresh with the sittings?" asked Castiglione with ill concealed displeasure.

Before Correggio could reply, Michael Angelo, who looking towards the speakers, had caught a glimpse of Isaura, cried, "By *St. Lucas*, Allegri! there sits your *Madonna*, from the picture of *St. George*, bodily before you, as I live! Ha, you cunning rogue! you are as bad as Raphael: you paint, instead of the *Virgin*, your own mistress, whom you thus make the pious people worship!"

Isaura grew pale, and looked bewildered at Correggio; who answered without embarrassment, "You are mistaken, Master Angelo; my *Madonna* indeed resembles this lovely original,

she is not, however, *my* mistress, but the affianced bride of Count Castiglione, the Princess Isaura Cosimo, of the house of Medici."

"Indeed!" muttered Buonarrotti, and smiling he looked away. But Castiglione, trembling with passion, seized Allegri's hand, pressed it significantly and whispered to him in a choked voice:

"We will speak together at the end of the banquet!"

Correggio started, and seemed at first not to understand the Count, but a glance at Isaura who sat blushing crimson, made him comprehend all; and looking quietly in the Count's face, replied,—“As you command!” went back to his place, and was the gayest of the gay, the rest of the evening.

The next morning, the Count Castiglione entered his chamber with a sullen look, flung his sword on the table, and despatched his servant to fetch a surgeon to dress a wound in his right arm. As the servant went on his errand, the Marchese Rossi came in.

“Ha, sir Count! are you wounded?” asked he, with an expression of sympathy.

“A scratch!” replied the Count; “the painter fights like the devil, and I may thank my good fortune I came off so well. After all, it would have been better, if I had at first (I was compelled to, after my useless labor,) quietly listened to my adversary. The matter is now cleared up; Allegri is an enthusiast, a dreamer, but at least a noble fellow.”

“Such characters are the most interesting,” observed the Marchese, shrugging his shoulders.

Castiglione eyed him keenly. “I understand you not, Marchese,” he said; “you pass for Allegri's friend, and yet you are the one to awaken in me suspicion against him.”

“I could answer,” said Rossi, “that I am indeed the friend of Correggio, but not of his follies: and that an approving conscience is dearer to me than his friendship, so that I have held it my duty to make the communication to you. I pass for Correggio's friend, because our Duke took the whim into his head to appoint me to that post, and I should have proved myself a poor courtier, had I set myself against the Prince's order. Thus, I *am* the painter's friend; and as much so, as a man like me, can be the friend of so haughty and splenetic a person. If you knew how deeply my pride has often been wounded by him, and what unearthly patience it requires to follow his sudden fancies and turns of

humor, without giving them a baneful direction, you would pity me.”

“I pity you, indeed!” said the Count, with some contempt. Rossi continued—

“And is it not reasonable, that I should wish my friend, if not at the deuce, at least a little salutary chastisement, for all the torments I have suffered in his company! If a morose humor takes him he sets himself to talk of his dear wife of his love to her, of his inconstancy! Gives me a catalogue of her virtues, and of his own faults, which register I have ten times better by heart than he! Then he bethinks him of his first love, and he describes the beauty of the damsel that kindled the flame; anon he falls to his pictures, talks of design, composition, drawing, coloring, effect, *chiar' oscuro*, etc., of all which I understand nothing. If I persuade myself that I comprehend something of it, and have a word to throw in, he laughs in my face, derides me, tells the story to the Duke, Romano and his pupils, and I am the laughing stock of the whole circle! A plague upon the fellow's arrogance.”

“Enough!” interrupted Castiglione, gravely; “you love him not, you cannot love him, for he has done you injury, wantonly, if not with malicious intent. You wish him ill—you confess it honestly—and were I in your place I should perhaps, not exceed you in magnanimity. These circumstances prevent you having the impartiality I require in his accuser, so that you will not be surprised that I attach little or no weight to your information.”

“That as you will!” replied Rossi, sullenly, “but I repeat to you that what I have said is true, and that Correggio, as he himself confesses, *adores* your affianced bride.”

“Ay, but as a muse, as a Saint!”

“A muse, a Saint? Ha! ha! The love of another's mistress is quite a different feeling from the adoration of a muse or a Saint! You may call it what you will, the thing remains the same!”

“Well! let him consume, the victim of his mad passion, what is my concern therein?”

“Supposing his passion to be returned,” suggested Rossi.

“Ha!” cried Castiglione, starting up, “what do you dare insinuate?”

“Signor Count!” answered the Marchese, quietly, “you speak as if Correggio were a man who stood no chance of finding favor in female eyes; and yet it is known to you, that he has turned the heads, not only of our court dames, but of half the women in the capital, and that when a youngster is brought into the world, ten

to one he is christened Antonio, in honor of Correggio! And to give him his due, you must acknowledge that this frenzy of the women is excusable; for really, I am acquainted with no man, who, in beauty of person, noble carriage, and, when he pleases, insinuating manners, can equal, much less surpass him. Now hold you yourself so all-accomplished, as to run no risk from the rivalry of Correggio, in the eyes of the young, enthusiastic, and susceptible Isaura?"

The Count bit his lip, and replied with forced calmness, "Your audacity deserves chastisement, which you shall receive, so soon as this arm is able to lift a sword! Be assured, meanwhile, that Correggio shall be warned of the falsehood of his pretended friend!"

Rossi departed in a rage: but a sting rankled in Castiglione's heart.

Michael Angelo left Mantua, after a visit of many days, not failing before his departure to express publicly his high opinion of Correggio's genius.

"It is true," he remarked, "that Antonio is sometimes not quite correct in drawing; that he neglects the study of anatomy; but how sublimely conceived are all his pictures! full of poetry—original throughout; and the magic of his coloring enchants the severest judge, as well as the amateur."

Not only this, but the proud Florentine who had unwillingly yielded the meed of praise even to the great Sanzio, expressed his verdict in an admirable sonnet, which he handed to Allegri at their parting. The disciples of Romano disputed much over this, and pronounced it "something unheard of from the haughty, stern Buonarrotti!"

It being observed every where, that he showed the very highest consideration for Correggio; it was not a little remarkable to notice how rapidly Allegri rose in the estimation of all, particularly in that of the Duke, who declared him the jewel of his court. This was enough to make the courtiers, who had hitherto felt it their duty to admire, feel themselves bound now to idolize.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that with Correggio's rising reputation, the number of his secret enemies increased, and that they hated him the more bitterly, the higher he was placed above their enmity. The painter knew little of this; he was absorbed in his art. The Leda was now completed—and the connoisseurs disputed among themselves whether the picture was not more perfect than his *Io*; Correggio himself, gave it the preference. When Castiglione saw the painting, he started as if struck by a bolt; for again

Isaura seemed to breathe in the image, though the features were not entirely hers.

Correggio marked his emotion and secretly enjoyed it.

The Count's surprise and resentment were so much the more ludicrous, as the artist knew full well he dared not express it, if he would not pass for a madman. No observer could answer in the affirmative the question—"If he thought Isaura the original of Leda?" Though a certain inexplicable resemblance could be traced; it was a likeness not attainable by a careful copy of the several features—but that higher resemblance, to be felt, when the ingenious artist has transfused into his ideal the original, spiritual expression of a beloved being.

Antonio had not hitherto looked upon the fair Isaura with other eyes than the admiring ones of an enthusiastic painter. So he openly acknowledged after his duel with the Count, but even while he avowed it, this pure and blameless feeling underwent a change.

Whether from mere vanity or from thoughtlessness, it is too certain that Isaura felt an inclination towards him, which led her to forget, not exactly her station, but her pride. He, himself, reflected not upon his course in the event of success; he devoted himself with heartfelt impulse, to the object—winning the love of the beautiful Princess.

Castiglione kept his word, and took an opportunity to inform Correggio, when the artist one day made him a visit, of the treachery of the Marchese. But, instead of flying into a passion, and challenging Rossi on the spot, as the Count expected, the painter laughed heartily, when he learned that the Marchese had been his friend by the Duke's command, and how bitterly he had complained of the imposed duty.

"Tell me yourself," he said, when Castiglione blamed his levity, "tell me yourself, if it is not laughable that such a man as Rossi, who knows how to carry his weapon as well as you or I, in obedience to a command should put on the semblance of friendship to a man whom he hated,—who has ridiculed him, tormented him,—and I must confess, treated him often with contempt. But have patience, my good Marchese! I will make hell too hot for you with my friendship!"

In vain Castiglione represented to him that new provocations would only arouse the vengeance of Rossi, which would slowly but surely overtake him, since the Marchese was too mean to dare him to the encounter openly. Correggio persevered in thinking the matter not worth serious consideration, and ended by asking the Count,

somewhat scornfully:—"To what, I pray you, am I indebted for the honor of your sudden care for my life and welfare?"

"Not, certainly, to your behavior towards me," replied Castiglione; "but were you my mortal enemy, I would not suffer you to rush blindly to your ruin, or see a cowardly knave creep behind to thrust you into the abyss."

"It is well, Signor Count!" cried the painter with honest warmth; "I thank you for your caution, and acknowledge your nobleness; but I beseech you, let me have my own way! I would not torment myself with apprehensions (which indeed seem to me ill-grounded) even had I reason to do so. Better to fall suddenly under the assassin's knife, or drink 'welcome' death in the sparkling wine-cup, than with trouble and suspicion to measure every step in the flowery path of life, when to tread it heedlessly and gaily, is alone worthy of being called life." Herewith he took leave of the Count, before he could pursue the argument. Castiglione thought proper to lay the whole matter before the Duke, and the immediate consequence of his information was, that the Marchese Rossi received permission to retire to his seat in the country, as soon as it suited him. Rossi smiled ironically and shrugged his shoulders, muttered a curse or two, and the next morning left Mantua.

Gonzaga retained Correggio's pictures a considerable time in his possession; at length, both the *Io* and the *Leda* were sent to Charles V, who was on a visit to Florence; the *Madonna* with St. George, was despatched to Modena.

The Emperor, enraptured with the magnificent productions of the great master, felt a desire to become personally acquainted with him; and it was soon announced that his highness would have pleasure in visiting the painter at his birth-place, Correggio.

This was an honor no other artist had ever received at the hand of an Emperor. Gonzaga informed his favorite of the Imperial design, appointed a day for him to leave Mantua for Correggio, and said on parting with him:—"You go from me as a great painter: if I am not mistaken, the Emperor means well towards you, and will make you a great lord. Go on, Correggio! in life, as in art, even higher; and the nearer *me*, the better!"

Proud and happy, his bosom filled with delightful hopes, and his head with bold schemes, Antonio Allegri left Mantua.

"Enough for to-day!" said the illustrious Master Allegri, as he laid aside pencil and pallet,

stepped back a few spaces from the easel, and stood with folded arms, gazing on a picture just completed.

"A fickle thing is man's heart!" said he, after a thoughtful pause. "A few months ago I stood in this very spot—my heart full of grief—weary of life! Now, how bright, how joyful is each dawning day! and all life can offer of good, *is mine!* Renown—Love—Wealth—and the power and the mind to enjoy! Yes, even sorrow did me service while she claimed me as her own, for she breathed a soul of melancholy into my works, and opened the way for them to all hearts. And thou, dear, beloved image! no feeling heart shall pass thee by unmoved; but for once imagine the delight—not to love in vain—*It is mine!*"

Some one knocked without; Correggio hastily concealed the picture, turning the face to the wall, and opened the door.

It was the Marchese Rossi!

"A fair good morrow, Master Allegri!" cried he to the astonished painter. "Ha! ha! you are puzzled to account for my unexpected visit?"

"Almost!" answered Correggio, with some haughtiness. "If, however, my old friend comes on the part of the Duke Frederico Gonzaga, to invite me to Mantua, all is quite clear to me."

"Well said!" cried the Marchese, with a smile while he threw his hat on the table, and settled himself comfortably in a seat. "I have nothing now to do with an embassy from Frederico Gonzaga; I come of my own accord, and now really as your friend, even because I come of my own accord."

"That may be seen," said Correggio. "In what can I serve you?"

"First, with a good drink, for I am tired."

Allegri called for wine; a servant brought it and with him came in the painter's son, little Giovanni.

"Ho-ho! Cupid!" cried the Marchese, "how he is grown! Take heed, Correggio, that he does not grow over your head, the Cupid I mean."

"I thank you for him, Marchese; but the boy's name is not Cupid, but Giovanni."

"Or Ascanius, eh! was not that the name of the supposed son of *Æneas*, that slept in *Dido's* lap?"

"What means your silly talk?" interrupted the painter, reddening; "Let the boy go: go away, Giovanni; and you, Marchese, speak reasonably, if you would have me to listen to you."

Rossi rose placed himself directly before the artist, and looking him in the face, said,— "That there is no deceit in you, Correggio, I know well now; for

I see in your eyes how much you fear that I should really begin to speak reasonably with you. Had you been prudent, you would have taken a lesson from my treachery; but *that* was not your business; thoughtless, self-conceited, blinded by passion, you rushed to your destruction!"

"My good Mentor!" replied Correggio, mockingly, "I perceive to what you allude! If it can quiet you, know that I am *certain* in my own affairs, and have nothing to fear; nothing! on the contrary, you shall soon see with astonishment, to what Correggio can aspire!"

"Meanwhile, the trampling of horses' feet was heard without, and soon after a messenger from the Duke entered, bringing his Highness' gracious greeting to Master Antonio Allegri, and announcing that on the morrow early, the Emperor's majesty would arrive at Correggio.

"Now?" asked the painter, with a look of triumph at the Marchese.

"And I say, now! my Allegri!" replied Rossi gravely, and followed the messenger out of the house.

The morning was bright and beautiful. In rich, but simple attire, Antonio Allegri sat in his studio, awaiting his illustrious visitor.

At length the hour struck, and accompanied by the most distinguished of his suite, the Duke Gonzaga and Prince Cosimo at his side, Charles V. drew nigh the country-seat of the painter of Correggio.

Correggio hastened out as soon as he knew of their approach, and held the stirrup for the Emperor to dismount, while he bent one knee to the ground before him. Charles beckoned to his followers, who formed a circle round himself and the artist. "We are come, Antonio Allegri," he said, "to prove to you how highly we esteem your mastery in your noble art. Be you numbered from this day among our chamberlains! Stand up, Cavalier Correggio!" He gave him his hand to kiss, raised him from the ground, and then led the way into the house; the company following.

In the hall, where the painter had placed his best pictures for exhibition, the Emperor lingered with visible delight before each, often asking explanations of Correggio, oftener pointing out to the rest the peculiar beauties of this or that piece. At last he said,—"I will see your work-room, also, Allegri! lead the way thither; and if you are so disposed, you shall sketch a picture, a subject for which, we will give you, Lead on."

Correggio led the way into his studio; the Emperor and the other visitors following.

"Strange!" cried Charles, as he entered the

apartment, lighted for the convenience of the painter; "I feel as if I were entering a consecrated temple! Here—wonderful genius, thou dost create those works whose magic makes us forget they owe existence to mortal art!" He passed with slow steps through the room; suddenly he stopped before a picture turned to the wall.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Only an experiment," replied Allegri, embarrassed.

"Ha! cried the Emperor, "we learn most from the experiments of great masters. An excellent opportunity to observe your art, for it is known to you, doubtless, that we dabble now and then in it ourselves."

Hesitatingly Correggio obeyed;—a cry of astonishment and admiration broke from every lip; and almost overpowered with the splendor that burst on his sight, Charles stepped a space backward. The picture represented Isaura in a light fanciful drapery.

"By the light of Heaven!" exclaimed the emperor at length; "your mastery over the art, startles the beholder! Never saw I anything so lovely, and so grand at the same time! Is it a portrait?"

"Yes!" answered Correggio.

"Of whom?"

"The Princess Isaura Cosimo."

"For whom did you paint it?"

"For myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes, Sire—for myself," said Correggio boldly, and approaching nearer; "for myself—for no one else! I *love* the original, and if you esteem me, as you say, the prince of living painters, I conjure you—"

"Hold!" cried Charles, "rash, vain man, what have you dared—"

Correggio looked at him surprised. The old Prince Cosimo then came to the emperor's side and said respectfully,—"Your Majesty will be pleased to forgive the *man* for his folly, for the *painter's* sake; it can only injure himself. My daughter submitted yesterday, at my parental command, to wed the illustrious Count Castiglione."

"Receive our congratulations," said Charles, turning to the Prince, "the name of Castiglione hath a goodly sound in our ears, for your cousin was one of our most valued servants." He then went up to Correggio, who stood pale, rigid, and speechless, and asked,—"Will you part with the picture, Cavalier?"

"Not for all your kingdom!" answered Correggio.

"The price is rather too high for me!" said the Emperor: "Keep it—and when you have gained the mastery over your insane passion, come to our court. We will welcome worthily the great painter, Antonio Allegri! LEARN TO LIVE FOR YOUR ART!" He turned and left the house with his followers. Antonio remained alone, standing as if petrified.

"*She—Castiglione's wife!*" he cried, after a long pause; and turning to the picture, he repeated—"Thou, Isaura, faithless?"

"By compulsion!" said a well-known voice near him. He turned and saw Rossi standing and gazing upon him with looks of sympathy.

Two years after, and the Count Castiglione came in deep mourning to the bedside of the dying Correggio, and said,—"*Isaura is gone before you; I bring you her last farewell.*"

Correggio smiled gently, pressed the Count's hand and expired,

"He, has appointed you his heir, said the Marchese Rossi: "You are to keep his boy—and Isaura's picture."

Castiglione trembled with emotion, as he closed the eyes of the dead.

Concluded.

THE WEAVER.

A WEAVER sat by the side of his loom,
A flinging the shuttle fast;
And a thread that would last till the hour of doom,
Was added at every cast.

His warp had been by the angels spun,
And his weft was bright and new,
Like threads which the morning upbraids from
the sun,
All jewelled over with dew.

And fresh-lipped, bright-eyed, beautiful flowers
In the rich, soft web were bedded;
And blithe to the weaver sped onward the hours—
Not yet were Time's feet leaded.

But something there came slow stealing by,
And a shade on the fabric fell;
And I saw that the shuttle less blithely did fly,
For thought hath a wearisome spell.

And a thread that next o'er the warp was lain,
Was of melancholy gray;
And anon I marked there a tear-drop's stain,
Where the flowers had fallen away.

But still the weaver kept weaving on,
Though the fabric all was gray,
And the flowers, and the buds, and the leaves
were gone,
And the gold threads cankered lay.

And dark, and still darker—and darker grew
Each newly woven thread;
And some were of a death-mocking hue,
And some of a bloody red.

And things all strange were woven in—
Sighs, down-crushed hopes, and fears;
And the web was broken, and poor, and thin,
And it dripped with living tears.

And the weaver fain would have flung it aside,
But he knew it would be a sin;
So in light and in gloom the shuttle he plied,
A weaving these life-cords in.

And as he wove, and, weeping, still wove,
A tempter stole him nigh;
And with glozing words he to win him strove,
But the weaver turned his eye—

He upward turned his eye to heaven,
And still wove on—on—on!
Till the last, last cord from his heart was riven,
And the tissue strange was done.

Then he threw it about his shoulders bowed,
And about his grizzled head,
And gathering close the folds of his shroud,
Laid him down among the dead.

And after I saw, in a *robe of light*,
The weaver in the sky;
The angel's wings were not more bright,
And the stars grew pale it nigh.

And I saw, 'mid the folds, all the Iris-hued flowers
That beneath his touch had sprung—
More beautiful far than these stray ones of ours,
Which the angels have to us flung.

And wherever a tear had fallen down,
Gleamed out a diamond rare;
And jewels befitting a monarch's crown,
Were the foot-prints left by Care.

And wherever had swept the breath of a sigh,
Was left a rich perfume;
And with light from the fountain of bliss in the sky,
Shone the labor of Sorrow and Gloom.

And then I prayed, when my last work is done,
And the silver life-cord riven,
Be the stain of sorrow the deepest one
That I bear with me to heaven.

THE SWISS BOY AND HIS STARLING.

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

HAVE our readers ever heard or read, of those strange gatherings, which take place at the early Spring in the greater number of southern German cities and are called "Year Markets?" The object is simply to assemble the youth of the mountain districts in Tyrol and Vorarlberg, that they may be hired, by the farmers of the rich pasture countries, as herds. It was in one of these "Markets" at Inspruck that a little boy was seen, not standing with the groups which usually gather together, but alone and apart, seemingly without any one that knew him. His appearance bespoke great poverty, his clothes, originally poor, were now in rags; his little cap, of squirrel skin, hung in fragments on either side of his pallid cheeks; his feet—a rare circumstance—were bare and blood-stained from travel; want and privation were stamped in every feature: and his eyes, which at that moment were raised with eager anxiety as some Bauer drew nigh, grew wan, and filling at each new disappointment to his hopes, for this was his third day to stand in the market, and not one had even asked his name. And yet he heard that name; ever and anon it met in his ears in sounds which stirred his feeble heart, and made it throb faster. "Fritzerl! ah, Fritzerl, good fellow!" were the words; and poor Fritzerl would stoop down when he heard them and peep into a little cage where a Starling was perched—a poor emaciated little thing it was, way-worn and poverty struck, to all seeming as himself; but he did not think so: he deemed it the very paragon of the feathered tribe, for it had a little toppin of brown feathers on its head; and a little ring of white around its neck, and would come when he called it; and better than all could sing, "Good Fritzerl—nice Fritzerl!" when it was pleased, and "Potztausend!" when angry. This was all its education; his master, poor little fellow, had not much more. How could he! Fritzerl's mother died when he was a baby: his father was killed by a fall from a cliff on the Tyrol Alps, for he was by trade a bird catcher, and came from the Engadine, where every one loves birds, and in the pursuit of this passion met his fate.

Fritzerl was left an orphan at eleven years old,

and all his worldly wealth was this little Starling; for although his father had left a little cabin in the high Alps, and a rifle, and some two or three articles, of house gear, they all were sold to pay the expenses of his funeral, and feast the neighbors who were kind enough to follow him to the grave: so that poor Fritz kept open house for two days; and when he walked out the third, after the coffin, he never turned his steps back again, but wandered away—far, far away—to seek in the year-market of Inspruck some kind peasant who would take him home and be a father to him now. It was unfortunate for him that he did not know the custom of the craft, and that he took his stand alone and apart beside the fountain in the main street of Inspruck. Cold, hunger, and desolation, had blunted the very faculties of his mind; and he gazed at the moving crowd with a dreamy unconsciousness that what he saw was real.

The third day of his painful watching was drawing to a close. Fritz had, several hours before, shared his last morsel of black bread with his companion; and the bird, as if sympathising with his sorrow, sat moody and silent on his perch, nor even by a note or sound broke the stillness.

"Pocr Jacob!" said Fritz, with tears in his eyes, "my hard luck shall not fall on thee. If no one comes to hire me before the shadow closes across the street, I'll open the cage and let thee go!"

The very thought seemed an agony, for scarcely had he uttered it when his heart felt as if it would break, and he burst into a torrent of tears.

"Potztausend!" screamed Jacob, alarmed at the unusual cries—"Potztausend!" And as Fritz sobbed louder, so were the Starling's cries of "Potztausend!" more shrill and piercing.

There were few people passing at the moment, but such as were, stopped; some to gaze with interest on the poor little boy—more, far more, to wonder at the bird; when suddenly a venerable old man, with a wide-leaved hat, and a silken robe reaching to his feet, crossed over towards the fountain. It was the Curate of Leuz,

a pious and good man, universally respected in Inspruck.

"What art thou weeping for, my child?" said he mildly.

Fritz raised his eyes, and the benevolent look of the old man streamed through his heart like a flood of hope. It was not, however, till the question had been repeated, that Fritz could summon presence of mind to tell his sorrow and disappointment.

"Thou shouldst not have been here alone, my child," said the curate; "thou shouldst have been in the great market with the others. And now the time is well-nigh over: most of the Bauers have quitted the town.

"Potztausend!" cried the bird, passionately.

"It will be better for thee to return home again to thy parents," said the old man as he drew his leathern purse from between the folds of his robe—"to thy father and mother."

"I have neither," sobbed Fritz.

"Potztausend!" screamed the Starling—"Potztausend!"

"Poor little fellow! I would help thee more," said the kind old priest, as he put six kreutzers into the child's hand, "but I am not rich either."

"Potztausend!" shrieked the bird, with a shrillness excited by Fritz's emotion; and as he continued to sob, so did the Starling yell out her exclamation till the very street rang with it.

"Farewell, child!" said the priest, as Fritz kissed his hand for the twentieth time; "Farewell, but let me not leave thee without a word of counsel: thou shouldst never have taught thy bird that idle word. He that was to be thy companion and thy friend, as it seems to me he is, should have learned something that would lead thee to better thoughts. This would bring thee better fortune, Fritz, Adieu! adieu!"

"Potztausend!" said the Starling, but in a very low, faint voice, as if he felt the rebuke; and well he might, for Fritz opened his little handkerchief and spread it over the cage—a sign of displeasure, which the bird understood well.

While Fritz was talking to the Curate, an old Bauer, poorly but cleanly clad, had drawn nigh to listen. Mayhap he was not overmuch enlightened by the Curate's words, for he certainly took a deep interest in the Starling; and every time the creature screamed out its one expletive, he would laugh to himself, and mutter,—

"Thou art a droll beastie, sure enough!"

He watched the bird till Fritz covered it up

with his handkerchief, and then was about to move away, when for the first time, a thought of the little boy crossed his mind. He turned abruptly round, and said—

"And thou, little fellow!—what art doing here?"

"Waiting," sighed Fritz heavily—"waiting!" "Ah, to sell thy bird?" said the old man; "come, I'll buy him from thee. He might easily meet a richer, but he'll not find a kinder master. What wilt have?—twelve kreutzers, isn't it?"

"I cannot sell him," sobbed Fritz; "I have promised him never to do that."

"Silly child!" said the Bauer, laughing; "thy bird cares little for all thy promises: besides, he'll have a better life with me than thee."

"That might be, easily!" said Fritz; "but I'll not break my word."

"And what is this wonderful promise thou'st made my little man?—come, tell it?"

"I told him," said Fritz, in a voice broken with agitation, "that if the shadow closed over the street down there before any one had hired me, that I would open his cage and let him free; and look! it is nearly across now—there's only one little glimpse of sunlight remaining!"

Poor child! how many in this world live upon one single gleam of hope—ay, and even cling to it when a mere twilight, is fast fading before them!

The Bauer was silent for some minutes; his look wandered from the child to the cage, and back again from the cage to the child. At last he stooped down and peeped in at the bird, which, with a sense of being in disgrace, sat with his head beneath his wing.

"Come, my little man," said he, laying a hand on Fritz's shoulder, "I'll take thee home with me! 'Tis true I have no cattle—nothing save a few goats—but thou shalt herd these. Pick up thy bird, and let us away, for we have a long journey before us, and must do part of it before we sleep.

The Bauer was very poor; his hut stood on a little knoll outside of a village, and on the edge of a long tract of unreclaimed land, which once had borne forest-trees, but now was covered by a low scrub, with, here and there, some huge trunk, too hard to split, or too rotten for firewood. The hut had two rooms; but even that was enough, for there was nobody to dwell in it but the Bauer, his wife, and a little daughter, Gretchen, or, as they called her in the Dorf, "Grettl'a." She was a year younger than Fritz, and a good-tempered little "Madchen;" and but for

over-hard work for one so young, might have been even handsome.

Fritz's companion, when within doors, was Grettli'a; when he was away on the plain, or among the furze hills, herding the goats, the Starling was ever with him. He could easier have forgotten his little cap of squirrel-skin, as he went forth in the morning, than the cage, which hung by a string on his back. This he unfastened when he had his goats into a favorable spot of pasturage, and, sitting down beside it, would talk to the bird for hours. It was a long time before he could succeed in obeying the Curate's counsel, even in part, and teach the bird not to cry "Potztausend!"

While the Starling was thus accomplishing one part of his education by unlearning, little Fritz himself, under Grettli'a's guidance, was learning to read. The labor was not all to be encountered, for he already had made some little progress in the art under his father's tuition. He labored late and early, sometimes repeating to himself by heart the portions of what he had read, to familiarize himself with new words; sometimes wending his way along the plain, book in hand; and then, when having mastered some fierce difficulty, he would turn to his Starling to tell him of his victory and promise, that when once he knew how to read well, he would teach him something out of his book—"Something good; for as the Curate said, "that would bring luck."

How he longed for Winter to be over and the Spring to come, that he might lead the goats to the hills, and to the little glen where the shrine of the Virgin was to be found! He could read now. The letters inscribed upon it would be no longer a secret; they would speak to him, and to his heart, like the voice of that beauteous image. How ardently did he wish to be there! and how, when the first faint sun of April sent its pale rays over the plain and glittered with a sickly delicacy on the lake, how joyous was his spirit and how light his steps upon the heather!

The wished-for hour came, and it was alone and unseen that he stood before the shrine and read the words, "Maria, Mutter Gottes, helf uns"—Mary, mother of God help us. If this mystery were unrevealed to his sense, a feeling of dependent helplessness was too familiar to his heart not to give the words a strong significance. He was poor, unfriended, and an orphan; who could need succor more than he did? Other children had fathers and mothers, who loved them and watched over them; their little wants were cared for, their wishes often gratified. His was an uncheered existence; who was there to "help him!"

Such were the reflections with which he bent his way homeward, as eagerly as in the morning he had sought the glen. Grettli'a explained all the words to him, for she had a prayer-book, and a catechism, and a hymn-book. Whatever the substance of his knowledge, its immediate effect upon his mind was to diffuse a hopeful trust and happiness through him he had never known till now. His loneliness in the world was no longer the solitary insulation of one bereft of friends. Not only with his own heart could he commune now. He felt there was One above who read these thoughts, and could turn them to his will. And in his trust his daily labor was lightened, and his lot more happy.

"Now," thought he, one day, as he wandered onward among the hills, "now I can teach thee something good—something that will bring us luck. Thou shalt learn the lesson of the golden letters, Starling—ay, truly, it will be hard enough at first. It cost me many a weary hour to learn to read, and thou hast only one little line to get off by heart—and such a pretty line, too! Come, Jacob, let's begin at once. Come, then, just try it: begin with the first word—"Maria."

It was in vain Fritz spoke in his coaxing accents, in vain did he modulate the syllables in twenty different ways; all his entreaties and pettings, all his blandishments and caresses, were of no avail, Star remained deaf to them all. He even turned his back at last, and seemed as if no power on earth should make a Christian of him. Fritz had too much experience of the efficacy of perseverance in his own case to abandon the game here; so he went to work again, and with the aid of a little lump of sugar returned to the lecture. After three weeks of various successes on either side, the creature greeted Fritz one morning as he arose with a faint cry of "Maria, Maria!" This was enough, more than enough, and Fritzerl could have hugged him to his heart. Starling made the most astonishing progress, and learned the words so perfectly, with such accuracy of enunciation, that to hear him at a little distance any one would say it was some pious Catholic invoking the Virgin with all his might. The "helf uns" was not a mere exclamation, but a cry for actual aid, so natural as to be perfectly startling.

So long as the bird's education was incomplete, Fritzerl carefully screened him from public observation. He had all the susceptibility of a great artist, who would not let his canvas be looked upon before the last finishing touch was laid on the picture. No sooner, however, had full success

crowned his teaching, than he proudly displayed him in a new cage, made for the occasion, at the door of the Bauer's hut.

It was Sunday, and the villagers were on their way to mass; and what was their astonishment to hear themselves exhorted as they passed, by with the fervent cry of "Maria helf uns! Helf uns!" Group after group stood in mute amazement, gazing at the wonderful bird, some blessing themselves with a pious fervor, others disposed to regard the sounds as miraculous, and more than either stood in dumb astonishment at this new specimen of ghostly council.

Among those who passed the hut and stood to wonder at this astonishing creature, was a tall ragged-looking swarthy fellow, whose dress of untanned leather, and a cap ornamented with the tail of many a wood squirrel, told that he was an "Engadiner," one from the same land Fritz came himself, who managed to steal the bird before evening.

The moment the theft was effected, the Engadiner was away. No Indian ever rose from his lair with more stealthy cunning, nor tracked his enemy with a fleet step; away over the wide plain, through the winding glens, among the oak scrub, and into the dark pine-wood, who could trace his wanderings?—who could overtake him now!

With all his speed, he had not gone above a mile from the Dorf when Fritz missed his treasure. He went to take his bird into the house for the night, when the whole misfortune broke full upon him. His violent sobbing brought Grettl'a to him, but he could tell her nothing—he could only point to the cage, which now hung on its side, and mutter the one word.—

"Hin! hin!—Away! away!"

The little girl's grief was scarcely less poignant than his own. She wrung her hands in all the passion of sorrow, and cried most bitterly.

The Bauer and his wife now came to the spot, the one to join in, the other to rebuke, their afflictions. How little the children noticed either! Their misery filled up every corner of their minds—their wretchedness was overwhelming.

Every corner of the little hut was associated with some recollections of the poor "Star." Here, it was he used to feed—here, he hopped out to greet Fritz of an evening, when the bad weather had prevented him accompanying him in the fields. There he was accustomed to sit while they were at supper, singing his merry song, and here, would he remain silently while they were at prayers, waiting for the moment

of their rising to utter the cry of "Maria, helf uns!"

Poor Fritzerl awoke next morning with a heart weighed down with affliction, but still he went forth with his goats to the pasture, and tended and watched after them as carefully as ever. The next day, and the day after that again, he went about his accustomed duties; but on the third day, as he sat beside Grettl'a under the old linden tree before the door, whispering to her,—

'I can bear it no longer, Grettl'a! I must away!—away!' And he pointed to the distance, which vague and undefined as his own resolves, stretched out its bread expanse before them.

Grettl'a did her best to persuade him against his rash determination; she reasoned as well as she could reason; she begged, she even cried to him; at last, all else failing, she actually ran and told her father.

The Bauer, sorry to lose so faithful a servant as Fritz, added his influence to the little maid's tears; and even the Bauer's wife tried to argue him out of his resolve, mingling with her wise suggestions about a 'wide world and a cold one' some caustic hints about ingratitude to his friends and protectors.

Fritz was deaf to all: if he could not yield to Grettl'a's prayers, and weeping eyes, he was strong against the old wife's sarcasms.

He cried all night through, and, rising before the dawn, he kissed Grettl'a as she lay sleeping, and cautiously opening the latch, slipped out unheard. A heavy dew was on the grass, and the large massive clouds rested on the mountains and filled the plain. It was cold and gloomy, and cheerless—just such as the world is to the wanderer who, friendless, alone, and poor, would tempt his fortunes in it! Fritz wandered on over the plain—he had no choice of paths—he had nothing to guide, no clue to lead him.

There is one custom in Germany, which, simple as it is, would be hard to praise above its merits: that is, the invariable habit of every one, so far as his means permit, to help the foot-traveler on his journey. Fritz was now to reap the benefit of this graceful charity; and scarcely had his wan features appeared at the window of a cottage by the road side, than a sign from the chief Bauer invited him to partake. Fritz eat and drank and was thankful. 'Farewell,' said the Bauer's wife, as he thanked her gratefully; 'farewell. Be good and pious, young lad; don't keep naughty company, nor learn bad ways; and remember 'A good word brings luck,'

His eyes filled up with tears as she spoke.

Who call tell the conflict of feelings they called up in his bosom ?

'Where does this path lead to ?' he asked in a faint voice.

'To Reute, child.'

'And then, after Reute ?'

'To Zillertal and Innsbruck.'

'To Innsbruck!' said Fritz, while a sudden hope shot through him. 'I'll go to Inspruck,' muttered he, lower, 'Good-by, Bauer ; good-by, Frau. God bless thee.' And with these words he set out once more.

It was the custom in this season, when the snow fell heavily on the high passes, to transmit the little weekly mail between Reute and Inspruck by an old and now disused road, which led along the edge of the river, and generally, from its sheltered situation, continued practicable and free from snow some weeks later than the mountain road. It was scarce worthy to be called a road—a mere wheel-track, obstructed here and there by stones and masses of rock that every storm brought down, and not unfrequently threatened, by the flooding of the river, to be washed away altogether.

And this dreary way the old postillion was wending—now, pulling up to listen to the crashing thunder of the snow, which, falling several hundred feet above, might at any moment descend and engulf him—again, plying his whip vigorously, to push through the gorge, secretly vowing in his heart that come what would, he would venture no more there that year. Just as he turned a sharp angle of the rock, where merely space lay for the road between it and the river, he found his advance barred up by a larch-tree, which, with an immense fragment of snow, had fallen from above. Such obstacles were not new to him, and he lost no time in unharnessing his horse and attaching him to the tree. In a few minutes the road was cleared of this difficulty ; and he now advanced, shovel in hand, to make a passage through the snow.

'Saperlote!' cried he 'here is the finger-post ! This must have come down from the upper road.'

Scarcely were the words uttered, when a cry of horror broke from him. He trembled from head to foot ; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets ; and well might they, for, close around the wood, just where it emerged from the snow, were two little hands clasped tightly round the timber. He threw himself on the spot and tore up the snow with his fingers. An arm appeared, and then the long yellow hair of a head resting on it. Working with all the eagerness of a warm and

benevolent nature, he soon disinterred the little body, which, save one deep cut upon the forehead seemed to have no other mark of injury ; but it lay cold and motionless—no sign of life remaining. He pressed the little flask of brandy—all that he possessed—against the wan, white lips of the child : but the liquor ran down the chin and over the cheek—not a drop of it was sucked. He rubbed the hands, he chafed the body, he even shook it ; but, heavy and inert it gave no sign of life. 'Ach, Gott!' muttered he, 'it is all over !' But still with a hope that asked no aid from reason, he wrapped the child's body in his fur mantle, and laying him softly down in the cart continued on his way.

The old man drove at his fastest pace and never slackened till he pulled up with a jerk at the door of the post-house : when springing from his seat, he detached the lamp from its place, and thrust it into the wagon, crying with a voice that excitement had elevated into a scream,—'He's alive still !—I'll swear I heard him sigh ! I know he's alive !'

It is hard to say what strange conjectures might have been formed of the old man's sanity, had he not backed his words by stooping down and lifting from the straw, at the bottom of the cart, the seeming dead body of a boy, which, with the alacrity of one far younger, he carried up the steps, down the long arched passage, and into the kitchen, where he laid him down before the fire.

'Quick now, Ernest ; run for the Doctor ! Away, Johan ; bring the Statiphysicus—bring two—all of them in the town ! Frau Hostess, warm water and salt—salt, to rub him with—I know he's alive !'

A shake of the head from the old hostess seemed to offer a strong dissent.

'Never mind that ! He is not dead, though he did fall from the Riesenfels.'

'From the Riesenfels !' exclaimed three or four together in amazement.

The physicians who were called removed the child to a warm bed, while they ordered the hostess to administer a very comfortable cordial of her own devising ; and, to show their confidence in the remedy, had three likewise provided for their own individual comfort and support.

Under the care of his physicians, Fritz continued to live from day to day, and from week to week, gaining in strength, but never once evidencing, by even the slightest trait, a return to his faculty of reasoning. Alas, poor child !—the intellect which, in all his sorrow and poverty, had been his happiness and his comfort, was now

darkened, and he awoke from that long dream of death—an idiot! One might say, that the faculties were entirely absorbed by their own operations, and neither took note of those recorded by the senses, nor had any sympathy with their workings—volition was at a stand still. But why dwell on so sorrowful a picture?

Thus did he continue till about the first week in May, when at the usual hour of recalling him from the garden he was not to be found. Search was made everywhere—through the garden—about the neighboring buildings—in all the Dorf—but all in vain. No one had seen him.

Poor and unfriended as he was, his little simple ways, his sinless innocence and gentleness, had made him friends among all who had any authority in the asylum; and no pains was spared to track him out and discover him—to no end, however. He was seen there no more. Days and weeks long, with unwearying zeal, the search continued, and was only abandoned when all hope seemed gone. By none was this sad termination of his suffering more poignantly felt than by old Christoph the postman who had rescued him. Every week he came to Imst, his first care was to ask after the little boy; and when he learned his fate, his grief was deep and heart-felt.

The bird-market of Innsbruck needs but one passing glance to show what attractions the spot possesses for the inhabitants. Every rank, from the well-salaried official of the government to the humblest burgher—from the richly clad noble in his mantle of Astracan to the peasant in his dark jacket of sheep's skin—the field officer and the common soldier—and 'Frau Grafen' voluminous in furs—the 'Stubenmadchen' in her woollen jerkin—the lounging sexagenarian from his coffee—the loitering school-boy returning from school—all jostle and meet together here; while the scantiest intimacy with the language will suffice to collect from the frequently uttered '*Wie schön!*' '*Ach Gott!*' '*Wie wunderschön!*' that admiration and delight are expressed by every tongue among them.

Among the well-known and familiar objects of that small world—was a poor boy of some twelve years old, who, clad in the most wretched rags, and with want in every feature, used to sit the live-long day on one of the stone benches watching the birds. It needed but on glance at his bright but steady eyes, his faint unmeaning smile, his vague and wild expression, to recognize that he was bereft of reason. Is it necessary to say this was poor Fritzerl?

Whence he came, who his parents were, how

he journeyed thither, no one could tell! He appeared one morning, when the shop-people were removing the shutters, sitting close by the window, where the early songs of the birds were audible, his head bent down to listen, and his whole attitude betokening the deepest attention. Though he offered no resistance when they bade him leave the spot, he showed such a deep sorrow and such reluctance, that he was suffered to remain; and this was now his dwelling-place. He never quitted it during the day, and there did he pass the night, under the shelter of deep arches, and protected by the least fragment of a mantle, which some compassionate neighbor had given him. All endeavors to induce him to speak were in vain; a sickly smile was his only answer to a question; and if pressed too closely, the tears would come, so that none liked to give him further pain, and the hope of learning any thing about him, even his name, was given up. Equally fruitless was every effort to make him perform little services. If the shopkeepers gave him a bird to carry home for a purchaser, he would at once sit down beside the cage and gaze wistfully, delightedly, at the occupant; but he could not be persuaded to quit his abiding-place. Who could rob one so poor of all the happiness his life compassed? certainly not the good natured and kindly folk who inhabited the bird-market.

He became then a recognized part of the place, as much as the bustard with one eye in the corner shed, or the fat owl that had lived for fifty—some said seventy—years, in the little den with the low iron door. Every one knew him; few passed without a look of kindness towards him. It was no use to give him money, for though he took money when offered, the next moment he would leave it on the stones, where the street children came and found it. It was clear he did not understand its meaning. The little support he needed was freely proffered by the neighboring shopkeepers, but he ate nothing save a morsel of dry bread, of which it was remarked that he each day broke off a small portion and laid it by—not to eat later on, for it was seen that he never missed it if removed, nor took it again if suffered to remain. It was one of the secrets of his nature none could rightly account for.

Altogether many wealthy and benevolent people of the city wished to provide the poor boy with a comfortable home, the shop-keepers protested against his removal. Some loved his innocent, childish features, and would have missed him sorely: others, were superstitious enough to think, and even say, that he had brought luck to the bird-market,—that every one had prospered

since he came there; and some, too, asserted, that having selected the spot himself, it would be cruel to tear him away from a place where accustomed and familiar objects had made for him a kind of home. All these reasonings were backed by the proposal to build him a little shed, in the very spot he had taken up, and there leave him to live in peace. This was accordingly done, and poor Fritz, if not a 'Burgher of Inspruck,' had at least his own house in the bird-market.

Months rolled over; the summer went by, and the autumn itself now drew to a close; and the various preparations for the coming winter might be seen in little hand barrows of firewood deposited before each door, to be split up and cut in fitting lengths for the stoves. Fur mantles and caps were hung out to air, some prudent and well-to-do folks examined the snow-windows, and made arrangements for their adjustment. Each in his own way, and according to his means, was occupied with the cares of the approaching season. There was but one unmoved face in the whole street—but one, who seemed to take no note of time or season—whose past, and present, and future were as one. This was Fritz, who sat on his accustomed bench gazing at the birds, or occasionally moving from his place to peep into a cage whose occupant lay hid, and then when satisfied of his presence, retiring to his seat contented.

Had the worthy citizens been less actively engrossed by their own immediate concerns, or had they been less accustomed to this humble dependant's presence amongst them, it is likely they would have remarked the change time had wrought in his appearance. If no evidence of returning reason had evinced itself in his bearing or conduct, his features displayed at times varieties of expression and meaning very different from their former monotony. The cheek, whose languid pallor never altered would now occasionally flush, and become suddenly scarlet; the eyes dull and meaningless, would sparkle and light up; the lips too, would part, as if about to give utterance to words. All these signs, however, would be only momentary, and a degree of depression, even to prostration, would invariably follow. Unlike his former apathy, too, he startled at noises in the street, felt more interest in the changes that went on in the shop, and seemed to miss certain birds as they happened to be sold or exchanged. The most remarkable of all the alterations in his manners was, that, now, he would often walk down to the river side, and pass hours there gazing on the current. Who can say what efforts at restored reason were then taking place within him—what

mighty influences were at work to bring back sense and intellect—what struggles, and what combats? It would seem as if the brain could exist in all its integrity—sound, and intact, and living—and yet some essential impulse be wanting which should impart the power of thought. Momentary flashes of intelligence, perhaps, did cross him; but such can no more suffice for guidance, than does the forked lightning supply the luminary that gives us day. The landscape preternaturally lit up for a second, becomes darker than midnight the moment after.

Bright and beautiful as the river is, with its thousand eddies whirling along,—now reflecting the tall spires and battlemented towers of the town—now, some bold, projecting cliff of those giant mountains beside it—how does its rapid stream proclaim its mountain source, as in large sheets of foam, it whirls round the rocky angles of the bank, and dashes along free as the spirit of its native home! Fritz came here, however, less to gaze on this lovely picture than on a scene which each morning presented to his eyes, close by. This was a garden, where a little girl of seven or eight years old used to play, all alone and by herself, while the old nurse that accompanied her sat knitting in a little arbor near.

The joyous river—the fresh and balmy air—the flowers finging delicious odors around, gorgeous in their brilliant tints, only needed this little infant figure to impart a soul to the scene, and make it one of enchantment. Her tiny footsteps on the ground—her little song, breathing of innocence and happiness—the garlands which she wove, now, to place upon her fair brow, now, in childish sports to throw into the clear current—all imparted to the poor idiot's heart sensations of intense delight. Who can say if that infant voice did not awake to feeling the heart that all the wisdom of the learned could not arouse from its sleep?

Not only was Fritz happy while he sat and watched this little child, but for the entire day after, he would appear calm and tranquil, and his face would display the placid expression of a spirit sunk in a pleasing trance.

It was not unusual with him, while he was thus gazing, for sleep to come over him—a calm delicious slumber—from which he awoke far more refreshed and rested than from his night's repose. One day when he had watched longer than usual, and when her childish sport had more than ever delighted him, he dropped off, almost suddenly into slumber. Motionless as death itself he lay upon the bank,—a faint smile upon his parted lips, his chest scarcely seeming to heave

so soft and quiet was his slumber. The river rippled pleasantly beside him, the air was balmy as in the early spring, and fanned his hot temples with a delicious breath, the child's song floated merrily out—the innocent accents of infant glee—and Fritz seemed to drink those pleasures in as he slept.

Suddenly he awoke with a start—terror in every feature—his eyes starting from their sockets: he reeled as he sprang to his feet, and almost fell. A terrible cry rang through his ears. The infant was struggling in the current—her little hands uplifted, besought, for the last time aid. "Helf uns! Maria! helf uns!" She sank with a cry of wildest accent. Fritz sprang into the stream, and seized the yellow hair as it was disappearing beneath the flood; the struggle was severe, for the strong stream inclined towards the middle of the river, and Fritz could not swim. Twice he emerged with his little burden pressed to his heart; were it not for aid, however, his efforts would have been in vain. The cry for help had brought many to the spot, and he was rescued—saved from that worse than death—the terrible union of life and death.

Friends were on every side of him—kind friends, who never in a life-long could tell all their gratitude; and now, with words of affection, and looks of mildest, fondest meaning, they bent over that poor boy, and called him their own preserver. Amid all these sights and sounds of gladness—so full of hope and joy—there came one shrill cry which, piercing the air, seemed to penetrate to the very inmost chamber of Fritz's heart. It was Star himself: who, in a cage beneath the spreading branches of a chestnut-tree, was glad to mingle his wild notes with the concourse of voices about him, and still continued at intervals to scream out, 'Maria, helf! helf uns, Maria!'

'Yes, child,' said a venerable old man, as he kissed Fritz's forehead, 'you see the fruits of your obedience and your trust. I am glad you have not forgotten my teaching: 'A good word brings luck.'

It only remains then, to say, that Fritz returned to the little village where he had lived, with Star for his companion; not poor and friendless as before, but rich in wealth, and richer in what is far better—the grateful love and affection of kind friends. When he grew up to be a man, Fritz married Grett'la, and they became very well off, and lived in mutual love and contentment all their lives.

Fritz's house was not only the handsomest in the Dorf, but it was ornamented with a little picture of the Virgin, with Star sitting upon her

wrist, and the words of the golden letters were inscribed:

"Martha, Mutter Gottes, helf uns!"

Within nothing could be more comfortable than to see Fritz and Grett'la at one side of the fire, and the old Bauer reading aloud, and the Frau listening, and Star, who lived to a great age, walking proudly about, as if he was conscious that he had some share in producing the family prosperity; and close to the stove, on a little low seat made on purpose, sat old Christoph the postillion—and who had a better right?

WHEN DEATH SHALL CLOSE MINE EYE.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

When death shall close mine eye,
And still the beatings of my breast,
Where is it I would lie,
And take my long, long, dreamless rest?
Is it beside the proud?
I covet not such company,
A monarch in his shroud,
Mute as his meanest slave must be.

And where, then, would I rest?
Is it beside the Abbey-wall,
Where priests, in sacred vest,
Pour forth a requiem for all?
'Tis good to tarry there,
Within the influence divine,
Of hymn and holy prayer,
Elsewhere to sleep tho' would be mine.

Well, is it upon the plain?
Or is it beneath the briny wave?
What, slumber with the slain!
I never liked a gory grave,
Nor would I like to sleep,
Amongst the monsters of the sea,
The waters of the deep,
I'm wild—but they're too wild for me.

In mine own native land,
And to my lowly birth-cot close,
A little hill-doth stand,
On which a single hawthorn grows,
Ten thousand times have I,
Beneath its boughs in boyhood play'd,
When dead, 'tis there I'd lie,
I'd rest more calmly in its shade.

POINTS OF VIEW.

BY L.



HE traveller who visits the White mountains, if he stands in a particular spot, may see a projection of rock on the side of the mountain above him, which bears a striking resemblance to the profile of a man's face. Let him change his position and he will find that this appearance was caused solely by the position from which it was viewed, and that the stony face he beheld was composed of separate rocks, lying apart and bearing individually no resemblance to any feature of the human countenance.

Under the title of *Points of View*, of which perhaps the foregoing illustration may give some general idea, it is our intention to make a few remarks upon the changed aspects which things assume by being considered in different lights and from different situations. The subject is not confined to natural scenery—but may embrace with equal propriety, a consideration of some of the points of view which we occupy in our reflections upon the great moral and social questions which present themselves to our minds with more or less frequency and force.

In viewing a landscape, every one who has any idea of artistic effect, recognizes the advantage, of beholding it from a favorable point. Every one knows that scenes, which are beautiful when beheld from one point, lose many of their attractions if seen from another, and perhaps gain new ones from a third. At different positions so changed is the disposition of light and shade, and the prominence of particular features of the scene, that the whole effect is completely altered. It is thus, also, oftentimes that persons form such different opinions respecting the same subject. As no two persons can behold the same rainbow, so without they are alike in every respect, in position, mind and temperament, can they contemplate a subject, in the same way. It is perhaps impossible that this perfect similarity should ever exist: though we often see those whose minds seem to be of the same mould—on a closer examination,

there would be found more points of difference than that of resemblance.

The mind, like the material universe, may be said to have an atmosphere; not always clear and colorless, but ever in some degree darkened by ignorance and clouded by superstition. Our education modifies this atmosphere, sheathing like the shield of Spenser's Knight in Armor,

“A little gloomy light, much like a shade,”

but leaving it still twilight so that the thoughts passing through it are dim and distorted. If our studies are limited or engrossing in their nature, a professional habit of mind is formed. Let a geologist, an artist and a metaphysician view a mountain from the same point. The painter's mind is occupied with the consideration of its suitability to form part of a landscape—what tints he should employ in transferring it to canvass—of the arrangement of light and shade and the probable picturesque effect of the whole. To the geologist is presented the idea of its formation, of its strata and substrata; while the philosopher suggests to himself a train of reflections, leading his mind, perhaps to the contemplation of Him by whose word the mountains were brought forth. For him the inanimate mass before him is gifted with a living voice and all nature speaks to his heart. He finds

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

These various reflections are occasioned, in some measure, by the habitual points of view in which the different education of the men has placed them.

In the social world the same will be found to be true. To every individual in a community, different phases of social life are presented, although these individuals may belong to the same class. As from every habitation, the view of outward objects is changed, and their relations to each other seem to be different, so also to every *mind* is the view of social life changed. And were it possible for each, with daguerreotype fidelity, to picture its own idea of the social scenes around, what contrasting sketches should we not have! The homeless wretch who beholds the light of the morning sun, and thinks only how he shall sustain his miserable existence till that sun again

sets, and the favorite of fortune with no wish ungratified, still finding the hours hang heavily upon his hands, would each draw a picture in striking contrast with the other. The student in his lonely chamber, conscious of his genius and blaming the world for not appreciating it, when, perhaps his own lack of energy alone is at fault; the man of business, with his stern practical sagacity; the man of pleasure, seeking only the gratification of his own tastes; they that worship at the shrine of mammon, they that throng the halls of fashion, and they—too few, alas!—who in secret and in silence, keep their own souls, earnestly desiring to nourish them with the truth, all, from different points of view, form their own peculiar ideas of the social world around them. These ideas may be relatively just, but never absolutely so. They take the color of the minds from which they emanate, and in proportion as the coloring is strong so will the distortion be remarkable. Society is a problem; a mystery scarcely less obscure than that of life itself. To know what it is, in its various phases, it is requisite that not from one point alone should we behold it, but from many, and from the truest of these or perhaps by a careful eclecticism from the results of each, may we form a just estimate.

It is as true in the social as in the natural world that

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

One never permitted to enter the circle of wealth and fashion—afar off, fancies that *there* alone is true happiness; while the surfeited son of wealth may occasionally sigh for a quiet retreat in some rural scene, where the sights and sounds of frivolity and fashion might never more meet his sight or vex his weary ear.

The ideas that we have endeavored to convey respecting the advantage of a just point of view in regard to natural and social objects, may perhaps with some profit be pursued, as applied to moral subjects. We are accustomed in boastful phrase to call the present an age of light and knowledge, and comparatively it is so; but, when we reflect how much we have yet to learn, what darkness still remains to be dispelled, we may well rejoice with trembling. Many of the errors into which we daily fall, blinded as are our minds by the mists of prejudice, and darkened by the too slowly retreating shadow of superstition, may be avoided if we earnestly endeavour to look not from the position where chance or fortune has placed us, but, from the true position. As I have before said, these false points of view often result from our education. Most of our thoughts are the coinage of our intellectual training. Rarely is a

man found who dares to cast away the die that is formed for him and provide one for himself. Rarely does a man think his own thoughts; if he thinks at all, it is seldom out of the path which our forefathers trod, leaving, it may be, few thorns, but alas! fewer flowers under their feet. Pleasant fields smile on either side as he plods along the dusty road; but he dares not enter them, for fear he should not find his way back again to the rut-tracks of his ancestors. They have scattered leaves, as they passed, on which are written admonitions that if from their path he wanders, there is no end to the disasters that will overwhelm him; that among the flowers and sweet-scented grass, lurk serpents whose sting is deadly; that if he uses his eyes in a different way from what they did, he will be struck blind or worse than blind.

Not often do we venture to disregard these monitions. Not often do we look upward and onward, but with downcast eyes we eagerly seek for foot-prints to guide us. Our veneration sometimes prevents our thinking freely; we receive old thread-bare ideas into our minds and assimilate them, if they will assimilate, with the few spontaneous thoughts that now and then flash across their surface; but too often our own ideas must give place, and the cravings of our immortal natures are fain to be satisfied with husks. Perhaps we may *never* feel the want of something higher than chances throw in our way, and from the point of view in which we are placed by birth or circumstances, imagine that we alone, and those of the same opinions as ourselves, see things in their true light. While such a state of mind lasts there is no hope. The man who devoutly believes that he is and must be right—let who will be wrong—is in too exalted a position to perceive the truth. Those only who know their ignorance and weakness are likely to become wise and strong. The only point of view which, unaffected by circumstances, can be said to be true—speaking not relatively but absolutely—is that occupied by those untrammelled by mortal bodies. The highest point of view, with reverence be it spoken, is that from which the Almighty Creator, surveys the boundless extent of His creation. To draw nearer to these exalted observations, it is permitted to us earnestly to strive: to attain to them is, in this world, of course impossible. We now see "through a glass darkly," but we may do much to dispel the mists that gather around us—to extend the horizon of our thoughts, by endeavoring to attain a higher viewing point than that where selfishness or prejudice or ambition plants us; where, as it were away from ourselves, with calm minds and in a clearer air we may survey the expanse which a

beneficent Creator has spread before us, and form opinions which shall approximate to the truth.

If we have succeeded in gaining such an enviable observing point, we may look back upon our former errors of judgment, and wonder that the way which now seems so clear should have been before shut out from our sight. Many of these errors, in respect to the judgments we have formed of others, will be found to have consisted in our having attributed false motives to them. Nothing is more common than to hear men passing sentence upon their fellows, painting their conduct in the darkest colors and imputing the most unworthy motives to the actors. Political parties and religious sects do much to foster this narrow and one-sided spirit. In the view of many whose feelings are stronger than their judgments, their opponents are unmitigated villains; they will not allow them the possession of a single virtue. With them the holding of an opinion opposite from their own, stamps the unlucky possessor with infamy. They wish to hear no reasons that have led to conclusions so different from their own; never stopping to consider that it is, perhaps, *their own* point of view which is the false one, and that that of their opponent may be far more elevated and in a purer atmosphere. It is hard for men to perceive that *they* are in the wrong, and harder to acknowledge it when perceived. In former times the contracted spirit of which we have spoken was more prevalent than it now is. Speaking of the remarkable difference between the sentiments of the wits and puritans in the reign of Charles II, Macaulay says: "They looked on the whole system of human life from different points and in different lights. The earnest of each was the jest of the other; the pleasures of each were the torment of the other. To the stern precisian even the festive sport of the fancy seemed a crime." We know that at the present time the conflicting opinions of political parties or religious sects do not engender such a bitter hate as they once did: and let us hope that each passing year will witness the advancement of liberal ideas and the promotion of more fellowship among men of different parties and sects. But even now, men are not wanting who are ready to stigmatize those whose greatest fault is to differ with them in opinion, as either knaves or fools; and to think that all human wisdom is arrayed with their party, and all human virtue is to be found within the pale of their Church. These ideas are favored by, if not altogether owing their origin to improper points of view.

Of all the errors to which we are liable from false points of view, there are none, perhaps, into

which we are more likely to fall, and which we ought more carefully to guard against, than in forming an estimate of the degree of guilt attaching to a criminal. Now and then the community is startled by hearing of the perpetration of some revolting crime, the perpetrator of which, just before occupied a station of the highest respectability and enjoyed an unsullied reputation. At first our natural indignation overpowers all other feelings; we look only at the enormity of the offence, and contrasting it with what fruits have before been procured from the same source and a continuance of which we might have reasonably expected, our unmingled wrath is poured upon the head of the offender. As from the mere force of contrast, we naturally regard the misfortunes of the great with a pitying eye, so do we regard their crimes with the greatest abhorrence. In such a case whether the conclusions at which we arrive are just or not, doubtless the point of view which we occupy has a great influence. However intimate our acquaintance with external facts may be, we can have little insight into the hidden workings of the heart. We can never know what peculiar and over-powering temptations may have laid wait for the soul of the erring one, what long struggles he may have made, till in an evil hour he fell. This secret history is hidden never to be revealed, and looking at the act and the actor, not reflecting that motives in themselves pure and arising from a generous heart, may, at the first, have induced a slight deviation from the right way, and led inevitably to the results we are called upon to deplore, we are ready to condemn almost before we have heard. Would it not enlarge our sympathies with erring humanity, if we should strive to reach a point where we might get a clearer insight into the possible motives that may have actuated the offender; if, not coldly from afar shutting our eyes and steeling our hearts, we should judge, but drawing nearer and seeking to do so without prejudice or passion? We would not advocate that sentimental philanthropy which passing by honest worth elevates scoundrels into heroes; and much less would we desire to see it adopted in the administration of justice. The administration of laws must have regard mainly to outward facts, and no relaxation from a just rigor should be encouraged: but, in our private judgments we may safely allow more scope to our feelings, and, under wholesome restrictions, to our imaginations. Thus we may often be convinced that the apparent heinousness of a crime is greater than the actual, and the criminal less deserving of our condemnation than many living at ease and in security beyond

the reach of law. These reflections of course must have regard to special cases and be modified by the circumstances of each, but by no means let us give up general principles.

No profession or occupation is free from the dangers to which we have alluded. Whatever may be our studies or pursuits, we are in some danger of occupying a mere professional point of view; especially if they lead us into contact with injustice and crime. We are always more or less liable to deceive ourselves, and accepting specious arguments for truth, we may come to regard the eternal laws of right as wavering and uncertain and not as fixed and immutable.

Against such results we cannot watch with too great vigilance; and while we strive to keep our understandings clear, let us keep our hearts fresh also, and never amidst the cares of business or the excitements of pleasure, suffer them to grow callous. We should endeavour to break away from everything that has a tendency to narrow the horizon of our thoughts and feelings. In the more limited brotherhood of our particular profession let us never forget the wider brotherhood of man; and extending one hand to those beneath us and with the other grasping the outstretched hand of the wise and good above us, we may form a telegraphic chain, throughout whose length our influence shall be felt, and whose highest extremity shall reach the skies.

THE LADY'S LESSON; OR, HOW TO LOSE A LOVER.

BY MRS. EMMA E. EMBURY.

It was a chill tempestuous evening in autumn. The wind rose in fitful gusts, now uttering a long low wail, like the voice of human suffering, and again swelling into the loud fierce tone of threatening wrath, while the dead leaves, whirled from the dry branches by the force of the tempest, swept by, with the gushing sound of some winged creature, and the sullen bursts of rain dashed with the force of hailstones against the unsheltered casement. It was a night when the poor man's cold hearthstone and scanty spread board look doubly desolate:—a night when the child of fortune gathers around him all the comforts and luxuries of life, feeling their value increased tenfold by the force of contrast. In a handsome apartment, whose rich carpet, silken hangings, and costly furniture bore witness to the presence of wealth, while the gilt harp, the open piano, the

velvet-covered books, and the delicate *bijouterie* scattered around spoke no less of taste and elegance, sat two persons who seemed peculiarly fitted to dwell amid such scenes. The lady was young and very beautiful. Her simple but carefully arranged dress displayed the contour of a superb figure, while her attitude, as she bent over the harp, was one of exquisite grace. In seeming idleness of mood, she lightly touched the strings, and murmured rather than sung the touching words of an old ballad. Her eyes, downcast and shrouded from view by her heavy black lashes, were never once raised to the face of her companion, although the rich color which gradually deepened in her cheek might have betrayed her consciousness of his ardent gaze. It was a subject for a painter— that stately chamber, with its picturesque adornments, visible by the soft moonlight of a shaded lamp, while the beautiful creature who occupied the foreground of the picture, was not more worthy of the artist's pencil than was the noble thoughtful-looking man, who, half reclining on a sofa, watched her every movement with a loving eye. Indeed, charming as was the lady, there was far more for both painter and poet to study, in the face and mind of her companion. Charles Lilbourne had been, all his life, a dreamer rather than a student. A large fortune which he inherited at an early age, had enabled him to shun the sordid paths of worldly business, and the gratification of his intellectual tastes had occupied his early manhood. Gifted with fine talents, he also possessed those strong passions which are ever the attendants on mental vigor, but his noble elevation of soul guarded him from the errors that often await an excitable and impulsive youth. His intellect seemed to purify the atmosphere of his moral nature. Virtue in her homeliest garb was to him "altogether lovely;" and beauty in all her witchery was an object of loathing if the soul of good was wanting. His poetic fancy shed its own rich light over every thing in life. Susceptible in the highest degree, he invested the beings whom he met in society with attributes that rarely exist in the grosser air of worldiness. He opened his heart to them, led them into the vestibule of his affections, and even gave them glimpses of the light which glowed behind the veil, when the sudden discovery of some weakness, some defect, some want of sympathy, would awaken him from his dream and leave him distrusting and desolate. Frequent experiences of this nature had made him somewhat reserved in manners. He had been so often disappointed that he almost doubted the existence of truthfulness in the world. He had indulged in

the reveries of philosophic sentiment until he became morbidly fastidious, and learned, too late, that the intellectual voluptuary, no less than the mere sensualist, must suffer the penalty of excessive indulgence. He had been a traveller in all lands, and had dwelt amid all nations. He had ripened his fancies and feelings beneath the sunshine of all climes, and now, unsatisfied and lonely, he had returned to breathe, once more, his native air, in the vain hope of renewing the simple tastes and habits of his boyhood.

When Charles Lilbourne went abroad, his cousin Julia was a child, a pretty, pettish little creature who sat on his knee and teased him for *bombons*. After fifteen years of absence, he returned to find his plaything transformed into the elegant and admired woman. If he had remembered her at all, it had been only as an unformed girl, and no vision of her surpassing beauty, her graceful self-possession, her queenly dignity ever crossed his imagination. He met her with wonder,—almost with awe. She seemed to him like the development of some lovely dream—the expansion of some dim vague fancy of his youth. He remembered her artless childhood, and he immediately associated his ideas of the past with those of the present until he had invested his beautiful cousin with all the loveliest attributes of feminine sweetness. True to his susceptible nature, while he fancied that he was only watching the phases of a new character, he became a lover and a worshipper, yet his idolatry, unlike the homage of a common mind, rendered him doubly sensitive to any defect in the object of his devotion. Julia Grey possessed no extraordinary mental or moral gifts. With some talent, but much more tact, she adapted herself to the tastes of others, with a degree of skill scarcely compatible with perfect truthfulness. Fond of admiration, she sought to win it by other means than merely her great beauty. She loved to make a decided impression upon her admirers—to say or do something which should remain fixed in their hearts for ever. She had sufficient sentiment to prefer the homage of the affections to the mere tribute of the senses, and she liked to bring her followers to the verge of the cliff whence they might take the Lover's Leap, even if she felt assured that they would turn back from its descent. She was a cheerful, intelligent, agreeable girl, without any fixed purpose in life, except to marry when she should become satiated with the pleasures of society: without any fixed principles of action, except the desire of pleasing and the fear of offending conventional rules: without any permanent affections except those awakened by

kindred; and without the slightest idea of her own responsibility to a Higher Power for the gifts and graces which she used merely as the adornments of a passing existence. Such was Julia; such are most women when their scholastic education is completed, and they are sent into society to be moulded or remodelled by circumstances.

On the evening already alluded to, Charles Lilbourne was in one of his most dreamy moods. The genial atmosphere he breathed, the luxurious appliances which surrounded him, the beauty which was before him, and the feeling of comfort, which is always felt, when the war of discordant elements without, is contrasted with the perfect harmony within, had combined to throw him into a delicious reverie. An artificial climate like that of the sunny south was around him, the works of Italy's most gifted children looked down upon him from the pictured walls, the voice of song was gently whispering near, and beside him, in living, breathing loveliness, was a realization of his fairest dream of beauty. What marvel therefore if he was for a few brief moments lapped in Elysium? what marvel if with half-closed eyes and languid frame he reclined in that sweet indolence of mind and body while such gentle influences lulled his soul into a trance of pleasure? Fearful of disturbing the current of vague, sweet fancies, he spoke not, stirred not, and even the entrance of a servant with some message which caused Julia to break the chain of a gentle melody, scarcely aroused him.

"How beautiful she is," sighed he, as the door closed behind the fair girl; "how beautiful and how good! can it be that the happiness of winning such a heart is reserved for me? Can it be, that after a fruitless search through the wide world, I am yet to find perfect sympathy in my child-hood's home?"

Just at this moment his ear caught the low pleading tone of some one speaking in the hall.

"Indeed, Miss Grey" said the person, "it was impossible to finish the dress this evening; I have been obliged to make up mourning for a lady who has just lost her only child, and I knew you would not mind the disappointment of a few hours."

"But I do mind it," was the sharp reply of Miss Gray. "It seems to me that somebody is sure to die when I want any sewing done; I am sure there is no necessity for any great haste in making up mourning; people don't want to go out at such times, and they need not be so particular about the color of their dresses."

"I can have your dresses completed by Wednesday morning," said the first speaker.

"That will not answer; I must have it to-morrow evening: I want it in time for a party which I must attend."

"I shall scarcely be able to get it done without working all night, but I will do my best."

"Well, let me have it at any rate by eight o'clock to-morrow evening, and be sure not to disappoint me. I will send you the lace trimming in the morning; the weather is so dark and stormy, I am afraid to trust you with it to-night, for you might lose it or be robbed of it on your way home. Why didn't you come before dark?"

"Mother was not well, and I could not leave her sooner."

"Oh, I remember, she is blind and gives you a great deal of trouble; I will send the lace in the morning, and you know how I want it laid on the skirt and sleeves."

Lilbourne heard the hall door close, and the next moment, with a smile of gentle benignity, Julia re-entered the room.

"I am completely chilled," she exclaimed, as she drew her chair to the fire; "the hall is like a north-west passage, and these work-people are so dreadfully tedious."

Charles had risen from his indolent position, and now with a knit brow and folded arms, stood leaning against the chimney-piece.

"With whom were you talking?" he coldly asked, while the keen glance of his dark eyes betrayed his interest in the answer.

"It was a poor dress-maker, whom I employ out of charity," said Julia, with a meek air of conscious rectitude; "she is poor and supports her blind mother, and I therefore patronise her, instead of employing a more fashionable *modiste*."

"I dare say you are quite satisfied with her skill, or else your taste would overcome your charity."

"I believe you are right, cousin Charles," was the apparently frank reply; "but Clara certainly has an innate idea of the 'fitness of things;' tell me if you ever saw anything more perfectly adapted to the figure than the dress I am now wearing?"

"You should not ask such questions, Julia, they break the sweet illusions of fancy. Until you suggested a different idea, I really thought that it was the figure which so beautifully moulded the dress, and now I am afraid I shall never admire the admirable proportions of your fine form without thinking of the poor little dress-maker."

There was a tone of lurking sarcasm in this remark which puzzled and annoyed Julia; but,

pretending not to perceive any latent meaning, she gayly answered: "Take care how you waste thoughts on a pretty woman *absent*, when you should be absorbed in attentions to a prettier one *present*; we women never forgive such an act of *lèse-majesté*."

"Is the poor girl pretty?"

"Quite so; with soft dove-like eyes and beautiful brown hair; but she is pale and thin, and lacks the roundness of healthful symmetry."

"Where does she live?"

"Somewhere in——street, quite near your hotel, I believe."

"Have you never visited her in the course of your *patronage*?"

"Certainly not; I always sent for her to come to me; I would not, for the world, enter one of those close and crowded places where poor people huddle together; I am sure I should catch some frightful fever. I am laughed at by many of my acquaintances for my folly in employing such persons, and I don't know what would be said if I were seen going to such places to seek them."

Charles Lilbourne was silent, and as Julia drew her harp again towards her, he fell into another fit of musing. But now his thoughts were apparently less agreeable, for the expression of languid enjoyment in his countenance had given place to a stern coldness which Julia could neither comprehend nor dissipate. That night he returned sad and dissatisfied to his home. Captivated by Julia's beauty, he had, as usual, believed her gifted with all womanly feelings and sympathies, and now, like all seekers after perfection, the discovery of a single flaw in the diamond made him regard it as utterly false and worthless. Indeed Julia could scarcely have done anything which would so suddenly have disenchanted him. He had witnessed her selfish gratification of her own whims even at the expense of another's comfort—he had listened to a falsehood from her lips, for he well knew that the party for which she required the dress would not take place till the day after that which she had named, and that, therefore, the requisition which would deprive the poor seamstress of her nightly rest was as unnecessary as it was cruel—he had seen her shrinking from a moment's exposure to that inclemency from which she had not sought to screen a woman as delicate as herself—he had heard her express fears for the safety of a paltry lace trimming, while she scrupled not to suffer the unprotected and timid girl to return alone through the darkness and tempest to her distant home; in fine, he had discovered a want of womanly tenderness in the character of his lovely cousin;

and when a man has learned the falsehood of a single attribute with which his fancy had invested the lady of his love, it is wonderful how acute he becomes in his scrutiny of all her gifts.

As he entered his well-furnished apartments in _____ House, he wove a chain of thought which held him prisoner for several hours. He reflected on the vast amount of human suffering which is the result solely of human selfishness, and as he contrasted the condition of the brilliant and beautiful despot whom he had just left, with that of the patient, humble dress-maker, he certainly felt more interest in the slave than in the ruler. He rose and approached the window, intending to close it previous to retiring for the night, when his eye fell upon a solitary taper twinkling in an apartment of a neighboring abode. The houses in the adjoining street were arranged for the accommodation of the poor, and the usual accumulation of high narrow tenements, pieced out by rear-buildings and sheds, deformed the prospect from Lilbourne's window. It was in one of those rude domiciles, the narrow casement of which was scarcely fifty-feet from him, that he now saw the light. So common and trivial a circumstance at any other time would scarcely have claimed a thought, but in his present frame of mind it was calculated to interest him deeply. He remembered his cousin's allusion to the dress-maker's abode, and he felt an innate conviction that the lonely taper was lighting her to her weary task. His curiosity was fully awakened. He saw a shadow upon the muslin curtain which shrouded the window, and as a change in her position brought the occupant of the room directly before the casement, the figure of a woman bending low over a piece of needlework was clearly defined. As he gazed, a feeling of benevolent indignation took possession of his mind. A degree of interest, so strong, that he might have attributed it to the secret influence of some mysterious magnetism, if he had not been fully aware of the wonderfully attractive power of sympathy, chained him to the spot. With his eye fixed on that solitary taper and the shadow of that weary watcher, he dreamed away the hours, weaving a mingled web of sorrow and romance, until the gray dawn of morning flecked the dark vault of Heaven. Then and not till then, was the taper extinguished, and a pale wan face approached the casement. Lilbourne gazed unseen upon the fragile-looking creature, who, throwing aside the curtain, raised the window, and leaned forth, as if to catch one breath of fresh unpolluted air. He saw no beauty in the pallid countenance, but he read the lines of habitual suffering, he observed the traces of ex-

haustion—he noticed her suffused eye, and as the young girl resumed her labors, he felt disposed to curse the selfish vanity of those, who win the flattery of fools at the price of a sister's health and life.

It was late on the following evening when Lilbourne entered the drawing-room where his beautiful cousin awaited him. His manner was abstracted and cold, and Julia, vexed by his pertinacious resistance to her wiles, became exacting and petulant. It was evident to both that something had weakened the spell—that some ingredient had been mixed in the Circean cup which had been so carefully mingled by beauty's hand. Lilbourne was disappointed, and of course unreasonable. A man of more frankness would have disclosed his feelings, and sought to awaken a better spirit in the woman he loved; but Charles only felt that he had been deceived, and he scorned the idea of teaching her that which ought to be the habitual rule of her conduct. His mood was but little changed when, on the following night, he accompanied Julia to the party for which the new dress had been prepared. Never had she looked more beautiful—never had her superb figure been more finely displayed—never had her attire been more tasteful and elegant. But Lilbourne looked on the rich garb only to remember the solitary watcher, and the single taper which had burned through that long night, in order to complete these trappings of vanity; he gazed on the fair face only to recall the attenuated features of the less fortunate woman who was at once the priestess and the victim on the shrine of fashion.

Piqued at his unwonted indifference, Julia sought to arouse his jealousy, and accordingly she assumed all her brilliancy. But, whether whirling through the mazes of the giddy dance, or uttering the ready repartee which had all the cutting hardness as well as glitter of the diamond—whether bestowing the ready smile upon the retailer of small wit, or listening with assumed interest to some pretended sentimentalist, she never forgot that her chief object was to increase the power of her spells over her cousin. Until now, Julia Grey had never known anything like a genuine attachment. To the spoiled and flattered belle, Charles Lilbourne, with his fine intellectual gifts, his poetic temper, his chivalrous devotion to woman, and his thoughtfulness of character, was a new and delightful study. It was impossible that she, brought up in the atmosphere of worldliness, should perfectly appreciate him, or entirely sympathise with him, but she certainly preferred him to all others, and the influence of his character

if properly exerted, would in all probability have finally wrought a decided change in hers. She set herself to the task of pleasing him; she studied his peculiarities, she adopted his tone of thought, she acquired those pretty phrases of sentimental diction which are always so agreeable from the lips of a pretty woman, and already her work was half done, when one little trait, so habitual as entirely to escape her own attention—one evidence of selfishness and unwomanly disregard to the comfort of another, spoiled her plans, and marred her happiness. That evening and that dress completed his disenchantment. The wan face of the poor seamstress seemed to meet his eye whenever he looked on the gorgeously attired belle, and Julia Grey no longer possessed a lover in her eccentric cousin.

* * * * *

Some two years afterwards, the cousins were again seated in the apartment where we first found them. The same rich decorations were around them, the piano was open as if the lady had just turned from it, but the harp stood silent in its nook, and something seemed to tell of change in the hearts and minds of both. There was a mournfulness in Julia's eye, as she glanced around the room, and the changeful color on her cheek told of some suppressed emotion, but her brow was calm, and her beautiful lip displayed a placid smile, as if she had worn the mask of fashion so long that her features had become moulded into its false expression. Charles Lilbourne was grave and thoughtful as usual, but there was a fire in his eye and a nervous movement of his heavy brows, as if some hidden feeling was at work within him.

"To-morrow, Julia, to-morrow," said Lilbourne, "you will be another creature; to-morrow you will assume the duties and responsibilities of a wife—you will take upon yourself the keeping of another's happiness, are you not startled when you reflect upon the magnitude of your life-long task?"

"It is too late to reflect now," replied Julia, while a laugh of forced gaiety echoed strangely from her lips; "I dare say I shall be very happy, I have outlived the age of romance, and, as I expect little sympathy, I shall meet with few disappointments. Mr. Debere is rich, complaisant and kind: he loves to spend his vast fortune, and he will be as proud of his wife as of his blood horses."

"For Heaven's sake, Julia, how can you talk in so frivolous a strain?"

"I tell you, Charles, I have survived my own affections; the time has been when I could have

given up wealth and fashion, and all the homage of society for the love of one true heart, but the hour is gone by. I respect Mr. Debere's many virtues, I am willing to tolerate his eccentricities and defects, and I have a most decided preference for the advantages his fortune and good temper ensure to me, and I have very philosophically adapted my ideas of happiness to my capacity for obtaining it. Now, say no more on the subject, Charles; you know not, you cannot know, how painful are the feelings you awaken. I have chosen my path and mean to pursue it fearlessly."

"You are a strange creature, I wish I could understand you."

"You might once have fathomed the depths of my nature, Charles, but you scorned to do so; the weeds thrown up to the surface deterred you from seeking the pearls that might have been found beneath, and now they will never be brought to light. Leave me to be happy in my own way, and God grant that you may find greater happiness in yours."

"Julia, do you know that I also am engaged to be married?"

"To whom?" was the earnest, almost passionate question; for no woman ever listens coldly to such tidings respecting one whom she has loved.

"Do you remember the dress you wore at Mrs. Lawton's party?"

"Perfectly well; more by token, as the Scotch say, that it enabled me to attract the admiration of the somewhat fastidious Mr. Debere."

"Indeed! well, that confirms my belief in the doctrine of compensations, for as that dress won you a husband, it certainly lost you a lover. When I heard you coldly condemn your sister woman to unbroken labor and privation, in order that you might obtain the trappings of variety, I felt that you were not all my fancy had painted—not all that I desired in woman. I watched from my window the progress of that solitary task; I saw the grey dawn of morning break upon the sleepless eyes of that pale girl, who toiled for a blind and helpless mother; and when I saw you robed as the idol of fashion, my thoughts went back to her who was the victim as well as the priestess of your vanity, and the spell of your beauty became powerless. I sought out the aid of a friend, an aged and benevolent woman, who might be my agent in rescuing your dependant from the thralldom of necessity. For the girl's sake no less than for my own, I avoided all personal interference, and when I found that her father's bankruptcy and sudden death, had thus reduced the family to poverty, I feigned to have

discovered that I had been long indebted to the deceased parent; I immediately transferred to them the sum of five thousand dollars, and fancied that I had managed most adroitly to secure them at least from want. But what was my surprise when I found that the noble girl, immediately upon receiving the money, had handed it over to her father's creditors, believing it to be their just due. This awakened a new and more elevated interest in my heart, and, in company with my old friend, I visited her humble abode. I shall never forget the picture of that small room, with plain but neatly kept furniture, the snowy bed where lay the sightless mother, and the little table covered with the rich silks, which were to minister to the wants of the poor by pampering the pride of the rich. I saw the pale workwoman, I heard the quick short cough which is ever as a churchyard knell to the sedentary and laborious. Will you forgive me, Julia, if I add, that as I compared the patient sufferer with the brilliant belle, I accused you of the selfishness and cruelty which had reduced her to the brink of the grave! You were only one of the many who had thus tasked her strength, but you should have known better."

"I see it all, Charles; but you should have remembered that we sometimes sin through ignorance rather than wilfulness. Go on."

"I found refinement, good sense, delicacy of perception, and high-mindedness beneath the garb of poverty. By the aid of the old lady, Clara Wilnot was placed in a situation which secured her from such hard tasks, and as the governess to my friend's grandchildren, she assumed a position better suited to her talents and virtues. I assure you, coz, she understands the 'fitness of things' no less in intellectual than in personal graces."

"And so you are going to marry her; who could have supposed that after all your fastidious notions about women, you would find perfection in the character of a poor sewing girl?"

"I have not found perfection, Julia, but I have learned to be satisfied with less. Clara has none of the brilliant beauty which once captivated my fancy, but her soft sweet eyes are full of womanly tenderness, and her brow wears the serenity of high thoughts. She understands the wardness of my susceptible nature; she knows how to modulate the harmony as well as to soften down the discords which such a peculiar temperament as mine awakens. She does not in the least resemble my beau-ideal of a wife, but she is something better, for she is a tender, truthful, devoted woman."

"You have my best wishes for your happiness," said Julia, while a gush of irrepressible tears burst from her eyes; "since to you good has come of evil, and my faults have led to your happiness, think of me, Charles, with kindness, as one who carries beneath the trappings of wealth a lonely but not unsympathising heart."

"What can she mean?" thought Charles, as he left the room; "can it be that she once loved me?"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Julia, as in bitterness of spirit she entered her own chamber, where the morrow's array of bridal splendor met her view; "how little do we know of the undercurrent of life, which, while we seem gaily floating in one direction, slowly bears onward to an opposite course! Who could have believed that a careless word, an act of mere thoughtlessness, would have deprived me of lifelong happiness! Alas! there is more truth than poetry in the thought that—

'In one moment we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, * * *
And color things to come with hues of night.'"

I THINK OF THEE.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm o'er-shadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract,—
Where I with thee was wont to talk,—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue.
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lovely yew—
Then be thou melancholy too.

When musing on the hours I roved
With thee, beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling,
A choral anthem on thine ear,—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear,
And then her flight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

ARIA DONIZETTI.

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

Moderato.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including accents. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature (C) and contains a piano accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

Pia.

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line from the first system. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern.

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff shows a melodic line with some chromaticism and a fermata. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff concludes the melodic line with a fermata. The lower staff concludes the piano accompaniment. The tempo marking *Rall.* is placed between the two staves in this system.

ARIA DONIZETTI

Più Allegro.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains four measures of music, primarily eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains four measures of accompaniment, mostly chords and eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the upper staff.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the upper staff.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and some sixteenth notes. The lower staff has accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. There are some markings above the notes in the upper staff, possibly indicating fingerings or ornaments.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the upper staff.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the upper staff. The tempo marking *Ral.* (Ritardando) appears below the lower staff in the second measure.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system begins with the word "for" written below the bass staff. The second system includes the word "Bis." above the treble staff. The music is in a minor key, indicated by a flat sign on the F line of the treble clef.

OH! LET US NEVER MEET AGAIN.

Nay, seek no more with soothing art
 (Since all our hours of love are vanished,
 To cheer with hope this aching heart,
 From which all thought of joy is banished!
 Thou lov'st no more! too well I know,
 All hope to bring thee back is vain:
 And, as I'd hide, from all, my woe,
 Oh! let us never meet again!

I'll shun thee in the festive hall,
 Where joyous forms around are seen,
 Lest I might weep to think of all
 Those scenes where we've together been!
 I'll shun thee where the tide of song
 Comes o'er my ear with well known-strain;
 Thy tones would on my mem'ry throng—
 So let us never meet again!

No more my favourite bard I'll read,
 For thou hast mark'd each well-known page:
 'Tis cold forgetfulness I need;
 Naught else my sorrow could assuage.
 I cannot seek my pencil's aid,
 'Twould sadly call forth mem'ry's train;
 With thee I've sketched each hill and glade,
 Where we shall never meet again.

And e'en my pen is faithless now;
 To seek new themes 'twill not be taught:
 It still would keep my early vow
 To write to thee my inmost thought.
 But I will ne'er address thee more!
 My proud and wounded heart 'twould pain,
 If thou shouldst not my grief deplore,
 Oh! may we never meet again!