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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

POETRY.

CASTLE BUILDING.

[From the Sunbeam.]

One night as I was sitting here,
Musing on this thing, and on that,
Odd notions came into my pay,
Of what I quickly would be at,
If fortune ere should on me shew,
(The pickle jobs, I hope she not),
How many pleasures she might give,
And how I'd be extremely gay.

My wife had gone before to bed,
The kitchen clock had sounded twelve,
"The stars" were over that red,
And I was quit by myself;
With fast asleep, and fast asleep,
A glass of toddy on the table,
My toes in carpet slippers laid,
I was "most innocently asleep."

So I fancy gave the reins,
Away she galloped, and I miss!
And lo! I had a vast domain,
With all things to command mine;
So, sitting in my ancient hall,
With servants could not not a few,
I bid to come, "my husband come!"
I'll go and kill a buck or two."

"No, stay—I've changed my mind—let's see,
Just now and I'm coming—just now,
And quickly let the horses be
Put to—we'll ride a drive to town."
My lady (glowing with delight)
I wish a very lovely air—
Down to the post, lay not to rest
Till they get to Brackley square!

Safe got to town—with great rejoicing
I thus address my lady dear:
Your portrait by that Brackley's side,
You must be painted by Leake or;
It shall a splendid picture be,
And when I've had a lesson at Boodle's,
I'll try, my love, if I can see
About that pair of handsome poodles.

No person thinks of staying near
In cloudy England all the year;
For Paris soon will start, I vow,
And out a stylish figure show,
From hence we'll take our flight to Rome,
The pope and all we'll do to see;
Then we'll go back when we can home,
And call it "Seasons in Italy."

And, by-the-by, I'll take a box,
The opera we must patronize;
One's consequence is only do to,
To go in my other gown;
Our carriage is not quite the best,
"Tis only fit to hold a quaker;
And then the currier has no spring,
I'll call about it in Long Acre.

Next week, dear, there is a levee,
I must go there, and put the press;
And that reminds me that I see
About a splendid full court dress;
And I will go, my dear, direct
To buy that work which is your theme,
And seems with you to be a put
Amongst the journals, "THE SUNBEAM."

Tomorrow morning I will go
To Cass's, and the cash you wish
Will draw, today I'm in her low,
And all the books are close—'Odds fish!"
I send, a coal upon my fire,
Had fallen, and I raised my head,
My wife was by me saying, "Oh!
For goodness sake John, come to bed."

THE RIVAL ARTISTS.

A PENCIL SKETCH.

Zeuxis was the pride and boast of Athens. His pencil had no rival, and thrice he had been crowned victor at the Olympic games. The dwellings of the rich and noble, and the temples of the gods were decorated with the fruits of his genius. He was courted by the wise and powerful. Ambassadors came from distant cities to look upon the Athenian painter, whose name was on the lips of all men. Even the proud ruler of Palmyra sent a deputation to invite him to the Palmyrene Court. Contemporary artists acknowledged his superiority, and Apollonius, the father of Athenian

painter, declared that "Zeuxis had stolen the cunning from all the rest." Thus flattered and caressed, the painter became proud and haughty. He found no rival, for he knew no equal.

The *Attilahde* employed him to paint a wrestler or Champion to adorn the precincts of the *Gymnasia*. Assailed thousands gave a simultaneous shout of applause when the picture was exhibited on the first day of the games. The victors in the chariot race, and the other games were almost forgotten, and the general admiration of the picture of Zeuxis.

Conscious of his superiority, the artist wrote beneath the picture, in Latin, "Sooner envied than equaled!"

This inscription met the eye of one who believed it not.

The third day of the games had terminated. The last rays of the sun yet lingered upon the grey summits of the *Acepsus*, and illumined the crest of hoary *Olympus*, that gleamed in the distance. Zeuxis sat alone with his wife and daughter, listening intently to the strains of a minstrel who swept a lute for a group of young dancers assembled near the grave sacred to *Psyche*. As the music ceased, a group of girls, the daughter, and a fair freedman in the maiden's eye.

"Had Cassandra," said Zeuxis, "sigh that tear, that sign!" A deep crimson suffused the face of the maiden, and her lips moved not.

"Tell me, Cassandra, did the latter inquisitively eye the handsome minstrel; tell me what a wail makes sorrowful the heart of my daughter? Thinkest thou yet of the wealthless *Parthenius*—even now upon the eve of thy nuptials with the noble *Thearchus*?"

"Nay, dear father," said Cassandra, "it was the music made me weep. It awakened memory to the happy hours spent with my dear father, who is now among the *Immemorables*—Four years ago we danced together in the palace-stair, and the eye was touched by the gentle hand of *Parthenius*."

"Gentle *Parthenius*, sweet thou, Cassandra—gentle *Parthenius*! Would you call him gentle, the poor plebeian, who sought to rival the noble *Thearchus* in his affections? Who openly avowed in the street of Athens, that his pencil would yet make Zeuxis envious?"

"And yet he was gentle," replied Cassandra, and the big round tears coursed down her cheeks.

The brow of Zeuxis lowered as he beheld the emotion of Cassandra. Four years had elapsed since *Parthenius* had asked her in marriage. Affection, deep and ardent as vitality itself, existed between the amiable couple; but the ambition of Zeuxis made him forget his duty to his child, and he resolved, that the wealthy and noble *Thearchus*, the son of one of the judges of the *Acepsus*, should be her husband. When *Parthenius* modestly pressed his suit, Zeuxis became indignant and called him a plebeian—a poor Ephesian—unworthy an alliance with the daughter of the great Athenian painter.

The spirit of *Parthenius* was aroused, and standing up in all the dignity of conscious genius he boldly repelled the insults of Zeuxis and with a voice that reached the ears of Cassandra, he exclaimed, "Know proud man, that thou, the unrivalled master of Greece, of the world, wilt envy the talents and fame of *Parthenius*, the poor plebeian of Ephesus!"

The rage of Zeuxis was unbounded, and he ordered the servants to thrust the youth from his presence. The order was obeyed, and ere the setting of the sun, *Parthenius* departed from Athens to practice his skill in seclusion at Ephesus.

For four years no tidings of the exile were conveyed to Cassandra, yet hope whispered that his prediction would be fulfilled, and that Destiny contemplated their eventual union.

The hope had thus far delayed her marriage with *Thearchus*. Her father, to add splendor to the nuptial rites, and gratify his passion for popularity, resolved to have their union consummated during the festival of the Olympic games. For three years she continued to delay the ceremony, for she loved not *Thearchus*. But now Zeuxis was resolved

and had made preparations for the celebration of the marriage on the last day of the games. The herald had already made the proclamation, and all Athens hailed with joy the approaching nuptials of the noble *Thearchus* and lovely *Cassandra*.

"Come, come, Cassandra," said Zeuxis, exclaiming, "do not weep, but be the daughter of the Athenian painter on the eve of thy nuptials with one of the noblest sons of Greece. Forget that childish passion that attached thee to *Parthenius*, and thank the gods that Fate expelled him from Athens."

"Would you see you, Cassandra happy?" said the weeping maiden.

"I would indeed," replied Zeuxis, "and it was for thy happiness that I spurned the Ephesian and favoured *Thearchus*."

"*Thearchus* has no place in my affections," replied Cassandra. "I love him not and to wed him is not to plunge me in deeper misery. What is wealth, what is nobility, and the applause of the people, if the affections of the heart have no place in the human spirit. They are but manna for the soul, and the human spirit without more than it is no happiness, and without a passion, what is life? I would sooner wed a peasant than an archon, did he outbid the riches of the citizens."

"Aren't I made self," exclaimed Zeuxis, "this philosophy may do for a peasant maiden, but it should not pollute the lips of a daughter of a Zeuxis. Talk of love? Why, it is but a passion of circumstances. To-day it burns with volcanic violence, to-morrow it is but a glimmering taper."

"It may be so with the sensual," replied Cassandra. "With them it is indeed the passion of circumstances. Yet, after all, it is not love. It is but a poor resemblance of the holy passion. Pure affection springs not from the dross of selfish wealth, power and popularity of individuals, or of society, nor from the ephemeral loveliness of the human form."

When moral and intellectual worth—the noble evanescence of exalted genius excite our admiration and win our affections for the possessor, then, indeed, do we love a worthy object, such, dear father, was my love for *Parthenius*, ever notwithstanding they will most shortly unite me with *Thearchus*, yet first love cannot be extinguished."

Zeuxis was silent. He loved his daughter almost to adoration, yet burning ambition would not permit her again to delay the nuptials in which he had resolved. He kissed the tears from the cheek of Cassandra, and was about to retire for the night, but the maiden seized his hand, and looking impudently in his face, said—

"Hear me once more, dear father, ere the decree of my unhappiness has irrevocably gone forth. Hope whispers in my ear that the prophetic taunt uttered by *Parthenius* may yet be verified. Thou knowest the genius and spirit of that youth, and I know thy gentle nature will now forgive the utterance of words spoken in passion. Forgive and Cassandra will be happy."

"For thy sake, I will pardon the rashness of the Ephesian boy," said Zeuxis. "But why thy hope? Wouldst thou see thy father rivalled and the voice of Athens loud in the praise of another?"

"Nay," replied Cassandra, "it is not for that I hope. But thy daughter loves *Parthenius*, and may the gods make him worthy of that love in the eyes of her father. This is the foundation of my hope. Is it not just?"

"Truly," replied Zeuxis, and bade her good night.

"One word more!" exclaimed Cassandra, still clinging to his arm; "fene more soon and Cassandra will be completely happy. Promise me that I shall wed *Parthenius*, if his prediction be fulfilled."

"I promise," replied Zeuxis, conscious that her hopes were groundless, and that the last day of the festival would see the daughter of the Athenian painter become the bride of one of the noblest youth of Athens.

On the following morning Zeuxis prepared for the games. Just at the moment of starting a herald approached him with a roll, directed to Zeuxis, the unrivalled painter of Greece. He unrolled it and read:

"Ten days ago the games of Olympia will terminate. . . . On the ninth I challenge thee to a trial of skill. The subject is left to the challenger."

Zeuxis lent the challenge to a thousand paces and bidding with rage exclaim, "I tell you that Zeuxis is not to compete with *Parthenius*. Tell him I challenge him to a trial of skill, even as I would choose his own. Begone I go, as it comes to this I continued he. "Must I first hear thy taunts of that boy, and then, in the face of thousands have him challenge me to a trial. I know him well. If I refuse, a herald will proclaim that refusal in every street in Athens, in the *Gymnasion* and the *Circus*. It must not be." And he commended the herald to return.

"Tell your master," said Zeuxis, "that I accept the challenge; the subject, I will, the herald depart."

Zeuxis said the artist, "my triumph will be complete, and Cassandra's consent will be procured. Now will I prove that the incident is unworthy the notice of one so superior and truly noble; and with a proud step proceed to the *Circus*."

In a few hours all Athens was in commotion. A new impulse had been given to the popular excitement, and the first shout that fell upon the ear of Zeuxis, as he entered the *Circus*, was the voice of a herald proclaiming that an Ephesian painter had challenged the great artist to a trial of skill.

The fact soon became known to Cassandra, and joy beamed into the heart of the maiden. Although she knew not the name of the competitor, yet she knew it was none other than *Parthenius*. None heard the voice of the herald with more gladness than the devoted one, and the gods received her adoration and praise.

The dice fixed upon for the first trial struck. The thousands collected to witness the games, flowed like a living torrent through the eastern gate of the city, and hushed upon the hill which overlooked a lofty plain, bordering upon the *Lysus*. Not had passed over his journey to the meadow, when amid the thundering shouts of the populace, Zeuxis, with a proud and haughty step, left the pavilion of the judges, and with a tablet in his hand on which was painted a cluster of grapes, proceeded to the plain. Upon a column erected for the purpose, near a grove, the artist placed his painting, and withdrawing the curtain that covered it, returned to the pavilion. All was silence and that magnificent attitude, and the songs of birds came up from the grove as if they were chanting eulogy for the great painter.

Suddenly a deafening shout of Zeuxis and Athens! arose from the throng. A whole levy of lions from the grove had alighted upon the column, and eagerly sought to devour the pictured fruit!

This was deemed sufficient evidence of the superiority of the Athenian, and the people clamoured loudly for the crown of laurels and the bunch of palm for Zeuxis. But the skill of the competitor was yet to be tried. Pale and trembling, the Ephesian stepped forth from the pavilion, and not a voice greeted him as he went. It was the ninety lines of a fair youth, had subsistence in a maiden, who cried out, "Victory for *Parthenius*!"

"Victory for *Parthenius*!" cried a few, but their voices fell like rain upon the young painter. As he passed, with his tablet in his hand, the spot where Zeuxis was receiving the congratulations of the multitude, the proud Athenian in haughty and scornful tone cried out, "Come stry away with your curtain that we may see what goodly stuff you have got beneath it!"

Parthenius approached his scornful competitor, and flung him his tablet. Had it descended fallen at the feet of Zeuxis he could not have been more returned. The curtain was painted upon the tablet, and was so exactly wrought, that ever the practiced eye of Zeuxis did not detect the deception.

"I yield!" cried the noble Athenian!

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