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THE RETURNING PESTILENCE.

BY JOHN C. LORR, D. D.
By river and fountain,
By desert and plain,
Over valley and mountain
I am coming again
To execute Judgment—
With terror and anguish
And death in my path.
In the East I began,
O'er the dark jungles
In the old Hindostan
Was waiting and weeping,
From the plague-stricken city,
And from the corpse-buried,
On the flowers-scented
In the land of the East,
And Persian wail wept,
For the Angel of Death,
In the land of the rose
And in the hopes of their hearts
As he passed.
Then Siberian snows
In my passage I crossed,
And the death-angel arose
In the regions of frost.
For the ice-monarch's mantle
Against the life-quickening
Gains the life-quickening touch
Of the pestilence.
By the sign of salvation
I paused for a time:
From each Christian nation
Rose voices of crime.
Though the spiced was there,
To the harvest of death
I passed speedily on.
Then Russia—the cold—
In my pathway I swept,
And in the steppes
The grey-headed wept.
Who saw, without tears,
For Hisu whose commission
And onward advancing,
Like a strong man from wine,
Where the suburbs are dancing
In the land of the vine,
With the step of a giant,
Before me the living—
Weep, Maids of Vienna!
Howl, Paris and Rome!
The gates of Gehenna
Are opening for doom.
The plague-cart shall wait
For your mansions of pride,
The rich with the poor
To the dark house shall ride.
At the last I shall sail
For the star-bannered West,
And my bark shall not fail
O'er the ocean's broad breast.
To land me on dead-
Where'er of sea-bred,
The Mermaid weeps.

THE BRIDE OF FATE. A TALE OF VENICE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMES.
[CONCLUDED.]
"Mother," said the stranger, "I am here."
"You say not who you are," answered the woman.
"Nor shall say," was the abrupt reply of the stranger.
"That, you said, was unnecessary to your art—to the solution of the questions that I asked you."
"Surely," was the answer. "My art, that promises to tell the of the future, would be a sorry fraud could it not declare the present—could it not say who you are, as well as what you seek."
"Hut and thou knowest?" exclaimed the other, his hand suddenly feeling within the folds of his cloak, as he spoke, as if for a weapon, while his eye glared quickly around the apartment, as if seeking for a secret enemy.
"Nay, fear nothing," said the woman calmly. "I care not who thou art. It is not an object of my quest, otherwise it would not long remain a secret to me."
"It is well! mine is a name that must not be spoken among the homes of Venice. It would make thyself to quail should thou hear it spoken."
"Perhaps," but mine is not the heart to quail at many things, unless it be the absolute wrath of Heaven. What the violence or the hate of man could do to this feeble frame, short of death, it has already suffered. Thou knowest but little of human cruelty, young man though thy own deeds be cruel!"
"How knowest thou that my deeds are cruel?" was the quick and passionate demand, while the form of the stranger suddenly and threateningly advanced. The woman was unmoved.
"Saidst thou not that there was a name that might not be spoken in the homes of Venice? Why shouldst thou very name make the hearts of Venice to quail under thy deeds of cruelty and crime? But I see farther. I see in thine eyes that thou art cruel. I hear it in thy voice that thou art criminal. I know, even now, that thy soul is bent on deeds of violence and blood, and the very quest that brings thee to me now is less the quest of love than of that wild and selfish passion which so frequently puts on his habit."
"He! speak to me of that! This damsel, Francesca Ziani! 'Tis of her that I would have the speak—Thou saidst that she should be mine, yet to her name I written in the 'Book of Gold,' and she is allotted to this man of wealth, this Ulric Barberigo."
"She will never be the wife of Ulric Barberigo."
"Thou saidst she should be mine."
"Nay, I said not that."
"He!—but thou liest!"
"No! Anger me not, young man! I am slower, much slower to anger than thyself—slower than most of those who still chafe within this mortal covering—yet am I mortal like thyself, and not wholly free from such foolish passions as vex mortality. Chafe me, and I will requite thee with scorn. Annoy me, and I close upon thee the book of fate, leaving thee to thee blind paths which thy passions have ever moved thee to take."
The stranger muttered something apologetically.
"Make me no excuses. I only ask thee to forbear and submit. I said not that Francesca Ziani should be thine! I said only that I held her in thy arms."
"And what more do I ask!" was the exulting speech of the stranger, his voice rising into a sort of outburst, which fully declared the ruffian, and the sort of passions by which he was governed.
"If that contents thee, well!" said the woman coldly, her eye perusing with a seeming calmness the brazen plate upon which the strange characters were inscribed.
"That, then, thou promisest still?" demanded the stranger.
"Thou shalt see for thyself," was the reply. Thus speaking the woman slowly arose and brought forth a small chafing-dish, also of brass or copper, not much larger than a common plate. This she placed over the brazier, the flame of which quickened by a few smart puffs from a little bellows which lay beside her. As the flame kindled, and the sharp red jets rose like tongues on either side of the plate, she poured into it something like a gill of thick teneous liquid, that looked like, and might have been, honey. Above this she brooded for a while with her eyes immediately over the vessel; and the keen ear of the stranger, quickened by excited curiosity, could detect the muttering of her lips, though the foreign syllables which she employed were entirely beyond his comprehension. Suddenly a thick vapor went up from the dish. She withdrew it from the brazier and laid it over her on the table. A few moments sufficed to clear the surface of the vessel, the vapor arising and hanging languidly above her head.

"Look now for thyself and see!" was her command to the visitor; she herself not designing a glance upon the vessel, thus seeming to be quite sure of what it would present, or quite indifferent to the result. The stranger needed no second summons. He bent instantly over the vessel, and started back with undisguised delight.
"It is she!" he exclaimed. "She droops! whose arm is it that supports her—upon whose breast is it that she lies—who bears her away in triumph?"
"Is it not thyself?" asked the woman coldly.
"By Hercules, it is! She is mine! She is in my arms! She is on my bosom! I have her in my galleys! She speaks with me to my home! I see it all, even as thou hast promised!"
"I promise thee nothing, I but show thee the only what is written."
"And when, and how shall this be effected?"
"How, I know not," answered the woman, "this is withheld from me. Fate shows what her work is only as it appears when done, but not the manner of the doing."
"But when will this be?" was the question.
"It must be ere she marries with Ulric Barberigo, for him she will never marry."
"And it is appointed that he wed with her on the day of St. Mary's eve. That is but a week from hence, and the ceremony takes place—"
"At Olivolo!"
"Ha! at Olivolo!" and a bright gleam of intelligence passed over the features of the stranger, from which his cloak had by this time entirely fallen. The woman beheld the look, and a slight smile, that seemed to denote scorn rather than any other emotion, played for a moment over her shriveled and sunken lips.
"Mother," said the stranger, "must all these matters be left to fate?"
"That is as thou wilt."
"But the eye of a young woman may be won—her heart may be touched—so that it may be easy for fate to accomplish her designs. I am young; am indifferently well-fashioned in person and have but little reason to be ashamed of the face that God has given me. Besides, I have much skill in music, and can sing as fairly as most of the young men of Venice. What if I were to find my way to the damsel—what if I play and sing beneath her father's palace? I have disguises, and am wont to practice in various garments; I can—"
"The woman interrupted him.
"Thou mayest do as thou wilt. It is doubtless as indifferent to the fate what thou doest, as it will be to me. Thou hast seen what I have shown—I can no more. I am not permitted to counsel thee. I am but a voice; thou hast all that I can give thee."
The stranger lingered still, but the woman ceased to speak, and betrayed by her manner that she desired his departure. Thus seeing, he took a purse from his bosom and laid it before her. She did not seem to notice the action, nor did she again look up until he was gone—With the sound of his retreating footsteps, she put aside the brazen volume of strange characters which seemed her favorite study, and her lips slowly parted in sighing.
"Ay! thou exultest, fierce ruffian that thou art in the assurance that fate yields herself to thy will! Thou shalt, indeed, have the maiden in thy arms but it shall profit thee nothing; and that single triumph shall extract from thee the last pennials which are sure to follow on the footsteps of a trade like thine. Thou thinkst that I know thee not, as if thy shallow mask could baffle eyes and art like mine; but I had not shown thee thus much, were I not in possession of yet further knowledge—did I not see that this lure was essential to embolden thee to thy own final overthrow. Alas! that in serving the cause of innocence, in saving the innocent from harm, we cannot make it safe in happiness. Poor Francesca, beloved of three yet blest with neither! Thou shalt be wedded, yet be no bride; shall gain all that thy fond young heart craveth, yet gain nothing! Be spared the embraces of him thou loatest, yet rest in his arms whom thou hast most need to fear, and shalt be denied, even when most assured, the only embrace which might bring thee blessing! Happy at least that thy sorrows shall not last thee long—their very keenness and intensity being thy security from the misery which holds through years like mine!"
Let us leave the woman of misery—let us once more depart the scene. Now pass we to the pirate's domain at Istria, a region over which, at the period of our narrative, the control of Venice was feeble, exceeding precarious, and subject to frequent vicissitudes. At this particular time, it was insubstantially by the forces band of pirates that ever swept the Mediterranean with their bloody prey.
CHAPTER IV.
It was midnight when the galley of the chief glided into the harbor of Istria. The challenge of the sentinel was answered from the vessel, and she took her place beside the shore, where two other galleys were at anchor. Suddenly her sails descended with a rattling; a voice hailed throughout the ship, was answered from stern to stern, and a deep silence followed. The fierce chief of the pirates, Pietro Barberigo, the fiercest, strongest, wisest, yet youngest of seven brothers, all devoted to the same fearful employment, stood in silence to his cabin. Here, throwing himself upon a couch, he prepared rather to rest than to sleep. He had thoughts to keep him wakeful. Wild hopes, and tender joys than his usual occupations offered, were gleaming before his fancy. The light burned dimly in his floating chamber, but the shapes of his imagination rose up before his mind's eye not less vividly because of the obscurity in which he lay.
Thus musing over expectations of most agreeable and exciting aspect he finally lapsed away in sleep.
He was suddenly aroused from slumber by a rude hand that lay heavily on his shoulder.
"Who is it?" he asked of the intruder.
"Gamba," was the answer.
"Thou, brother?"
"Ay," continued the intruder, "and here are all of us."
"Indeed! and wherefore come you? I would sleep—I am weary. I must have rest."
"Thou hast too much rest, Pietro," said another of the brothers. "It is that of which we complain—that of which we would speak to thee now."
"Hut this is new language, brethren! Answer me—perhaps I am not well awake; am I your captain or no?"
"Thou art—the fact seems to be forgotten by no one but thyself. Though the youngest of our mother's children, we made thee our leader."
"For what did ye do this, my brothers, unless that I might command you?"
"For this, in truth, and this only, did we confer upon you this authority. Thou hast shown thyself worthy to command—"
"Well!"
"Thy skill—thy courage—thy fortitude—"
"In brief, you thought me best fitted to command ye!"
"Yes."
"Then I command ye hence! Leave me and let me rest!"
"Nay, brother, but this cannot be," was the reply of another of the intruders. "We must speak with thee while the night serves us, lest thou hear worse things with the morrow. Thou art, indeed, our captain; chosen because of thy qualities for service, to conduct and counsel us; but we chose thee not that thou shouldst sleep! Thou wert chosen that enterprise might be achieved and might lead to frequent profit."

"Has it not been so?" demanded the chief.
"For a season, it was so, and there was no complaint of thee."
"Who now complains?"
"Thy people—all!"
"And can ye not answer them?"
"No! for we ourselves need an answer! We, too, complain."
"Of what complain ye?"
"That our enterprises profit us nothing."
"Do ye not go forth in the galleys? Lead ye not, each of you an armed galley? Why is it that your enterprises profit ye nothing?"
"Because of the lack of our captain."
"And ye can do nothing without me, and because ye are incapable, I must have no leisure for myself."
"Nay, something more than this, Pietro. Our enterprises avail us nothing, since you command that we no longer trouble the argosies of Venice. Venice has become thy favorite. Thou shieldst her only, when it is her merchants only who should give us spoil. This, brother, is thy true offence. For this we complain of thee; for this thy people complain of thee. They are impoverished by the new-born love for Venice, and they are angry with thee. Brother, their purpose is to depose thee!"
"Ha! and ye—"
"We are men as well as brethren. We cherish no such attachment for Venice as that which seems to fill thy bosom. When the question shall be taken in regard to thy office, our voices will be against thee, unless—"
"There was a pause. It was broken by the chief.
"Well, speak out. What are your conditions?"
"Unless thou shalt consent to lead us on a great enterprise against the Venetians. Hearken to us, brother Pietro. Thou knowest of the annual festival at Olivolo, when the marriage takes place of all those maidens whose families are favorites of the Signory, and whose names are written in the 'Book of Gold' of the Republic."
"The eye of the pirate chief involuntarily closed at the suggestion, but his head nodded affirmatively. The speaker continued.
"It is now but a week when the festival takes place. On this occasion assemble the great, the noble and wealthy of the sea city. Thither they bring all that is gorgeous in their apparel, all that is precious against their ornaments and decorations. Nobility and wealth here strive together which shall most gloriously display itself. Here too, is the beauty of the city—the virgins of Venice—the very choice among her locks. Could there be prize more fortunate? The church of San Pietro di Castello permits no armed man within its holy sanctuaries. There are no apprehensions of peril, the people who gather to the rites are wholly weaponless. They can offer no defence against our assault; nor can this be foreseen. What place more lonely than Olivolo? Thither shall we repair the day before the festival, and shelter ourselves from scrutiny. At the moment when the crowd is greatest, we shall dart upon our prey. We lack women; we desire wealth. Shall we fail in either, when we have in remembrance the bold deeds of our ancient fathers, when they look with yearning on the fresh beauties of the Sabine virgins? These Venetian beauties are no justifications, thou, too, has been overcome by one of these. She will doubtless be present at this festival. Here, now, thou hast all. Either thou agreeest to that which thy people demand, or the power departs from thy keeping. Fabio becomes our leader."
There was a pause. At length the private chief addressed his brethren.
"Ye have spoken ye threaten, too! this power, of which ye speak, is precious in your eyes. I value it not a zecchino; and were thou to despoor me to-morrow, I should be the master of ye to another month, did it please me to command a people so capricious. But think not, though I speak to ye in this fashion, that I deny your demand. I speak to show ye that I fear you not. I would do as ye desire; but did not your own wishes square evenly with mine own, I should hide the issue of this struggle, though it were with knife to knife."
"It matters not how thou feelest, or what mooves thee, Pietro, so that thou dost as we demand. Thou wilt lead us to this spoil!"
"I will."
"It is enough. It will prove to thy people that they are still the masters of the Lagoon—that they are not sold to Venice."
"Leave me now."
The brethren took their departure. When they had gone, the chief spoke in brief soliloquy, thus—
"Verily, this is the hand of fate in this. Methinks I see the history once more, even as I beheld it in the magic liquor of the Spanish Gipsy. Why thought I not of this before, dreaming vainly like an idiot boy, as much in love with his music as himself, who hopes by the tinkling of his guitar to win his beauty from the palace of her noble sire, to the obscure retreats of his gondola. These brethren shall not vex. They are but the creatures of a fate!"
CHAPTER V.
Let us now return to Olivolo, to the altar-place of the church of San Pietro di Castello, and recall the progress of that strangely mingled ceremonial—Mixed sunshine and sadness—which was broken by the passionate conduct of Giovanni Gradonigo. We left the poor, crushed Francesca, in a state of unconsciousness, in the arms of her sympathizing kindred. For a brief space the impression was painful one upon the hearts of the vast assembly, but as the deep organ rolled its ascending anthem, the emotion subsided, and the people had assembled for pleasure and an agreeable spectacle; and though sympathizing, for a moment, with the pathetic fortunes of the suffering lovers, quite as earnestly as it is possible for mere lookers on to do, they were not to be disappointed in the objects for which they came. The various shows of the assemblage—the dresses, the jewels, the dignities, and the beauties—were quite enough to divert the feelings of a populace, but all times notorious for its levities, from a scene which, however impressive at first, was becoming a little tedious. Sympathies are very good and proper things; but the world seldom suffers them to occupy too much of its time. Our Venetians did not pretend to be any more humane than the rest of the great family; and the moment that Francesca had fainted, and Giovanni had disappeared, the multitude began to express their impatience of any further delay by all the means in their possession. There was no longer a motive to resist their desires, and simply reserving the fate of poor Francesca to the last, or until she should sufficiently recover to be fully conscious of the sacrifice which she was about to make, the ceremonies were begun. There was a political part to be played by the Doge, in which the people took particular interest; and to behold which, indeed, was the strongest reason of their impatience. The government of Venice, as was remarked by quaint and witty James Howell, was a compound thing, mixed of all kinds of governments, and might be said to be composed of "a grain of monarchy, a dose of democracy, and a dram, if not an ounce of oligarchy." It was in regard to this dose of democracy, that the government annually assigned marriage portions to twelve young maidens, selected from the great body of the people, of those not sufficiently opulent to secure husbands, or find the adequate means for marriage, without this help. To bestow these maidens upon their lovers, and with them the portions allotted by the state, constituted the first, and in the eyes of the masses, the most agreeable part of the spectacle. The Doge, on this occasion,

who was the thrice renowned Pietro Candiano, "did his spriting gently," and in a highly edifying manner. The bishop bestowed his blessings, and confirmed by the religious, the civil rites, which allied the chosen couples. To these succeeded the voluntary parties, if we may thus presume upon a distinction between the two classes, which we are yet not sure that we have a right to make. The high-born and the wealthy, couple after couple, now approach the altar to receive the final benediction which committed them to the hope of happiness which it is not in the power of any priesthood to compel. No doubt there was a great deal of hope among the parties, and we have certainly no reason to suppose that happiness did not follow in every instance.
But there is poor Francesca Ziani. It is now her turn. Her cruel parents remain unobscured and unsoftened by her deep and touching sorrow. She is made to rise, to totter forward to the altar, scarcely conscious of any thing, except, perhaps, that the worthless, but wealthy, Ulric Barberigo is at her side. Once more the mournful spectacle restores to the spectators all their bitter feelings. They perceive, they feel, the cruelty of that sacrifice to which her kindred are inhuman. In vain do they murmur "shame!" In vain does she turn her vacant, wild, but still expressive eyes, expressive because of their very soulless vacuity, to that stern, ambitious mother, whose bosom no longer responds to her child with the true maternal feeling. Hopeless of help from that quarter, she lifts her eyes to Heaven, and, no longer listening to the words of the holy man, she surrenders herself only to despair.
Is it Heaven that hearkens to her prayer? Is it the benevolent office of an angel that bursts the doors of the church at the very moment when she is called upon to yield that response which doom her to misery forever? To her ears, the thunders which now shook the church were the fruit of Heaven's benign interposition. The shrieks of women on every hand—the oaths and shouts of force and insolent authority—the clamors of men—the struggles and cries of those who seek safety in flight or retreat for mercy—suggested no other idea to the wretched Francesca, than that she is saved from the embraces of Ulric Barberigo. She is only conscious that, heedless of her, and of the entreaties of her mother, he is the first to endeavor selfishly to save himself by flight. But her escape from Barberigo is only the prelude to other embraces. She knows not unhappy child! that she is the object of desire to another, until she finds herself lifted in the grasp of Pietro Barberigo, the terrible chief of the Istrian pirates. He and his brothers have kept their pledges to one another, and they have been successful in their prey. Their force hitherto have subdued to submission the struggles of a weaponless multitude, who, with horror and consternation, beheld the loveliest of their virgins, the just wedded among them, borne away upon the shoulders of the pirates to their warlike galleys. Those who resist them perish. Resistance was hopeless. The fainting and shrieking women, like the Sabine damsels, are hurried from the sight of their kinsmen and their lovers, and the Istrian galleys are about to depart with their precious freight. Pietro Barberigo, the chief, stands with one foot upon his vessel's side and the other on the shore—Still insensible, the lovely Francesca lies upon his breast. At this moment the skirts of his cloak is plucked by a bold hand. He turns to meet the glance of the Spanish Gipsy. The old woman looked on him with eyes that seemed to mock his triumph, even while she appealed to it.
"Is it not even as I told thee—as I showed thee?" was her demand.
"It is!" exclaimed the pirate-chief, as he flung her a purse of gold. "Thou art a true prophetess. Fate has done her work!"
He was gone; his galley was already on the deep, and he himself might now be seen kneeling upon the deck of the vessel, basking over his precious conquest, and striving to bring back the life into her cheeks.
"Ay, indeed!" murmured the Spanish Gipsy, "thou hast had her in thy arms, but think not, reckless robber that thou art, that fate has done its work. The work is but begun. Fate has kept its word to thee; it is thy weak sense that fancied she had nothing more to say or do!"
Even as she spoke these words, the galleys of Giovanni Gradonigo were standing for the Lagoon of Caorle. He had succeeded in collecting a band of cavaliers who tacitly yielded him the command. The excitement of action had served, in some measure, to relieve the distress under which he suffered. He was no longer the lover, but the man; nor the man more, but the leader of men. Giovanni was endowed for this by nature. His valor was known. It had been tried upon the Turk. Now that he was persuaded by the Spanish Gipsy, whom all believed and feared, that a nameless and terrible danger overhung his beloved, which was to be met and baffled only by the course he was pursuing, his whole person seemed to be infused by a new spirit. The youth, his companions, wondered to behold the change. There was no longer a dreaminess and doubt about his words and movements, but all was prompt, energetic, and directly to the purpose. Giovanni was now the confident and strong man. Enough for him that there was danger. Of his no longer entertained a fear. Whether the danger was still supposed to threaten Francesca, was still suggestive of a hope—as the prediction of the Spanish Gipsy might well warrant—may very well be questioned. It was in the very desperation of his hope, perhaps, that his energies became at once equally well-ordered and intense. He prompted to their utmost the energies of others. He impelled all his agencies to their best exertions. Oars and sail were busy without intermission, and the efforts of the pursuers were rewarded. A gondola, bearing a single man, drifted along their path. He was a fugitive from Olivolo, who gave them the first definite idea of the foray of the pirates. His tidings, rendered imperfect by his terror, were still enough to goad the pursuers to new exertions. Fortigue favored the pursuit. In their haste the pirate galleys had become entangled in the lagoon. The keen eye of Giovanni was the first to discover them. First one bark and then another love in sight, and soon the whole piratical fleet were made out, as they urged their embarrassed progress through the intricacies of the shallow waters.
"Courage, bold hearts!" cried Giovanni to his people; "they are pure! We shall soon be upon them. They cannot now escape us!"
The eye of the youthful leader brightened with the expectation of the struggle. His exulting, eager voice declared the strength and confidence of his soul, and cheered the souls of all around him. The sturdy oarsman "gave way" with renewed efforts. The knights prepared their weapons for the conflict. Giovanni signalled the other galleys by which his own was followed.
"I am for the red flag of Pietro Barberigo himself. I know his banner. Let your galleys grapple with the rest. Cross their path—prevent their flight, and bear down upon the strongest. Do your parts, and never fear but we shall do ours."
With these brief instructions, our captain led the way with the Venetian galleys. The conflict was at hand. It came. They drove night and hailed the enemy. The parley was a brief one. The pirates could hope for no mercy, and they asked none. But few words, accordingly, were exchanged between the parties, and these were not words of peace.
"Yield thee to the mercy of St. Mark!" was the stern summons of Giovanni, to the pirate chief.
"St. Mark's mercy has too many teeth," was the scornful reply of the pirate. "The worthy saint must

strike well before Barbaro of Istria succs to him for mercy!"
"With the answer the galleys grappled. The Venetians leapt on board of the pirates with a fury that was little short of madness. Their wrath was terrible. Under the guidance of the fierce Giovanni, they smote with an unforgetting vengeance. It was in vain that the Istriates fought as they had been long accustomed. It needed something more than their customary valor to meet the fury of their assailants. All of them perished. Mercy now was neither asked nor given. Nor, as it seemed, did the pirates care to live, when they beheld the fall of their fearless leader. He had crossed weapons with Giovanni Gradonigo, in whom he found his fate. Twice, thrice the sword of the latter drove through the breast of the pirate. Little did his conqueror conjecture the import of the few words the dying chief gasped forth at his feet, his glazed eyes striving to pierce the deck, as if seeking some one within.
"I have indeed, had thee in my arms, but—"
"There was no more—death finished the sentence! The victory was complete, but Giovanni was wounded. Pietro Barberigo was a fearful enemy. He was conquered, it is true, but he had made his mark upon his conqueror. He had bitten deep before he fell.
The victors returned with their spoil. They brought back the captured brides in triumph. That same evening preparations were made to conclude the bridal ceremonies which the morning had seen so fearfully arrested. With a single exception, the original distribution of the "brides" was persevered in. The exception, as we may well suppose, was Francesca Ziani. It was no longer possible for her unattendant parents to withstand the popular sentiment. The Doge himself, Pietro Candiano, was particularly active in persuading the mother to submit to what was so evidently the will of destiny. But for the incredible baseness and cowardice of Ulric Barberigo, it is probable she never would have yielded. But his imbecility and unmanly terror in the moment of danger, had been too conspicuous. Even his enormous wealth could not save him from the shame that followed; and however unwillingly the parents of Francesca consented that she should become the bride of Giovanni, as the only proper reward for the gallantry which had saved her and so many more from shame.
But where is Giovanni? His friends have been dispatched for him; why awaits he not? The maid, now happy beyond her hope, awaits him at the altar. And still he comes not. Let us go back for a moment to the time of his victory over the pirate chief. Barbaro lies before him in the agonies of death. His sword it is which has sent the most dreaded outlaw to his last account. But he himself is wounded—wounded severely, but not mortally, by the man whom he has slain. At this moment he received a blow from the 'axe of one of the brothers of Barbaro. He had strength left barely to behold and to about his victory, when he sunk, fainting, upon the deck of the pirate vessel. His further career developed upon his friend Nicolo, who had followed his footsteps closely through all the paths of danger. In a state of stupor he lies upon the couch of Nicolo, when the aged prophetess, the "Spanish Gipsy," appeared beside his bed.
"He is called," she said. "The Doge demands his presence. They will bestow upon his bride, Francesca Ziani. You must bear him thither."
"The surgeon shook his head.
"It may arouse him," said Nicolo. "We can bear him thither on a litter, so that he shall feel no pain."
"It were something to wake him from this apathy," mused the surgeon. "Do it as thou wilt."
Thus gravely wounded, was the noble Giovanni borne into the midst of the assembly for each member of which he had suffered and done so much. The soft music which played around awakened him. His eyes unclouded to discover the lovely Francesca, tearful, but hopeful, bending over him. She declared herself his. The voice of the Doge confirmed the assurance; and the eye of the dying man brightened into the life of a new and delightful consciousness. Eagerly he spoke; his voice was but a whisper.
"Make it so, I pray thee, that I may live!"
The priest drew nigh with the sacred unction. The marriage service was performed, and the hands of the two were clasped in one.
"Said I not?" demanded an aged woman, who approached the moment after the ceremonial, and whose face was beamed by him whom she addressed. "Sic is thine!"
The youth smiled but made no answer. His hand drew that of Francesca closer. She stooped to his kiss, and whispered to him, but he heard her not. With the consciousness of the sweet treasure that he had won after such and denial, the sense grew conscious no longer—the lips of the youth were sealed forever. The young Giovanni, the bravest of the Venetian youth, lay lifeless in the embrace of the scarcely more living Francesca. It was a sad day after all, in Venice, since its triumph was followed by so great a loss; but the damsel still declare that the lovers were much more blest in this fortune, than had they survived for the embrace of others less beloved.
[The touching and romantic incident upon which this little tale is founded, has been made use of by Mr. Rogers, in his poem of "Italy." It is one of those events which enrich and enliven for romance, the early histories of most states and nations that ever arrive at character and civilization. It occurs in the first periods of Venetian story, about 932, under the Doge Candiano II. I have divided my sketch into five parts, having originally designed a dramatic piece with the same divisions. That I have since thought proper to write this tale in the narrative and not dramatic form, is not because of any insusceptibility of the material to such use. I still think that the story as above given, might easily and successfully be dramatized, giving it a mixed character—that of the melo-dramatic opera, and only softening the close to a less tragical denouement.]
"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—We are informed, says the New Orleans Delta, that during the dying moments of Gov. McNitt, a person entered the room with a newspaper in his hand. It was about the time when the election returns were coming in from Pennsylvania. The eye of the dying politician assumed a momentary brightness, as his feebly voice faintly articulated the inquiry, "What's the last news from Pennsylvania?" Before the answer could be given, the querist was a corpse, and the spirit of the true Democrat had left the scenes of mortal combat.
"WILKES AND LIBERTY."—The Journal of Commerce publishes the following extract from a speech delivered in the British House of Commons in February 1774, by that eloquent champion of the rights of man, John Wilkes:
"In the great scale of empire, you will decline, I fear, from the decision of this day, and the Americans will rise to independence, to power, to all the greatness of the most renowned States; for they build on the special basis of general public liberty. If you persist in your resolutions, all hope of reconciliation is extinct. The Americans will triumph, the whole continent of North America will be dismembered from Great Britain, and the wide arch of the raised empire will fall."
Six months after this prophetic speech was delivered, Virginia became independent of the British Crown, and in a few months Massachusetts was also an independent State, although her capital was in possession of the British troops for a short period thereafter. The family of Wilkes removed to America, and its descendants of the same name are among the most respectable citizens of New York. One of his American grand nieces is married to Lord Jeffrey in Edinburgh.

ONE EYE OF BEAUTY.
One eye of beauty: when the sun
Was on the stream of Gadsquiver,
To gold converting one of you,
The ripples of that mighty river
Beside me on the bank was staid
A Scottish girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked, diabolical pair.
She stooped and wrote upon the sand—
Just as the loyng sun was going,
With such a soft, sun-shining hand,
You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing;
Her words were three and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?
The sycere wrote upon the shore
Death, not inconstancy!
And then her two large, languid eyes
So turned on mine, the devil take me,
I set the river on fire with rights,
And warble the fool she chose to make me,
Saint Francis would have been deceived,
By such an eye and such a hand,
But one week more, and I believed
As much the woman as the sand!
THE RAW MATERIAL.
A green "un" gives in the New York Spirit the following as his first experience in the oyster-bank:
"One night a friend of mine said to me, 'are you fond of oysters?'
"I said nothin' else," says I.
"Eckon," says he, "I can punish more than any livin' man."
"I can take the shine out of you," says I, "and I'll an't on that."
"Done," says he, "we'll bet suppers, and go right out and get 'em."
We went into what he called "a roasted-rat," and after we set down, he asked me how I'd take 'em.
I didn't know what to say, but I didn't take 'em any way he chose.
"Waiter!" he sung out, "bring us a dozen raw to begin on, then a stew, and after that, a dozen fried!"
Pity soon a fellow with his shirt tail hanging down before, set down a plateful of nearly slimy looking things, for fear of keep'n found out; but if I didn't imbibe the raw I was in for it, as Jonah said when he swallowed the whale, and had nothin to do but to swallow and gag—My friend see I looked kinder down in the mouth, and he ordered in some champagne, as he said, to raise my spirits, and it went long before it did it—raised the spirits and the oysters, too; both came up together. I had the supper to pay for, but settin' the bill didn't settle my stomach. How I got to bed I disremember, but my friend and I had the same room, and he'd eat and drank himself into puffy cheeks the same fix as me. So we spent the night performin' the catarrh of Nigary. I played the American side and he played the opposite shore. The full particulars of the performance was found in the small bills we paid at the bar next mornin'. I've never said turkey about oyster stunts. All this you see come of bein' so awful smart."
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A good many years ago, two elderly maidens of Medford who lived by the Mystic Pond, waited formerly upon Justice W., to enter a complaint against one John Tanner and others. Such conduct as Tanner's they thought abominable, and he ought to be taken care of. It was a shame, so it was, that two respectable females could not look out of their windows on a morning, without being shocked at his indecencies. If there was no law for such outrages they were very sure there ought to be none. Such an example as John Tanner's was enough to corrupt the city of London—and a world of other cities. With much diffidence and a world of questioning, the magistrate last got from their virgin lips the specific nature of the grievance. It appeared that John Tanner was in the habit of bathing every morning in the pond on the opposite side to where the maidens dwelt. "But ladies," said the magistrate, "it appears that the pond is at least half a mile wide and you do not live very close to the edge of it. I do not see how you could see John Tanner at that distance, or indeed, how you could tell whether it was man or beast, in the water." "Neither could we," replied one of the spinsters; "we were in doubt for more than a week, and strained our eyes exceedingly, until at last Sarah happened to think of sending us borrow Captain Empey's spy-glass, and this made all clear."
EAVES DROPPING.—The Cincinnati Commercial gives an account of an amusing scene that occurred somewhere in the region round about that city. It appears a chap and a lass were employed as help at a farm-house; the chap was in love with the lass. Having been absent a couple of days, the chap, on returning late Sunday evening, found another fellow sporking his lass. Creeping softly up stairs he took his position directly over the sparking pair, and placing his face over a stove pipe hole, looked down upon the scene. Excitement finally gave way to fatigue, and he fell asleep. By and by began to snore, and the lovers looking up were startled at beholding a man's face, where a stove pipe should be. The lass faints. Not so her lover, bringing a pail of water he throws a little in the lass's face and sends the remainder whizzing and splashing into the face of the man above. A scene ensued, and the eaves dropper has not been caught napping at the "stove-pipe hole since."
A CURIOSITY.—A short time ago there was found at Kitaning, Armstrong County Pennsylvania, a gun barrel in the trunk of a hencock tree, the barrel passing through the tree nearly horizontally, and almost grown in. The barrel was a little more than three feet in length. It had a square breech, and fitted to the muzzle, which it also called "bell muzzled,"—differing from any style of gun now in use, or which has been used within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. It had the appearance of being an elegantly finished article, its sight being gold, and breech pin pure silver. How it came there, and how long it has been there, are the questions for solution. It must have been lost or left there before the tree commenced its growth; but how long before or by whom, no one can tell or surmise. The age of the tree, judging from the number of grains, is 110 years and yet the bark bore but very slight evidence of decay. When found, the breech was just above the surface of the ground, and the muzzle slightly imbedded in the earth. It was loaded with a ball.
SOCIAL KINDNESS.—How sweet is social affection!—When the world is dark without, we have light within. When cares disturb the breast, when sorrows brood around the heart, what joy gathers in the circle of love! We forget the world with all its animosities, white-blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own—who is cheered by the smiles of affection, and the voice of tenderness. Let the world be dark and cold—let the hate and animosity of bad men gather about the place of business—but when he enters the ark of love, his own cherished circle he forgets all these, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children, dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom, that words are not adequate to express. He is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, has not begun to live.
YANKEE GIRLS OUT WEST.—Frontica complains, in the Louisville Journal, that the Yankee girls who come out West do very little in the way of teaching. Instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.