

Select Tale.

THE YOUNG ARTIST;

Or Love and Self Love.

It was during the very brightest days of the republic of Venice, when her power was in its prime, together with the arts which have made her, like every other Italian State, celebrated all over the world—for Italy has produced in poetry and painting, and in the humbler walks of musical composition, the greatest of the world's marvels—that Paolo Zustana was charged by the Marquis di Bembo to paint several pictures to adorn his gallery. Paolo had come from Rome at the request of the Marquis, who had received a very favorable account of the young and talented artist—he was but thirty. Paolo was handsome, of middle height, dark and pale; he had deep black eyes, a small mouth, a finely traced moustache, a short curling beard, and a forehead of remarkable intellectuality. There was a slight savageness in his manner, a brief, sharp way of speaking, a restlessness in his eyes, which did not increase the number of his friends. But when men knew him better and were admitted into his intimacy—a very rare occurrence—they loved him.

Then he was generous hearted and noble; his time, his purse, his advice were all at their service. But his whole soul was in his art.—Night and day, day and night, he seemed to think of nothing but his painting. In Rome he had been looked upon as mad, for in the day he was not content with remaining close to work in his master's studio, but at night he invariably shut himself up in an old half-ruined house where none of his friends were ever invited, and where no man ever penetrated, and no woman save an old nurse, who had known him from a child. It was believed with considerable plausibility, the artist had a picture in hand, and that he passed his night ever in study. He rarely left his retreat before mid-day, and generally returned to his hermitage early, after a casual visit to his lodgings, though he could not occasionally refuse being present at large parties given by his patrons.

On arriving in Venice he resumed his former mode of life. He had an apartment at the Palace Bembo; he took his meals there, but at night fall, when there was no grand reception, he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on his mask, and drawing his sword hilt close to his hand, went forth. He took a gondola until he reached a certain narrow street, and then, gliding down that disappeared in the gloom caused by the lofty houses. No one noticed much his mode of life; he did his duty, he was polite, affable and respectful with his patron; he was gallant with the ladies, but no more. He did not make the slightest effort to win the affections of those around him.—Now all this passed in general without much observation.

Still there was one person whom this wildness and eccentricity of character—all that has a stamp of originality is called eccentric—caused to feel deep interest. The Marquis had a daughter, who at sixteen had been married, from interested motives to the old uncle of the Doge, now dead. Clorinda was a beautiful widow of one and twenty, who, rich, independent, of a determined and thoughtful character, had made up her mind to marry a second time, not to please relations, but herself.—From the first she noticed Paolo favorably; he received her friendly advances respectfully but coldly, and rarely stopped his work to converse. She asked for lessons to improve her slight knowledge of painting; he gave them freely, but without ever adding a single word to the necessary observation of the interview. He seemed absorbed in his art. One day Clorinda stood behind him; she had been watching him with patient attention for an hour; she now came and took up her quarters in the gallery all day, with the attendant girl reading or painting. Paolo had not spoken one word during that hour. Suddenly Clorinda rose and uttered the exclamation;

"How beautiful!"

"Is it not, signora?"

"Most beautiful" she returned, astonished both at the artist's manner and the enthusiasm with which he alluded to his own creation.

"I am honored by your approval," said Paolo, laying down his palette and folding his arms to gaze at the picture—a Cupid and Psyche—with actual rapture.

It was the face of the woman—of the girl timidly impassioned and tender, filling the air around with beauty—that had struck Clorinda. With golden hair, that waved and shone in the sun; with a white, small, but exquisite-shaped forehead; with deep blue eyes, fixed on the tormenting god, with cheeks on which lay so soft the bloom of health that it seemed ready to fade before the breath from the painting; with a mouth and chin molded on some perfect Grecian statue, she thought she had never seen anything so divine.

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh, "you painters are dreadful enemies of women. Who would look at reality after gazing on this glorious ideal?"

"It is reality," replied the painter. "I paint from memory."

"Impossible! You must have combined the beauty of fifty girls in that exquisite creation."

"No," said the artist gravely, "that face exists. I saw it in the mountains of Sicily.—I have often painted it before; never so successfully."

"I would give the world to gaze on the original," replied Clorinda. "I adore a beautiful woman. It is God's greatest work of art."

"It is, signora," said Paolo; and he turned away to his work.

Women born in the climate of Italy, under her deep blue sky, and in that air that breathes of poetry, painting, music and love, are not guided by the same impulses and feelings as in our colder and more practical north. Clorinda did not wait for Paolo's admiration; she loved him, and every day added to her passion. His undoubted genius, his intellectual brow, his noble features and mein, had awakened her long pent up and sleeping affections. She was herself a woman of superior mind, and had revelled in the delights of Petrarch, Dante, and Ariosto and Boccaccio. Now she felt—How deeply she alone knew. Zustana remained obstinately insensible to all her charms; to her friendship, and her condescending tone, as well as to her intellect and beauty. He saw all save her love, and admired and respected her much. But there was—at all events, at present—a germ of rising passion in his heart.

It was not long before she began to remark his early departure from the palace, his mysterious way of going, and the fact that he returned only the next day at early dawn; which always now saw him at his labors. The idea at once flashed across her mind that he had found in Venice some person on whom to lavish the riches of his affection, and that he went every evening to place his passion at her feet. Jealousy took possession of her. She spent a whole night in reflection; she turned over in her mind every supposition, and she rose feverish and ill. That day, pleading illness, she remained in her room, shut up with her books.

About an hour after dark, Paolo, his hat drawn over his eyes, his cloak wrapped around him, and his mask on, stepped into a gondola which awaited him and started. Another boat lay on the opposite side of the canal, with curtains closely drawn. Scarcely had the artist been set in motion than it followed. Paolo who had never since his arrival in Venice, been watched or followed, paid no attention to it. The gondolas then moved side by side without remark, and that of Zustana stopped as usual, allowing the artist to land, and continued on its way. A man, also wrapped in a cloak, masked, and with a hat and plumes, leaped out also from the other gondola, and creeping close against the wall, followed him. The stranger seemed, by his gazing at the dirty walls and low shops—chiefly old clothes, rag shops, and warehouses devoted to small trades—very much surprised, but for fear of losing the track of the other followed closely.

Suddenly Zustana disappeared. The other moved rapidly forward in time to observe that he had entered a dark alley, and was ascending with heavy step a gloomy and winding staircase. The stranger followed cautiously, stepping in time with Paolo and feeling his way with his hands. Zustana only halted when he reached the summit of the house. He then placed a key in a door—a blaze of light was seen; and he disappeared, locking the door behind him. The man stood irresolute, but only for a moment. The house was built round a square court, like a wall; there was a terrace roof. Gliding noiselessly along, the stranger was in the open air; moving along like a midnight thief he gained a position whence the windows of the rooms entered by Zustana were distinctly visible.

A groan, a sigh from the stranger, who sank behind a kind of pillar, revealed the Countess. The groan, the sigh was occasioned by the astounding discovery she now made.

The room into which she was looking was brilliantly lighted up, and beautifully furnished, while beyond—for Clorinda could see as plainly as if she had been in it—was a small bedroom and near the bed sat an old woman, who was preparing to bring in a child to Zustana. Just withdrawing herself from the embrace of Zustana was a beautiful young girl, simply and elegantly dressed—the original of Psyche which she had so much admired. Now she understood all; that look, which she had thought the consciousness of his own beautiful creation, was for the beloved original.

The child, a beautiful boy, nearly a year old, was brought to Zustana to kiss. Now, all his savageness was gone; now, he stood no longer the artist, the creator, the genius of art, but the man. He smiled, he patted the babe upon the cheek, he let it clutch his fingers with its little hands, he laughed outright, a rich, happy, merry, ordinary laugh; and then turning to the enraptured mother, embraced her once more, and drew her to a table near the opened window.

"What progress to-day?" asked the painter gayly.

"See," replied the young mother, handing him a copy book, and speaking in the somewhat harsh dialect of a Sicilian peasant girl, "I think at least, I can write a page pretty well."

"Excellent," continued the painter smiling. "My Eleanora is a perfect little fairy. A prettier hand writing you will not see. I need give you no more lessons."

"But the reading," said the young girl, speaking like a timid scholar. "I shall never please you there."

"You always please me," said Zustana, "but you must get rid of your accent."

"I will try," said Eleanora earnestly, and taking up a book, she began to read with much of the imperfection of a young school-girl, but so eagerly, so prettily, with such an evident desire to please, that, as she concluded her lesson, the artist clasped her warmly to his bosom, and cried, with love in his eyes and in his tone, "My wife, how I adore you!"

One summer morning a young man, with a knapsack on his back, a pair of pistols in his belt, a staff to assist him in climbing the hills and mountains, and in crossing the torrents, was standing on the brow of a hill overlooking a small but delicious plain. It was half meadow, half pasture land; here, trees; there a winding stream, little hillocks, green and grassy plots; beyond a lofty mountain, on which hung a sombre tinted pine forest; the whole illuminated by the joyous sun of Sicily, which flooded all nature, and spread as it were a violet and metallic veil over her. After gazing nearly half an hour at the delicious landscape, the young man moved slowly down a winding path that led to the river side. Suddenly he heard the tinkling of sheep bells, the barking of dogs, and looked round to discover whence the sound came. In a small corner of pasture land, at no great distance from the stream, he saw the flock, and seated beneath the shadow of a huge tree, a young girl.

He advanced at once towards her, not being sure of his way.

She was a young girl of sixteen, the same delicate and exquisite creation which had so struck Clorinda on the canvass, and in the gallery of Venice. The eye of the artist was delighted, the heart of the man was filled with emotion. He spoke to her; she answered timidly but sweetly. He forgot his intended question; he alluded to the beautiful country to the delight of dwelling in such a land, to the pleasures of her calm and placid existence; he asked if he could obtain a room in that neighborhood in which to reside while he took a series of sketches. The girl listened with attention and interest for nearly half an hour, during which time he was using his pencil.—She then replied that her father would gladly offer him a shelter in their small house, if he could be satisfied with very humble lodging and very humble fare. The young man accepted with many thanks, and then showed her his sketch-book.

"Holy Virgin! she cried, as she recognized herself.

"You are pleased said the artist, smiling.

"Oh! it's beautiful; how can you do that with a pencil? Come quick, and show it to father?"

The young man followed her, as she slowly drove her sheep along, and soon found herself within sight of a small house with a garden, which she announced as her father's. She had the drawing in her hand, looking at it with delight. Unable to restrain her feelings, she ran forward, and entering the house, disappeared. Zustana—of course it was he—laughed as he picked up the crook of the impetuous young shepherdess, and, aided by the faithful dog, began driving home the patient animals. In ten minutes Eleanora reappeared, accompanied by her father, her brother and sister; regular Sicilian peasants without one atom of resemblance to this extraordinary pearl concealed from human eye in the beautiful valley of Arnola. They were all, however, struck by the portrait, and received the artist with rude hospitality.

He took up his residence with them; he sought to please and he succeeded. After a very few days he became the constant companion of Eleanora. They went out together, he to paint, she to look after her sheep, both to talk. Paolo found her totally uneducated, ignorant of everything, unable to read or write, and narrow minded, as all such natures must be. But there was a foundation of sweetness, and a quickness of intellect which demonstrated that circumstances alone had made her what she was and Paolo loved her.

He had been a fortnight at Arnola, and he had made up his mind. One beautiful morning soon after they had taken up their usual position, he spoke.

"Eleanora, I love you with a love that is of my life. I adore, I worship you; you are the artist's ideal of loveliness; your soul only wants culture to be as lovely as your body. Will you be my wife? Will you make my home your home, my country your country, my life your life? I am an artist; I battle for my bread, but I am already gaining riches. Speak! Will you be mine?"

"I will," replied the young girl, who had no

conception of hiding her feelings of pride and joy.

"But you do not know me. I am jealous and suspicious. I am proud and sensitive. You are beautiful, you are lovely; others will dispute you with me. I would slay the Pope if he sought you, I would kill the Emperor if he offered you a gift. You are a simple peasant girl; those around me might smile at your want of town knowledge; might jeer at you for not having the accomplishments and vices of the town ladies. I should challenge the first who smiled or jeered! You must then, if you can be mine, and will make me happy, live apart from men, for me alone; you must abandon all society, all converse with your fellow-creatures. I must be your world, your life, your whole being."

"It will be what pleases you best," said the young girl gently.

"The picture does not alarm you?"

"Will you always love me?" she asked timidly.

"While I live, my art, my idol, my goddess! Eleanora, while I breathe."

"Do with me as you will," replied the young girl.

A month later they were married, her parents being proud indeed of the elevated position to which their daughter attained. They went in the autumn to Rome, where Paolo had prepared for his mysterious existence by means of his faithful and attached nurse. He devoted to her every moment not directed to his art, and at once began her education systematically. He found an apt and earnest scholar, and at the time of which I speak Eleanora was possessed of all the mental advantages to be derived from constant intercourse with a man of genius.

But Paolo Zustana, out of his home, was a changed and unhappy man; he lived in constant dread of his treasure being discovered; he saw with secret impatience the many defects which still existed in his beloved idol; he felt the restraint of confining her always within a suit of rooms; he longed to give her air and space; but he dreaded her being seen by powerful and unscrupulous men; he dreaded ridicule for her present origin and imperfect education. Hence the defects in her character.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, and Zustana, who had been giving some finishing touches to the Psyche, was absorbed in its contemplation. He held the brush in his hand, and stood back a little way, examining it with attention.

"It is beautiful! The Countess Clorinda was right," he exclaimed.

"Not nearly so beautiful as the original," replied the lady in a low tone.

"Great Heaven!" cried Paolo, turning round pale and fiercely to start back in silent amazement.

There was Eleanora, blushing, trembling, timid, hanging a little back and yet leaning on the arm of the Countess, who smiled a sweet sad smile of triumph.

"Be not angry Signor Zustana," she said, "it is all my fault. You excited my curiosity relative to the original of this picture. You excited my curiosity relative to the origin of this picture. You said it existed. I immediately connected your mysterious absences with something which might explain all.—Last night I followed you home; I saw this beautiful creature; I understood the motive of her seclusion. This day I went to see her early; I forced my way in. Half by threats, half by coaxing I extracted the truth from her. Signor Paolo, your conduct is selfish; to save yourself from imaginary evils you condemn this angel to a prison life, you deprive her of air and liberty—the very life of a Sicilian girl; you prevent her from enjoying the manifold blessings which God intended for all; you deprive us of the satisfaction of admiring a face so divine, and a mind so exquisite.—

But then, you will say, she is beautiful enough to excite love; she is simple enough to excite a smile. Signor Paolo she is good enough to scorn the first word of lawless passion; she is educated enough to learn everything that becomes a lady and beats the wife of a man of genius, if you will but let her mix with the world. You are yourself miserable; your life is a torment. I, the friend, the confidante, the sister of this innocent good girl declare to you that you must change your mode of existence."

"Countess you have conquered," cried Zustana, who guessed the truth, and who intuitively felt that her generous heart would find in devotion to Eleanora means of withdrawing her attention from her unfortunate passion.—"Do with her as you please. When the Countess Clorinda, only child of my generous patron, calls my wife her sister, my wife is hers for life."

The result was natural. Paolo Zustana ceased to be suspicious and restless. Eleanora was universally admired; and when ten years later, the artist after finishing the paintings for the gallery of the Palace Bembo, took up his residence permanently in Venice, his wife had become an accomplished and unaffected lady, capable of holding her position in the elevated circles to which the genius of her husband, and the friendship of Clorinda esta-

blished her right to belong. Clorinda remained to her friendship all her life; delighted and happy at being the insurer of permanent happiness to two loving hearts which under the system of suspicion, fear, and seclusion adopted by one of them, must ultimately have been utterly wretched.

No one can be happy and useful in this world who is not of it. If it were not our duty to be of it, we may be very sure we should not be in it.

BE GAY.—A little mirth mixes well and profitably with both business and philanthropy. How stupid life, both in labor and leisure would be without that gaiety within us which responds to the cheerfulness and beauty around us. Nay, its main currents run all the deeper as well as fresher and flashing flow into them. The rivers would stagnate into pools, if the rivulets ceased their play. Philosophers and men of business sustain their souls alive, and keep their intellects fresh and healthy, by mingling the mirthfulness of youth with the soberness of age: and even true and philanthropy are often found in the same character.

NEW INVENTION.—A Yankee down East has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supplant gas. It covers the interior of a flour barrel with shoe-maker's wax—holds it open to the sun; then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut out in lots to suit purchasers.

BEY.—Religion must be made a thing of the life—a principle of right and just affection, in the mart and in the workshop, at the anvil and the plough, in the counting room and on board the ship.

Business Cards.

DR. S. B. KIEFFER Office in North Hanover Street two doors from Wise & Campbell's. Hours: office hours, more particularly from 10 to 2 o'clock, A. M., and from 6 to 7 o'clock, P. M.

DR. J. C. LOOMIS DENTIST. Office: South Hanover Street, next door to the Post Office. Will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days of each month. (Aug. 1, 60)

DR. GEO. W. NEIDICH DENTIST carefully attends to all operations upon the teeth and adjacent parts that disease or irregularity may require. He will also insert Artificial Teeth of every description, such as Pivot, Single and Block teeth, and teeth with "Continuous Gums," and will construct Artificial Palates, Obturators, Regulating Pieces, and every appliance used in the Dental Art. Office in the residence of Dr. Samuel Elliott, West High Street, Carlisle.

DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ, DENTIST. OFFICE at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have, this day, associated with me in the practice of my profession, Wm. M. Penrose and Thos. M. Biddle, Esqs. All business, in future will be attended to by the above under the firm of "BIDDLE & PENROSE." Feb. 14th 1855. W. M. BIDDLE, Atty at Law

C. P. HUMRICH, Attorney at Law. Office in Beeson's Row. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

WILLIAM C. RHEEM, Attorney at Law. Office in Main Street, Carlisle, Pa.—Business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Feb. 7, '55.

A. N. GREEN, Attorney at Law, has settled in Mechanicsburg, for the practice of his profession. All kinds of Legal Writing, Collections, Court business, &c. promptly attended to. Office opposite Dr. Long's residence. SURVEYING in all its different branches promptly attended to.

G. B. COLE Attorney at Law, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him.—Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover street, Carlisle. April 20, 1852.

G. W. BRANDT, Manufacturer of Mineral Waters, French Mead, Bottled Ale, Porter and Cider, North East Street, near the Fall Road Bridge, Ca.

SCRIVENER AND CONVEYAN CER.—A. L. SPONSLER, late Register of Cumberland county, will carefully attend to the transaction of all such business as may be entrusted to him, such as the writing of Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, &c. He will also devote his attention to the procuring of Land Warrants, Penions, &c. as well as the purchase and sale of Real Estate, negotiations, of loans, &c. Office on West High Street, formerly occupied by W. M. Penrose Esq. near the Methodist Church.

T. N. ROSENSTEEL, House, Sign, Fancy and Ornamental Painter, Irvin's (formerly Harper's) Row, near Hiner's Dry Goods Store. He will attend promptly to all the above descriptions of painting, at reasonable prices. The various kinds of gilding attended to, such as mahogany, oak, walnut, &c., in improved styles.

THRASHING MACHINES of the best make constantly on hand and for sale at the Carlisle Foundry and Machine Shop. FRANK GARDNER.

FRENCH CORSETS.—Just received a further supply of French Corsets of extra and superior quality. Also narrow Linen Springs for trimming Bangues. GEO. W. HITNER. June 20

WALL PAPER.—Just received a splendid stock of Paper Hangings, Window Shades and Fireboard Prints, embracing all the newest and most approved styles. The designs are neat and chaste, and the prices such as cannot fail to give satisfaction. We invite our friends and the public generally to call and examine our assortment before purchasing elsewhere. march 21 East Main Street, Carlisle

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