

Quir. Saad et Co. Liban.

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THE YOUNG PAINTERS.



M. ANGELO.

THE YOUNG PAINTERS;

OR,

TALES OF THE STUDIO.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. BOLTON.



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PREFACE.

At a period when Painting has become an almost universal Art, it appears certain that, to young readers, the early history of some of those Painters who distinguished themselves in that art, and who at the present time are looked up to as the "Old Masters," cannot be a matter of indifference.

Nearly the whole of the subjects chosen have been purposely selected from the lives of those who originally belonged to the poorer class ; the object being to impress on youth the extraordinary, but not futile,

efforts of young children of obscure birth, who have achieved success and fame through the power of genius and labour alone,—Michael Angelo, who was of noble family, is an exception; Murillo was poor—Correggio the son of a woodcutter—Anthony Watteau of a tiler; and Gomez held a place still lower in the social scale,—son of a negro slave, he himself was a slave and a mulatto.

It is to be hoped that, by these little narratives, my young readers may be convinced that it is the privilege of each of them, whatever may be his fortune or birth, to determine “I will gain a name!” and to labour for its attainment.

G. M. H.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, OR THE YOUNG PAINTER	1
CORBEGGIO, OR THE LITTLE WOODCUTTER .	52
BARTOLOMEO ESTEBAN MURILLO, OR THE LITTLE BANNER-MAKER	110
SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, OR THE MULATTO OF MURILLO	154
DAVID TENIERS, OR THE BAGPIPER . .	191
ANTHONY WATTEAU, OR THE YOUNG TILER .	209

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI

OR

THE YOUNG PAINTER.

I.

THE YOUNG ARM AND LEG BREAKER.

"I TELL you, Signor Francesco Graciani, that my young master, Signor Michael Angelo Buonarotti, is not within," said an old servant, in blue and yellow livery, to a youth of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, carrying a green portfolio under his arm, who had knocked at the door of Castle Caprese, situated in the Arezzo territory, one morning in the month of January, 1488.

"Gone out!" exclaimed Francesco Graciani.

"Yes, sir, gone out," answered the footman, who added, in an under tone, so that his young interrogator should not hear, "May God and my patron saint Urbino forgive this little compulsory fib!"

"Can he be there already?" asked Graciani, speaking to himself.

"Where already?" asked old Urbino.

"That is no business of yours," replied Graciani. Then, reflecting, said, "But no, that is impossible; he expects me. Let me pass," said he to Urbino, who stood in the doorway, impeding his entrance.

"What! when I tell you he is not at home?" repeated the old man, without moving.

"I wish to ascertain the fact for myself," said the youth; "Michael Angelo cannot have gone out without leaving a message, at least, for me ——"

"Oh, he did say —— Wait a second, till I can collect my thoughts," said the old man, tapping his head with his hand, as if trying to remember something. "He said that you were going—there, you know—to that gentleman."

"I have it!" said Francesco.

"Please just tell me his name, Signor Graciani, that I may see if it is the same my young master told me."

"It is useless; he can be nowhere else."

Urbino replied, "That gentleman who lives — wait a second, Signor —"

"I know," said Graciani, "I know."

"That is just what *I* want to know," said Urbino, scratching his ear.

"What for?" asked Graciani.

"For nothing, Signor," said Urbino, pretending great indifference; "only from curiosity."

"Curiosity is a sin, Urbino," remarked Francesco, holding up his finger menacingly.

"Besides, that I may be able to inform the Podestà, who is very anxious about the comings-in and goings-out of his son," added Urbino.

"Only for that?" said Graciani, with a knowing look. "I daresay, indeed!"

"Yes, Signor Graciani."

"Well, now listen; if the Podestà asks you where his son is, you must tell him —"

"Yes, Signor."

"You must tell him you don't know; and it will be no untruth," said Graciani, laughing.

"Oh, I lay a wager you are up to no mischief, both of you!" said the old man, with a knowing look.

"And you would easily win, then, old boy, though I can't exactly vouch that I always do right."

"Nonsense!" said Urbino.

"Alas! my good fellow, no man is perfect, especially young men and children; but I will, however, confess to you" (here Graciani lowered his voice and whispered), "that it often happens,—there, you know, at that gentleman's, in that street, that we break off arms, and *even* legs!"

"How? break off arms?" exclaimed Urbino, turning pale; "why, what do you call yourselves?"

"You know one cannot perfect one's self all at once, Urbino," said Graciani, with pretended indifference; "and as I am not so patient as I might be, if the slightest thing is not exactly to my taste, or vexes me and goes all contrary,

I don't stand at breaking one or two arms,—
but crack goes everything, head, legs, and all!"

"Ah, pretty goings-on, indeed! Why, you are
a band of assassins!" exclaimed the old servant,
making the sign of the cross, "and my young
master is one of you."

"Oh, as to Michael Angelo, he demolishes
his man more quickly than I do," answered
Francesco.

"And do you think that I shall let him asso-
ciate with you any longer?" exclaimed the old
man, seized with ghostly horror. "I have
warned the family, now some time back, that
you did the young master no good. Good
morning, Signor Graciani! good morning! my
young master is not at home, he has gone out,
and will not be back all day. Catch me letting
you see and speak to him again in a hurry!
Go along, you young arm and leg destroyer—
head-breaker! go along!—How horrible!—how
dreadful!" repeated Urbino, who, having seen
Francesco well off, re-entered the castle.

"How lucky it was that I answered the
bell myself to this little rascal! I should like

to know what would have happened if my son Urbino had opened the door instead: he would have let him in, for a certainty. Children are so thoughtless! Thank Heaven, I have prevented him seeing my young master for to-day! and one day is always a day gained."

II.

URBINO'S IDEA OF AN ARTIST.

URBINO went up-stairs grumbling and swearing at young Graciani, and praising his own prudence. He turned to the left of a long gallery, and, raising a tapestry curtain that hid the door of the library, he stopped a moment on the threshold, and then threw an anxious glance into the interior of the room.

"All right—he is there!" said he, speaking to himself, and giving a sigh of relief, as if a weight were taken off his mind; "he is not out; my sermon yesterday has had some effect; I shall continue it to-day; children are just

what you make them: and, thank God, I have had the management of this one!"

Having finished this soliloquy, Urbino advanced towards a table where a boy of fourteen years of age was sitting, with his head bent over a large square of white paper, and so much absorbed in his occupation, that Urbino was close at his elbow without his having seen him enter the room. The latter coughed, upon which the boy looked up.

"Is it you, Urbino?" asked he; "has Graciani come yet?"

The old man hesitated, for he was not accustomed to tell untruths; but, thinking it were better for his young master's interest to prevaricate, he replied, "No, Signor Michael Angelo!" and then added, in a low voice, "May God and my patron, San Urbino, forgive me for this other little fib!"

"How very odd!" was Michael Angelo's only response, as he bent his head again over his work.

"And I venture to say that it is lucky for you that he does not come, my young master," observed the old man, taking up a brush, as if he

were going to dust the furniture; but, instead of that, he stood in front of Michael Angelo, and continued talking,—“that young Graciani is not fit company for the son of the Podestà of Caprese and Chiusi—he is a nobody!”

“How a nobody?” exclaimed Michael Angelo. “Francesco Graciani will some day be a man of renown.”

“In what way, Signor?” asked Urbino, with a smile of contempt and pity.

“Why, as a great painter, Urbino!”

“As a great rascal perhaps, young sir!” replied the old servant; “and, if I may be allowed an opinion, I should say he only wants a few years over his head to be a thorough-paced vagabond: you can see it in his face already. Come, young sir,” added the old man, in an anxious and tremulous voice, “believe in the experience of one who has known you from your birth, and who loves you above everybody, and even more than his own soul,—the salvation of which he compromises at least ten times a-day for your sake,—this young man will ruin you, and you will break the hearts of all your noble

and illustrious family. But it is no use talking, you are not listening," added he, sighing. "Nevertheless, I repeat it, you will break all their hearts, without counting mine, because you know it is my duty to die in your service, whether from grief or anything else; but, of course, that does not concern you: provided I die, that is the chief thing—all the Urbinos, my forefathers, from father to son, have died in the service of the house of Buonarotti, and I shall do the same, and so will my son."

"Where is your son?" interrupted the young Signor; "you know I wish *him only* to attend on me."

"Yes, because you arrange plans together that will be your ruin. No, no, young master, Urbino is too young to attend on you. Though he is twenty years old, he requires looking after himself, without having the care of others. By the bye, where and what were you doing all day yesterday?" asked the old man.

"What is the good of all your vigilance, if you can't find out, without my telling you?" said the boy, laughing.

“Signor Michael Angelo Buonarotti, you are ruining yourself!” exclaimed old Urbino, dolefully; “you are ruining yourself! There you are, instead of cultivating your Greek and Latin, as Signor Fabiano, your master, tells you; you do nothing but colour pictures. What a pity! What a misfortune! To think that a descendant of the ancient and illustrious house of the Counts of Canossa, that the son of Louis Leonard Buonarotti-Simoni, Podestà of Caprese and Chiusi, the nephew of the Most Holy and Right Reverend Antonio Buonarotti, Prior of the Church of the Holy Ghost, that such an one should become a painter! who uses his hands no less than a shoemaker, a macaroni merchant, or a Neapolitan beggar does!”

“Well, there, there! have you nearly done?” interrupted Michael Angelo; “do you think my patience is untiring?”

But Urbino, once off on this theme, was not easily silenced, so he continued:—

“You work with your hands as much as my nephew, little Biffi, does, who, nevertheless, is a painter,—a sign-painter,—which is a much

more useful occupation than painting framed pictures, which are of no good for anything,—and yet he is dying with hunger, as well as his mother, his wife, and six children. I do all I can to help them, which is not much: in short, he is dying with hunger because he is an artist.”

“How now?” said a voice behind Urbino, that made him start.

“How late you are, Graciani!” said Michael Angelo, shaking hands with his friend.

“Ask your faithful servant and story-teller the reason,” replied Graciani, shaking his head menacingly at Urbino.

“He told me you had not come,” said Michael Angelo.

“And he told me you were out,” said Graciani.

“Yes, I did say so,” answered Urbino, very much exasperated. “Yes, I did say so; yes, I told a lie, and, at this rate, I shall come to be hanged some day for your sake, and you will have to answer for it; but I am quite ready to do it again, that I am!”

"Bravo, Urbino!" said Graciani, laughing; "however, for the future, I shall never believe you when you tell me Michael Angelo is not at home. But I like you all the better for it!"

"Much obliged for your friendship, Signor Francesco Graciani," coldly replied Urbino; "but I do not like artists."

"And your reason?" asked both Graciani and Michael Angelo, at the same moment.

"What would you have, Signor Michael?" replied Urbino, pretending to reply only to his young master. "A man may be proud, though he is only a servant; it is not for nothing that a man is born in the castle of the Counts of Canossa, and been fed from his birth up with ideas of honour and greatness. When one has lived with the *great* it is impossible to say 'Hail fellow, well met!' to everybody. I ~~am~~ proud, Signor Michael Angelo—I own I am proud; but, as I am the oldest servant of your celebrated race, you must confess that I have something *to be proud of!*"

"Proud of what?" repeated a grave voice, which quickly silenced Urbino, and at the

sound of which Michael Angelo rose quickly, and Graciani put on a serious face.

III.

A PATERNAL DISCOURSE.

THE person who caused this sudden silence was a man still in his prime, of austere mien, and cold and reserved in manner. One might easily perceive, on beholding his broad and wrinkled forehead, his large, cold, dull, blue eyes, his bent, though elegant figure, his slow step, full of nobility and grace, that grief, and not age, had bent his body and wrinkled his forehead. This personage was followed by another, very opposite in appearance, and whose dress showed that he was a priest. The latter was short and stout, but erect in stature, with a jovial face, and a perpetual smile on his lips.

“Good day, father!” said Michael Angelo, placing an arm-chair before the former of the

two gentlemen, while Urbino brought one for the priest.

"I wish to talk with you, my son," said the Podestà, sitting down. "Pray remain—you are not in the way at all—Signor Graciani," added he to his son's friend, who was leaving the room.

As to Urbino, affecting the insensibility of an automaton, he began to dust the books in the shelves.

"Yes, we wish to talk with you, nephew," added the priest, nodding kindly, by way of encouragement, to young Michael Angelo, who always felt slightly intimidated by his father's stern air.

The two elders seated themselves with gravity, and the two young men stood up in a respectful and attentive attitude, whilst Urbino went on with his work as if no one were present. The Podestà then spoke; there was a shade of tremulousness in his voice, which his son had never before observed.

"My son," said he, "you are the sole inheritor of my title and fortune, and, I earnestly trust,

also of the virtues and religious principles which have been, from time immemorial, the guide and support of our ancient family. Your mother died whilst you were still an infant, and, though I was very young at the time, I never married again, not wishing to give you a step-mother, who, perhaps, might have deprived you of some of my affection, nor brothers to share the fortune you were to inherit. Having entirely devoted myself to your education, I leave you to judge the grief I feel in seeing you deviate from the path which I had traced for you. My dear boy, rich people should encourage the fine arts, but not give themselves up to them. Cultivate literature, my son. I know you are already a poet. Well, and good! I wish success to your muse. If your country calls for aid, take arms and defend her. It is your duty. But I assure you it gives me much pain to see the hand of a Canossa—a hand that ought only to wield a sword—wholly employed in holding a paint-brush.”

“Bravo, that’s well said!” muttered Urbino, stooping to pick up a book he had let fall.

"Now, what have you to say for yourself, Michael Angelo?" added the Podestà.

"With your permission, my father," replied Michael Angelo, "and my uncle's, I will take the liberty of narrating a little anecdote that Signor Angelo Politien ——"

"The most literary character of our day," interrupted the Prior.

Michael Angelo bowed to his uncle, and continued:—

"That Signor Angelo Politien related yesterday, at the palace of Lorenzo di Medicis, where Pietro, his son, had invited me to dine with him ——"

"Let us hear it," said both the Podestà and Prior at the same time.

Michael then began thus:—

"Albert Durer, painter and engraver ——"

"Is he of noble birth?" interrupted the Podestà.

"He is the son of a goldsmith of Nuremberg," replied Michael. "If he were of noble birth, my story would not be worth relating. The Emperor Maximilian, having heard of his great

talents, lately sent for him to paint some frescoes on the walls of the palace. Albert Durer began his work immediately. The upper portion of the wall on which he was painting was almost out of his reach. While thus engaged the Emperor happened to be looking on, with all his court; and, as Durer was not tall enough to finish his design without fetching a ladder to elevate himself, the Emperor begged one of the noblemen in his suite to place himself in such a manner that Albert Durer might get on his shoulders, and so finish his painting. The nobleman was not at all pleased at this command, and said, though he was quite ready to obey, yet he humbly begged to 'represent that it was very debasing for a nobleman to be made a footstool of to an artist.' 'This painter,' spoke Maximilian in reply, 'possesses the greatest of all nobility—that of *talent*. I can make seven noblemen of seven peasants, but I cannot make seven noblemen into *one* artist.' And, in proof of his words, he ennobled Albert Durer, and gave him for his arms three shields argent, two in chief, and one in honour point, on a field azure."

"I am perfectly of the Emperor's opinion," replied the Podestà; "but what do you wish to prove by this story? Speak, my son!"

"It is to prove to you, father," answered Michael Angelo, "that I love painting: the sight of a fine picture excites within my breast such high and noble feelings, that I believe—nay, do not laugh at me, my father—that I really believe and feel I was born a painter."

"Let us understand one another, my boy," said the Podestà, laughing. "Yesterday only, Signor Angelo Politien, of whom you were just speaking, having complimented you on some of your verses, you immediately took for granted that you were born a poet."

"Both might be possible," replied Michael: "Poetry is sister to the arts, and they often walk hand in hand."

"Just as I say; there are no such things as children now-a-days—how he does talk!" muttered Urbino to himself.

"The boy may be right, brother," remarked the Prior.

"I quite agree with him in regard to the

relationship between the two arts," continued the Podestà, "but, though a nobleman may write middling verses, it is beneath him to spend his time in painting wretched daubs; therefore, it is my desire that he should turn his attention more to the classics, and put aside his palette and brush. But I wish to observe, at the same time, brother, that if I could know for certain that my son would prove himself a great painter, I should not speak thus; but, in the meanwhile," added the Podestà, turning to his son, "as this painting fancy interferes so much with your studies, I must beg you will not think of it any more, Michael Angelo; that is to say, you are only to draw and paint in your spare moments. Where are you and Signor Graciani going?"

"To walk a little while, if you have no objection, father," replied Michael, looking at his friend encouragingly, who seemed to be rather embarrassed by this question.

"I see no objection, so go, my boys," replied the Podestà; and he was just shaking hands with Graciani, when the Prior, seeing Urbino put himself into all sorts of contortions, exclaimed,—

"What is the matter with Urbino? Look, he is tearing the books! What faces he is making! Certainly something must be the matter."

"Yes," at last said Urbino, speaking as if he were choked. "Yes, I have something to communicate to your Excellencies!"

"Well, speak on, my friend," replied the Podestà, with that kind condescension which was then used by the ancient nobility with their old retainers. "Speak!"

"Then stop them, my lord, stop them!" exclaimed Urbino, with alarm, pointing to the two boys, who, arm in arm, had just left the room.

"Stop whom?" asked the Prior.

But Michael Angelo and his friend had already vanished; and hearing the heavy castle-gates shut behind them, Urbino hid his face in his hands, and added, with a smothered groan,—

"It is now too late!"

IV.

MORE MYSTERIES.

"How, too late?" asked the Podestà of Urbino, with a look that seemed to indicate some suspicion of the old man's sanity.

"No, it is not too late," continued the old servant, as if in answer to his own thoughts; "no, there may be yet time; but speak I must; servants often know what is going on better than their masters. They may sometimes be mistaken, it is true, but then they are very much to blame, indeed, if they do not mention what they do know. Signor Podestà and Reverend Prior," added Urbino, in a voice of marked solicitude, "very extraordinary things have been going on here for some time: for example, do you know where your son is gone with young Signor Graciani?"

"No, but what does it signify?" said the Podestà.

"What does it signify? oh, merciful Powers!" said the old man, turning up his eyes.

"Do *you* know where they are gone yourself, Urbino?" asked the priest.

"No, certainly not," answered the old man.

"Then what are you frightened about?" inquired the Podestà.

"Most frightful things take place here, your Excellency," exclaimed Urbino; "and I should be very much to blame if I allowed your Excellency to remain in ignorance of them any longer."

"You alarm me, Urbino," said the Podestà, becoming grave. "What do you know?"

"Nothing, your Excellency, really nothing," replied Urbino, in the most dismal tone.

The Prior burst out laughing, and the Podestà, shrugging his shoulders, was about to leave the room, when Urbino continued:—

"But I am going to tell your Excellencies, nevertheless, what I have seen."

"For goodness' sake, explain yourself at once, without so many words," said the Podestà, in a voice in which impatience and anxiety were mingled.

Obedying the impatient gesture of the Podestà, the old man hastened to comply,—

“It is just this, your Excellency. It seems there are no longer children here. Signor Michael Angelo does what he likes, goes where he likes, just the same as your Excellency. When he was little, he used to say, ‘I am going out, Urbino, will you come with me?’ or, ‘I am going to such a place;’ but now he says never a word, but, on the contrary, he cries out to me, ‘If Signor Graciani comes to see me, tell him he knows where I am.’ And they have secrets between them—*secrets* that make one’s hair stand on end, your Excellency. Young Graciani arrives, carrying something under his cloak. What can it be? this is the first mystery. Signor Michael Angelo then says, ‘Have you got it?’—‘Yes.’ ‘How clever of you, Graciani, to get the—(I never could find out what)—from your master!’ this is the second mystery; and the third, who can that master be? A highway-robber, your Excellency, an assassin, or a cut-throat! in proof of which young Graciani told me himself, ‘That he spent his time in breaking heads, cutting off arms and legs!’ But this is not all: for it appears that

both he and my young master earn large sums at this game; for listen, your Excellencies, to the story of the three ducats, which makes the fourth mystery."

The Podestà and the Prior were upon the point of silencing the old man, who, under favour of his years and services, had rambled on in this apparently absurd strain for nearly an hour, till they were wearied of his tale, but here the Podestà interrupted him, saying,—

"Tell us the story of the three ducats."

"And without your usual comments," added the Prior.

"Alas, your Excellency! every one has his own way of relating a story," answered Urbino; "and I am sure I try to relate only what I have seen, and also to speak only what I know."

The Podestà and the priest lounged back in their arm-chairs, and Urbino, brush in hand, commenced as follows.

V.

THE STORY OF THE THREE DUCATS.

“FIRST, I must tell your Excellencies that, last Thursday, three days ago, Signor Michael Angelo did not possess one farthing of money, and, because he had none, he made me give his beggar half a loaf. I say *his* beggar, because he always gives him a few half-pence, and we always call him Signor Michael Angelo’s beggar. Well, as I said, he made me give him half a loaf, not having any pence, as usual, to give him. Having told you this, I will begin my story:—

“Your Excellency is aware that I have a sister, of the name of Sterina, married to a painter (a sign-painter, I mean), named Biffi; they have six children, and are in great misery,—misery such as I am sure your Excellency cannot conceive, as one must one’s self have been in poverty to understand half its hardships and privations. The whole family live in a barn at the back of the Church of the Holy Cross.

My brother-in-law pays six ducats for rent. I do not know if I am making myself understood, your Excellencies?"

"Perfectly," answered both the Podestà and the Prior at once.

"My brother-in-law pays six ducats for his rent. He owes for six months, which makes three ducats, and, not being able to pay, the landlord, not satisfied with his excuses, and being a hard-hearted man, gave him a week's notice to quit. Biffi had given him a written promise to pay, and the note fell due on Thursday; so that if he did not pay by Thursday morning, he was to go to prison on Friday. This was rather sharp work! You can imagine, your Excellencies, the dreadful state of mind they were all in. Well, the unlucky Thursday came, and the night was drawing on. No one thought of lighting a candle: first, for a very good reason, there was nothing to light—neither tallow, nor oil, nor anything else. The clock of the Church of the Holy Cross was striking seven, when Biffi heard some one calling him; he opened the window to see who it was, but it was pitch-

dark, and impossible to perceive anything. At this moment a voice cried out, 'Look out!' and a little parcel was thrown into the room, which sounded as it fell like money. 'It must be some money,' exclaimed Sterina. 'Some fools amusing themselves,' answered Biffi. 'I am convinced it is money,' said Sterina. One of the children picked up the little parcel, and took it to its mother, who opened it and said, 'It is just as I told you, Biffi.' They could not tell what the exact amount was, as, having no light, they could not see, so they had to wait till the next morning, when they found it was three ducats. There, now, where can Signor Michael Angelo have taken them from?"

"In the first place, what proof have you that it was my son?" asked the Podestà.

"Who could it have been if it were not he?" answered Urbino, innocently.

"There is nobody else in Arezzo but him," observed the Prior, dryly.

"No one else, certainly, who could give three ducats without first possessing them himself," said the Podestà, smiling.

"This is the fifth mystery," said Urbino.

"But, Urbino, I ask you again," replied the Podestà, "what makes you imagine that it was Signor Michael Angelo?"

"Oh, many things, your Excellency. Besides, Biffi thought he recognised his voice at the exclamation, 'Look out!'"

"That is no proof," said the Prior.

"Except, your Excellency," answered Urbino, in conclusion, "that in these days there are no such things as children. It seems but yesterday that they were mere infants, quite little bits of things, and there—before you can turn round, they have grown up to be men, with wills and ways of their own. Signor Michael Angelo, for example,—has your Excellency no fears for him?"

"No, my faithful and good Urbino," replied the Podestà, kindly; and, getting up from his chair, he said to his brother, "Do you dine at the Palazzo Medici to-day, brother?"

"Yes; do you?"

"I do."

"I think it must be time to be going, Podestà."

"It has just struck twelve, Antonio."

"We shall be late," said the Prior, getting up, upon which they both left the library together.

"Oh, indeed! you don't consider you have sufficient proof, even now," said Urbino, exasperated. "Never mind, I will soon procure others; and I will not take an hour's rest until I have discovered all these mysteries."

VI.

THE HEAD OF THE FAUN.

LORENZO DI MEDICIS, surnamed the Magnificent, besides other palaces, possessed one on the territory of Arezzo, where he gathered together, when he lived there, the clever men and artists of all countries. It was on one of these occasions, towards the end of a rather lengthy repast, that Lorenzo made a sign to his son Pietro to leave table, and take his young companions into the grounds. For several days past it had been

snowing very heavily, so that the gardens, filled as they were with statues and antique fragments, all powdered with snow, presented a very singular appearance.

"I have a charming idea, my friends!" cried out Michael Angelo, suddenly. "Our parents have still two hours longer to sit at table and chat over their grand doings: let us ornament with statues the whole length of the great open gallery, which they must cross to gain the apartments of the Duchess."

"And where will you get these statues, Michael Angelo?" asked Pietro de Medicis.

"Out of the snow, my noble friend."

"What a capital idea!" said the son of the Marquis of Mantua: "we shall be able to warm and amuse ourselves at the same time."

No sooner said than done. The young noblemen, without regarding their costly dresses of velvet and lace, set to work in good earnest. Some began to dig up the snow, others carried it to that part of the gardens which adjoined the gallery, and very soon pile after pile of rude, misshapen forms, were reared on either side of the

gallery. There was, however, nothing worthy to be called a statue.

Suddenly Michael Angelo descried a faun in timeworn marble, whose head was missing, but the trunk was so admirably carved that it represented the fine proportions of a robust old man.

"I must make a head to that faun," said he, taking some snow and beginning to model one. His companions stopped their works to watch his operations; he showed such energy and spirit in what he was doing, and withal such a tone of merriment, that his gay companions soon grew as excited as he was himself.

"A faun should have a sardonic expression of face," said he, and he immediately turned up the corners of the lips; "the eyebrows should follow the same direction," continued he, as he was working. "Then the mouth must be open. A faun should always be laughing. Bravo!" said he, standing at a little distance, the better to look at his work, "Bravo! this is not at all bad! Look here, all of you—Pietro, Graciani, Mantua, Valentine, look here! How true is the saying, 'that one excels in what one delights in!'

Now I love sculpture; I sucked in my love for it from my nurse, whose husband was a sculptor."

Retreating a few steps, the better to observe from all sides the head which he had so cleverly placed on the shoulders of the marble faun, he trod on some one's foot, who called out,—

"Take care, young fellow!"

It was not the voice of one of his companions, so, turning round to see who it was, to Michael's astonishment, he found that it was Lorenzo di Medicis, and behind him were all the guests, among whom he quickly recognised his father and uncle.

Ashamed and confused, Michael Angelo was going to make some excuse, when Lorenzo di Medicis pinched his ear good-humouredly, and, turning to his guests, said,—

"Gentlemen, this is much more the work of a master than the first essay of a beginner." Then, added he, addressing himself to the young heir of Canossa, "As even the finest masterpiece must meet with criticism, I must tell you, Michael, that this faun is an old man, and yet you have left him all his teeth! Do you not

know that old men have generally lost at least two or three?"

"You are right, my lord," said Michael Angelo, who immediately pulled out one of his fawn's teeth, and hollowed the gum in such wise that it looked as if the tooth had really fallen out.

This intelligent action drew forth the greatest admiration from all who understood anything about art in that assemblage; young Buonarotti was overwhelmed with applause: and that evening, on his way homewards, neither his father nor his uncle uttered any further reproaches on the subject of his love for the fine arts, which they were so wont to condemn.

When the carriage arrived before the castle gateway, the Podestà noticed Urbino among the torch-bearers. The old man's face bore a strange expression of triumph.

"All is discovered, your Excellency," said he, hastening to let down the carriage-steps,—“all is discovered: can you give me a moment's audience?"

VII.

THE MYSTERIES UNVEILED.

UPON a sign from the Podestà, Urbino took a torch from one of the servants, and, preceding his master, he lighted him to his bed-room, where there was a bright fire burning briskly.

As the Podestà was going to sit down in his arm-chair, he perceived the smiling face of the Prior at the door.

“If I did not love my nephew so much,” said the latter, advancing, “I should think that curiosity had prompted me to follow your steps, brother; nevertheless, I own, whether from curiosity or interest, I should not be sorry to learn the results of Urbino’s discoveries; judging from his terror-stricken face, they must be exceedingly tragical.”

“Sit down, brother,” said the Podestà, who then, turning to Urbino, said, “Now tell us all you know, old friend; my brother and myself are impatiently awaiting for the details that you have to tell us. But I beg you will give us

none of your foolish surmises, *tell only* what you know and nothing more!"

"Alas! your Excellency," replied Urbino, respectfully confronting his master; "if I were only to speak of what I know, I should not say anything at all."

"Then what do you mean by your grand discoveries, Urbino?" asked the priest.

"I mean, your Excellency," replied Urbino, "that the saying is quite true, that crime is discovered sooner or later, and that God never allows the criminal to go unpunished; he who has done ill, and who thinks he has taken every precaution to avoid discovery, is generally discovered by those very precautions themselves."

"To the point, Urbino," said the Podestà, in a paternal manner.

Urbino then continued in an emphatic voice: "On the day of your son's birth, the Signor Michael Angelo—it was a Thursday, the 6th March, 1474—I shall never forget the day."

"Let us pass over his birthday and the time spent in his nurse's arms," interrupted the Prior.

"I wish I could, your Excellency," replied Urbino, "but it was exactly that time which ruined my young master."

"What! his nursery days?" asked the Prior, smiling.

"His nurse, your Excellency," affirmed Urbino.

"Poor woman!" said the Podestà; "why, she died before Michael Angelo had cut all his teeth!"

"So she did, your Excellency; but she was the wife of a sculptor, and she herself was an artist—at least, so her husband said, and Signor Michael Angelo has himself declared that he sucked in his love for the arts with his nurse's milk. Then ——"

"Urbino!" said the Podestà, severely; "it is getting very late, so I must beg you to tell me at once, and without preamble, what it is you have discovered respecting my son's conduct."

"I will, your Excellency; and, when you have heard all I have to tell, you will reprimand him severely indeed, and send that wicked little

tempter, Graciani, to the right-about, and order a certain Ghirlandajo to be hung.—But I will begin my story. Do you know, your Excellency, what that young rascal, Graciani, was carrying to your son, the noble heir of the Counts of Canossa?—carrying under his arm, and hidden with such good care under his cloak, that if the servant of that other great rascal named Ghirlandajo had not told me this evening at vespers, I should never have found out? Do you know what it was? Have you any idea? No. Deign to listen to me, your Excellency. After you left for the Palazzo Medici, I thought I would go and see my sister, the story of the three ducats still running in my head. I got there just as they were all sitting down to dinner. One single dish of macaroni—but such macaroni! I am so fond of macaroni! I sat down; they gave me a plateful, which I ate. Whilst eating, I said to my brother-in-law, ‘What about those ducats?’ He replied, ‘I paid our landlord his rent with them.’ ‘And do you not know from whom they came?’ ‘Not the least in the world,’ replied he. ‘However, did you not say you fancied you recognised

the voice of my young master, the Signor Michael Angelo?' 'I only fancied so,' replied my brother-in-law. 'The voice was a very sweet one, and each time I hear a sweet voice I always think it must be Signor Michael Angelo's; but my wife tells me she is certain I am mistaken, and that your young master's is sweeter still than the one we heard that night.' 'That was because he cried out so loud to make us hear,' replied my little niece, a child only nine years old, but sharp as a needle, and so sensible that—but I am not here to praise my family, so I must ask your Excellency's pardon. To continue: 'Never mind who it was—God bless our benefactor, whoever he may be, and give him happiness, fortune, and a long life,' replied Biffi. 'Let me see the paper,' said I to my sister, for she had kept it under a glass. She gave it me; and here it is, your Excellency," added the old servant, opening it, and giving it to the Podestà. "Sterina has only lent it me till to-morrow, for she treasures it as a relic. Now see, your Excellency, if this is not Signor Michael Angelo's handwriting."

"Well, it is certainly like his," said the

Podestà, having examined the paper, and handed it to the Prior. "What do you think, brother?"

"That there is no doubt of its being my nephew's handwriting," said the Prior.

"Your Excellency can see," said Urbino, "that there is but one name on the paper; that is, Ghirlandajo."

"That is the name of a well-known painter," said the Podestà; "but continue, Urbino."

"The name was not unknown to me," said Urbino; "and, after reflecting some time, I recollected that I knew it through an old friend of mine being servant to a man of that name. But I did not know his address. Luckily I thought if I went to mass I should probably meet somebody who could give it me; so I went to the Church of the Holy Cross, and, as luck would have it, I met the very man I wanted—one Paolo, servant to this Ghirlandajo. I offered him holy water; he returned the politeness, by hiring a couple of chairs, one of which I took, and sat down and talked. Soon he said to me, in a tone of bravado, 'So your young master is one of ours!' 'How yours?'

asked I. 'Yes,' he answered, 'for Ghirlandajo is his master.' 'Know,' replied I, quickly, 'that my young master, the heir of the house of Canossa, owns no master but God, and is no man's servant!' It was not a bad answer, and I thought I had hit the right nail on the head, as they say; but not so, for Paolo began to laugh, and said, 'I do not mean the servant, but the pupil, of Ghirlandajo. Ah, young Graciani had such trouble in bringing it about!' At Graciani's name I became all attention, as I daresay your Excellency can imagine, and I said to myself, 'It is there they maim people's bodies;' and I was not mistaken, as you will hear. 'Just think, Urbino,' said Paolo to me, 'that young Graciani had the patience to copy my master's works in secret, in order to carry them to Signor Michael Angelo, who has learnt, in this way, the great art of painting, and learnt it so well, too, that for the last week my master has received him in his study, among his pupils, and pays him I don't know how many ducats a-year. It is a fine thing for a young fellow of fourteen like that to be earning money

already.' Now you can understand, your Excellency, those are the very ducats, and the giver is Signor Michael Angelo; there is no more doubt on the subject, the mystery is solved. I ran home, but you had not returned from the Palazzo Medici. And now my story is finished."

"My son cannot yet be in bed," said the Podestà. "Go, Urbino, and tell him I wish to speak with him."

"Yes, yes, your Excellency," cried Urbino, going out with eager alacrity.

VIII.

WHO WAS CAUGHT ?

ON approaching the library, through which he had to pass to go to Michael Angelo's room, Urbino perceived a light, and saw that Michael Angelo was seated there at a table, finishing by the light of the lamp the drawing he had begun in the morning.

"Oh, now for the finishing stroke of all! bidding adieu to art, artists, and artists' apprentices!" said the old man, perceiving the sort of work over which his young master was engaged. "His Excellency, your father, desires to speak to you, Signor," added he; "he wishes to reprimand you severely,—at least, I hope so, for all is discovered,—all."

"All what?" demanded Michael Angelo, getting up and following Urbino, who held a light for him.

"All, Signor; the plot is discovered, the guilty ones found out; and for the finishing stroke, I repeat, we are going to bid adieu to arts, artists, to Signor Graciani, and for the future you are to live as a young lord should; that is, do nothing from morning till night, go to bed late, get up late, and have, at least, six hours' siesta every day."

"Well, that would be a jolly dormouse's life, and no mistake!" observed Michael Angelo, laughing.

"Laugh away, laugh away, Signor!" said Urbino, annoyed at the little effect that his

words had produced, "laugh away; he laughs longest who laughs the last; go on, you little know what is in store for you. And the most-caught will not be old Urbino, but that Graciani, who enacts the part of tempter, and that Ghirlandajo will come in for it,—the head of a school where, it appears, they disfigure and maim people."

Here Urbino raised the heavy tapestry, and ushering in the supposed culprit, with a loud voice announced, "Signor Michael Angelo."

Then, instead of retiring, the good old man glided furtively into a corner of the noble apartment of the Podestà, and, rubbing his hands, awaited with impatience the issue of an interview which was to give credence to his surmises. But what was the old man's astonishment, when, instead of scolding Michael Angelo, the Podestà, with a face on which deep emotion was visible, held out his arms to his son, and in a tender voice said to him,—

"Come to my arms, my dear boy; you are indeed a true and worthy descendant of our ancient and noble house; you will be one day

the pride of your father and the joy of the race of Canossa. Be a painter, my son, since such is your vocation, and I hope you will continue to make such good use of your gains as hitherto. So," added his father, "Ghirlandajo, instead of receiving a premium with you, as he does with his other pupils, pays you? How much does he give you a-year?"

"Six, eight, and ten ducats, according to circumstances; and now, my father, since you know all, I will confess that I should never have accepted this money if I had not wanted it for poor Biffi."

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in receiving well-earned money, my nephew," said the Prior; "and this does you great credit."

"From to-morrow, Michael Angelo," replied the Podestà, "you can tell Graciani that there will be a cover laid for him at dinner every day. Go to bed, my dear son, and sleep in peace, with the blessing of the happiest of fathers."

"—and uncles," added the Prior, smiling and embracing his nephew.

“Well, Urbino,” said Michael Angelo, on his way back to his room,—“well, who is the most caught?”

“I am, Signor,” said the old man, looking sheepish; “I had not the least idea that a lord might be an artist!”

What I have been relating is perfectly true, my young readers. Michael Angelo at the age of fourteen received from Ghirlandajo, his master, from six to ten ducats yearly. A written document to this effect has been found, of which Vasari preserved a copy. But Ghirlandajo's school did not give free scope to the genius of Michael Angelo. At this period in art there was no master who could really teach him anything; all declared their inferiority to this boy of fifteen years old. Left to his own resources, he found within himself the true principles to which he owes his fame and originality. Taking advantage of Lorenzo di Medicis' love for art, Michael Angelo founded an academy of painting and sculpture; he directed it with great success until the troubles of the house of Medicis forced him to go and live in Bologna and Venice,

but he did not remain there long, and soon returned to Florence.

At this period Michael Angelo heard that the Cardinal St. Gregory derided his talents, preferring the meanest relic of antiquity to the great master-pieces he was then producing. He resolved to play his adversary a trick, and teach him the folly of taking crotchety views of things, instead of forming true and deliberate opinions. Nowhere have antiquarian researches been carried on with so much zeal as in Italy.

One day about this time, in digging up some ruins, some workmen found a Cupid minus one arm; the statue was of very great beauty, so they bethought themselves of taking it to the Cardinal St. Gregory, who was so enraptured with it, that he purchased it for an exorbitant sum, and had it placed in the most conspicuous part of his house. He then sent for Michael Angelo, either to renew their dispute or else to have his advice on this antique.

"I do not see anything extraordinary in it!" said Michael Angelo, coolly.

"Could you do one as well?" asked the Cardinal of him.

"Well, I think I could, and without much difficulty!" said Michael Angelo, smiling in a peculiar manner.

"You cannot have examined this statue thoroughly then, Signor Michael Angelo; observe the exquisite finish of this trunk, the expression of the head, the legs, the arms!"

"The arm—your Excellency means——"

"Very few modern artists, I think, could model such an arm as this, Signor Michael Angelo!"

"If your Excellency can give me time to go to my house, I might perhaps prove the contrary."

"Certainly, I will wait!" said the Cardinal, thinking that Michael Angelo would fetch some statue very inferior to the dug-up Cupid.

Michael Angelo was not long in returning, but he was attended by no servant carrying a statue; he was alone, and held covered up in the folds of his cloak an object which he soon brought to view,—it was an arm. He ap-

proached the Cupid, and placed it against its shoulder; the arm fitted the trunk perfectly,—it was the Cupid's own arm.

“A miracle!” exclaimed the Cardinal.

“No, not a miracle, but a trick!” replied Michael Angelo. “I wished to prove to your Excellency that the moderns were capable of doing things quite as well as the ancients. It was I who made this Cupid, and broke off his arm, and had the body buried in a place where I knew that researches would be made. This is the mystery!”

Michael Angelo was not only a great painter, but he was a great sculptor and a great poet likewise. Lorenzo di Medicis, surnamed the Magnificent, having conceived the project of forming a school for sculpture, fixed upon Michael Angelo as its head.

The death of his patron would have been a great blow to his fortunes, for Michael Angelo was not rich, had not just at this time the Prior of the Church of the Holy Ghost given him an order to make a wooden crucifix, and for this purpose gave him a lodging in the convent. He

also procured for him human corpses to further his study of anatomy ; Michael Angelo, dissecting them himself, soon found the benefit of this painful occupation, and became the great master of anatomical design. Michael Angelo knew no greater object than improving his mind, no greater pleasure than that found in the cultivation of the arts. Becoming rich at an advanced age, he felt no gratification in adding to the luxuries or comforts of life ; he never undressed to go to bed, often ate nothing but bread, drank only water, and passed the night either in work or in solitary rambles. Economy, frugality, disinterestedness, a remarkable austerity of manner, and a rare inflexibility of character, were the stoical virtues of Michael Angelo. Though liked and sought after by the great and noble, he shunned society, and wished to lead a solitary life, which gave most scope for his love of the fine arts. “ My art,” he used to say, “ is my wife, and my works are my children,—this posterity is sufficient for me. Lorenzo Ghiberti left great wealth and numerous heirs ; but for all that, who would know anything of him if it were not

for the beautiful bronze gate of St. John's Baptistery? His wealth has been squandered, his children are dead, but the bronze gates are a lasting memorial of his fame." The only being that Michael Angelo ever really cared for was Urbino, the son of the old Urbino whose name is so often mentioned in the early pages of this tale.

"When I die, what will become of you, my dear Urbino?" said he to him one day.

"I shall have to look out for another master," replied Urbino.

"No, that I will never allow," he answered him. So he gave him two thousand crowns; but Urbino never required this money, for he died before his master. Michael Angelo nursed him day and night during his illness, and was inconsolable for some time after his death.

The greatest part of his master-pieces in sculpture and painting are in Florence. Several casts of his works are to be found at the Crystal Palace.

At the age of ninety, feeling his end approaching, he sent for his nephew, Leonardo Buonarotti, and dictated this will:—

“I bequeath my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my wealth to my nearest relations.”

He died the 17th of February, 1564. He was buried first in the Church of the Holy Apostles; but the Grand-Duke Leonardo Buonarotti had him secretly disinterred, and his remains conveyed to Florence, where his body was interred with the greatest honours in the Church of Santa Croce, under a costly monument, on which may be seen his noble bust surrounded by three very commonplace and ill-executed statues, representing the arts in which he excelled—Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

The Buonarotti Palace in Florence, still occupied by the descendants of this illustrious man, possesses a superb gallery, where the Florentine painters have represented, in a series of pictures, the chief incidents in the life of Michael Angelo.

Many of the paintings of Michael Angelo are to be seen at the National Gallery, Windsor Castle, Oxford, Chatsworth, Devonshire House, and Apsley House.

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CORREGGIO,
OR
THE YOUNG WOODCUTTER.

I.

THE WOODCUTTER'S FAMILY.

It was dusk, and a poor woman was coming out from one of those fertile and green forests that lie at the foot of the Apennines; as she walked she seemed quite bent double from the weight of a bundle of fagots she was carrying on her shoulders; she turned into a flowery path that led to Correggio, a pretty little town, a few miles from Modena. At the end of the footpath was a humble cottage, before which she stopped, and, depositing her bundle at the door, went in.



CORREGGIO

"Is that you, Marietta?" asked a man's voice.

"Yes," answered Marietta; "I am just returned from the Castle Gambàza, having been there to take the Marchioness her embroidered handkerchiefs."

"And as you came back, you went round by the forest to see if our boy was at work there, and not finding him, you cut the wood yourself, with your own tender little hands, Marietta, and have carried the bundle home on your shoulders. You need not say no, my wife, for I could tell by your slow tread, so different to your usual brisk step, that you were heavily laden. Alack! Antonio is ——"

"Hush!" said his wife, listening, "I hear my brother's voice, and I would not have him know, on any account, that we have any cause of complaint against Antonio. Good evening, Laurent!" said she, affecting a gay manner, which contrasted painfully with her pale, wan face, and shaking hands with a stout short man, whose jovial countenance and red nose indicated too great a partiality for the juice of the grape.

“Good evening, sister,” said Laurent, pressing her hand most cordially; “you are looking pale to-day: what is the matter?” Then without waiting for a reply, he approached a shabby-looking pallet, on which lay a man still young, but whose features betrayed a life of suffering and grief. “How is your leg, Allegri?” he asked of the sick man.

“No better, Laurent,” replied Allegri; “no better, which means worse ——”

“Patience, dear Allegri,” interrupted Marietta, in her gentle voice.

“Well, I think I have had as much patience as any man, Marietta, considering that for the last eight months—you need not shake your head, Laurent—for the last eight months, I say, from the 17th of last October, the year 1508 has not been a lucky one for me, and the year 1509 is now half over, and has not been any better.—Let me speak, wife; it consoles a sick man to grumble and complain, and when he has no other consolation, he may just as well be indulged in this. Yes, I repeat, the year 1508 was an unlucky year for me, it began with my wife

having bad eyes, which prevented her from working for——”

“Nearly two months,” said Marietta, in an under tone.

“Then,” continued Allegri, “as I was saying, the 17th October, a Thursday—I shall never forget the day—I was returning home singing gaily from my day’s work, when I recollected that the next day was washing-day, and that Marietta would want more wood; so I went back directly to the forest and cut a double quantity. The bundle was so heavy I bent under it; however I was able to walk along pretty well: but just outside the path I heard some one singing—it was Marietta’s voice. You know how I love to hear her sing, Laurent?”

“I have never sung since!” murmured the poor woman, in a sad voice.

Without noticing this interruption, Allegri continued: “She was singing that song you know, Laurent, which begins thus—

‘Under thy long drooping lids, fair Phillis.’

So I quickened my steps to meet her, that I might hear the joyful cry which for nearly

seventeen years has greeted me whenever I meet her unexpectedly; I quickened my steps as I said, when my foot tripped up against a stone which I did not see, and I fell, and my leg was broken! How long it takes to mend a leg, to be sure!"

"You do not mention though, Allegri," remarked his wife, "that your leg was getting quite well, and though you were forbidden to move, you went to work as usual, and the consequence was you broke it again."

"Yes, but recollect that when a man suffers, not only from bodily pain, but from mental anxiety as well, he ——"

"What has the mind to do with it, brother-in-law?" interrupted Laurent, laughing as if he had said something very droll.

"Why, this much, that if the mind were at rest, the body would be easier," answered Allegri.

"Faith, Allegri, if you are not satisfied you are difficult to please, indeed," observed Laurent; "for though you are only a poor woodcutter, you are honest and good; and you have for a

wife my sister, the cleverest girl in Correggio; and your son, my nephew, is the prettiest, cleverest, and best child, not only in Correggio, but in all Modena, in all Ferrara, and in all Italy. I do not speak of the other countries in the world, because I do not know anything about the children in foreign parts."

"It is this very child who torments me," replied Allegri, pretending not to see a great boy of about fifteen years old, who had just glided timidly into the room, and ensconced himself in the darkest corner of it. "Antonio was fifteen the 17th of last January; he was born in 1494,—don't you recollect, Laurent?"

"As if I am likely to forget," interrupted Laurent; "why that was the year wine was so scarce, and I went without tasting a drop for three months that I might hold my nephew steadily at his christening, and afford to buy a present for my sister;—I went for three months, I repeat, without tasting my beloved beverage, so I recollect it well; by the bye, your son has one fault, he does not like wine."

"He does not like work, Laurent, and it is that which worries me."

"I differ with you there, brother," said Laurent, "he likes it too well."

"You may have more sense, Laurent, perhaps, than a poor woodcutter like me," answered Allegri; "yet can you prove that Antonio works?"

"At the present moment he is, I suspect, at my house painting the sky of a picture for the priest,—and such a sky it is, too!—white clouds on a blue heaven, and the clouds seem to move, Allegri,—nay, they seem to fly as if the wind were driving them!"

"He had much better go to the forest and work with other woodcutters, brother," said Allegri, in a bitter tone of voice; "his mother is killing herself in nursing me, and sitting up embroidering the best part of the night to procure means of subsistence for us all; the boy does not even gain sufficient to pay for what he eats himself!" said Allegri, raising his voice, and speaking severely.

"You are hard on your son, brother," said Laurent, looking down slightly confused, "for after all he might—you see—the boy has no taste for a woodcutter's life."

“But there are no other means of his gaining a livelihood!”

“No other, Allegri—then how do I get mine?”

“Yours scarcely keeps you in water to drink, Laurent!”

“That is true enough, Allegri; nevertheless, the boy has so great a taste for painting, and though he has never learnt to draw (though for the matter of that I became a painter myself without learning drawing), he has only to look at a picture, and he will say, ‘See, uncle, this man’s right leg is a foot shorter than his left, and where can his arm come from? and then his nose—why, it is all on one side!’ and every remark he makes, brother, is so correct that I am forced to agree with him. It is now three days since I saw him last, so I imagine he must have been in the forest.”

“Antonio!” cried the woodcutter.

II.

WHAT THE YOUNG WOODCUTTER HAD BEEN DOING FOR
THREE DAYS IN THE FOREST.

To both Marietta's and Laurent's astonishment who had not seen him come in, Antonio came out of his hiding-place, and advanced slowly to his father.

"Antonio, where have you been for the last three days?" asked Allegri.

The boy hung down his head, and replied in a hesitating voice,—

"In the forest, father!"

Marietta fixed her eyes on her son with an anxious look, whilst her husband said to him,—

"If you have been in the forest you must have cut some wood, and if so, this being Saturday, you must have been paid,—where is the money?"

"An accident befell me, father," answered Antonio.

"An accident!" repeated Allegri.

"Why," said Antonio, "three days ago my

mother having reproved me for my idleness, I set out for the forest, determined to hew wood all day long, and to bring you home in the evening the produce of my toil; but as uncle says, 'Man proposes, and God disposes,' and——"

"Go on," said his father, finding his son did not continue his recital.

"Go on, Antonio!" said Marietta, encouragingly.

"Go on, nephew!" said his uncle impatiently.

"Well, this is what I hardly like to tell," said Antonio, with a side-glance at his uncle and his mother.

"Because, I suppose, you did not cut any wood?" Laurent remarked.

"Yes I did, uncle," replied Antonio.

"Then you were paid, and lost the money?" suggested his mother.

"No, mother, that is not it."

"Well, do be quick then and explain," said his father impatiently.

"Well, then," continued Antonio, emboldened by seeing the faces around him soften, "well, then, I reached the forest, it was rather cold, I

took up my hatchet and I hacked here, and I hacked there, and was getting on very well, so well that the others there said to me, 'Well done, my boy, if you go on like that you will do as good a day's work as your father.' Presently dinner-time came, unluckily—so I sat down on the ground and took my bread and knife, and began to eat: whilst eating, I unfortunately spied a thick branch near me, which I began to chip at with my knife, thinking of other things, which sometimes will come into one's head, and at last absorb all one's thoughts; then I assure you, it was not my fault, father—I could not help it—but I went on chipping away for three days, and to-night I have finished."

"Finished what?" asked his father, mother, and uncle, at the same time.

"This," said the boy, going to the corner where he had hidden himself on his first coming in, and fetching from thence a roughly-carved wooden Madonna holding the infant Jesus in her arms, which he held up to his astonished relations.

"Perfect! admirable!" said Laurent, with an artist's exultation who discovers a spark of genius where the generality of persons would only see a piece of wood roughly hewn.

"Stupid fellow!" said the woodcutter, without looking at his son's work, "stupid dolt! a bundle of wood, neatly tied up, is worth a hundred of these."

Antonio, whose countenance had brightened at his uncle's exclamation, became suddenly dejected at his father's harsh words.

"Nevertheless, my dear," said Marietta to her husband, with a timid air, not however unmingled with maternal pride and admiration of her boy's work; "this is not at all bad—I think I could pray with great fervour before this wooden Madonna myself. Come, don't be angry, Allegri—look at it,—see how well she bends her head over her Divine Child!"

"As to that," replied the woodcutter sharply, "I am certainly quite as devoted as you are, Marietta, to the Madonna, but we must live—we must eat. Here I am laid up on this pallet, without the power of earning anything, whilst

you are killing yourself, my poor wife, in working for us all, while young master there amuses himself all day with cutting out wooden images. Is that right? Is that like a good and dutiful son? Were he only to gain sufficient for himself, that would make one less to provide for; but I repeat again, Marietta, our son is an idle fellow, and fit for nothing! he does not even earn the bread he eats!"

At this remark, repeated for the second time, Antonio made a gesture of impatience; but, immediately repressing it, he knelt down at the woodcutter's bedside, and said, in a decided, yet respectful voice,—

"My father, this is the last time that you shall reproach me thus."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Marietta, guessing, with a mother's instinct, that her son entertained some secret project.

"My father is quite right, mother," replied Antonio, without moving from his position. "I do not earn the bread I eat, so, from this moment, I am determined not to eat a morsel that I have not earned myself."

“Well spoken, my son!” said Allegri, drawing him close to embrace him. “So to-morrow you will go to the forest?”

As Antonio made no reply, Marietta exclaimed, crying,—

“To-morrow our son leaves us!”

“Did he tell you so?” asked the woodcutter.

“No; but it is easy enough guessed,” replied Marietta.

“Well, *I* think he is right,” said Laurent. “Every man has his vocation in this world, brother-in-law; and your son was not born to be a woodcutter. Why, you have only to look at his face to see that. Those eyes, that forehead, the very arch of his eyebrows, indicate that he has a soul above woodcutting. Not that I despise *your* occupation, Allegri,—quite the contrary, as I showed by giving you my sister the very day you asked for her hand; but it is not my fault, nor yours either, nor my sister’s,—but, I repeat, the boy is no more born to be a woodcutter than I to be Duke of Modena. As sure as my name’s Laurent, he will be an artist,—nay, he is one already, and

paints signs and shop-fronts admirably. You should have seen the sign he made for the melon-seller over the way! There was the man in the act of eating his own melon, drawn to the very life; and, now that he has shown, by this wooden Madonna, that he has a talent for modelling as well as for painting, I prophesy he will some day turn out both a first-rate sculptor and painter. So do not cross his inclinations. You must make up your mind to his following his own vocation; and may God be with him!"

Laurent might have gone on talking for ever just then, for neither Allegri nor his sister were in a state to interrupt him.

"Where are you thinking of going?" asked the woodcutter of his son.

"To Modena," replied Antonio.

"What shall you do there all alone?"

"I shall not be alone," said the boy; "for will not God be with me?"

"May He remain with you always!" said the woodcutter, with a sigh. "And when do you think of starting?"

"At break of day," answered Antonio. "So give me your blessing, father, and a kiss, mother, from you, to assure me you are not angry with me for leaving."

"Can a mother ever be angry with her child?" said Marietta, covering his face with kisses, whilst the tears that were streaming from her eyes fell fast on his beautiful golden hair.

"Come to me as you pass," said Laurent, getting up to go away. "I will give you a palette and some brushes, the only inheritance, I fear, you will ever receive from me, Antonio."

After his departure a long silence ensued in the woodcutter's cot, and, except Allegri, who was in his bed, no one else thought of going to sleep. At last Allegri observed it was getting late, when Marietta asked Antonio "if he would have any supper."

"I have already said, mother," replied Antonio, gravely, "that I would never eat another morsel till I had earned it, and I shall keep to my word."

"What a boy he is!" said his mother, fretfully.

“Yes, he is a boy now ; but I do not despair that when he is a man he will do us credit,” observed the woodcutter.

Antonio thanked his father with his eyes, and then went to bed.

III.

THE DEPARTURE, AND THE ARRIVAL.

THE idea that he need hew wood no longer, but that he was free to follow the career which he had longed for, ever since his hands could hold a brush, so excited Antonio's brain, that he could not sleep a wink all night. He was up before daybreak, while all the rest were wrapt in sleep ; at one moment he thought he must wake his mother to give her a parting kiss, but on reflection he said to himself, “No, she will begin to weep, and in attempting to console her, the temptation to remain with her and dry her tears will be too strong for me. Better leave her, without saying goodbye ; the thought that

I may soon return, bringing with me the fruits of my labour to relieve my parents' necessities, must nerve me with courage to leave them now."

Fortified by this idea, Antonio advanced boldly towards the door, passing the room where his parents were sleeping, the poor little fellow's heart felt bursting within him, and the tears started to his eyes, but instantly checking them, he murmured, "Goodbye!" and opening the door noiselessly, he started on his way.

Dawn was illuminating the horizon, and the fresh morning air of spring-time refreshed and invigorated Antonio, who walked on with a firm step. Passing his uncle's house, he found that personage standing on his doorstep, evidently watching for him.

"All right!" said the sign-painter to him, who was holding a palette and brushes in his hand; "all right, I see, nephew; I was afraid that Marietta would prevail on you to remain. Every one has his vocation, and yours is not that of a woodcutter: take these, my boy," added he, giving Antonio the palette and brushes, "and this also," putting into the

boy's waistcoat-pocket a piece of folded paper, which looked as if it contained a piece of money ; "and now go on your way, Antonio. God is the orphan's protector, you will be as good as an orphan now ; your parents can do nothing more for you now, and some day it will be your duty to support them. Go, then, and when you reach Modena, go to the school of Francesco Bianchi, known by the name of 'the Frari,' and present yourself to him. Farewell, a pleasant journey to you, and may God bless you !"

And with these words, the old sign-painter rested his hands on his nephew's head as if blessing him, then, with an affectionate embrace, he gently pushed him, adding, "Go your way !" He then covered his face with his hands, and if Antonio had turned round, he would have seen large tears stealing through his fingers ; but the poor fellow did not turn ; with heavy heart and ill-repressed sobs, he walked on in the direction his uncle had shown him, and very soon lost sight of Correggio and its pretty white houses.

An immense plain was before him ; he walked on boldly in the footpath that crossed it, and did not slacken his pace till he reached a wood of orange and lime-trees, all in blossom ; here he felt inclined to remain a little, but perceiving the suburbs of Modena in the distance, he hastened his steps. It was the first time in his life that Antonio had ever set foot in a town.

The streets crossing each other in all directions puzzled him very much, as he did not know which to choose ; jostled by the crowds of people, hurrying hither and thither, among whom he did not recognise one friendly face, and bewildered by the noise and tumult of a busy town recommencing its daily work, Antonio felt both miserable and surprised. But when his first astonishment was over, a feeling of desolation came upon him, for he felt he was more alone in the midst of this animated throng of living beings than when walking on the solitary plain which he had traversed in the morning. In the plain he had been cheered by the warm rays of the sun, he had felt the soft cool grass under his feet, he had gathered and

smelt flowers which seemed to bloom and shed their sweetest perfumes for his own especial benefit; while, on the contrary, though only an hour had passed since he had entered the town he already felt that nothing belonged to him, that he had no right to anything there,—not even to the place on the pavement he was standing on, neither to the flowers and fruits which might not be picked up, without laying down money in their stead.

Afraid of his loneliness, he bethought himself of his uncle's recommendation to Signor Bianchi, and began to seek, in the crowd, some kindly face to whom he might venture a question.

An orange-woman presently established herself near him, and noticing Antonio looking at her she thought he must be a customer, and putting on a smiling face, offered her fruit for sale; gaining confidence from hearing words addressed to himself, Antonio said to her,—

“Could you tell me, if you please, my good woman, where Signor Francesco Bianchi called ‘the Frari’ lives, who keeps a school of painting and modelling?”

The orange-woman's face changed directly, and she answered him rudely,—

“How am I to know?”

Just then a lady passing by, the woman was again all smiles and graciousness.

“Please buy some oranges, lady,” said she.

The lady approached for this purpose, and whilst choosing some, she was struck by Antonio's interesting countenance as he looked up at her with a shy and timid air.

“What do you want, little man?” said she kindly to him.

The boy repeated the question that he had just asked the orange-woman, but in a lower and, if possible, more trembling voice.

“Do you see the Church of St. Margaret,” said the lady, in a kind voice, “and that portico to the right? Between the two centre columns there is a carved wooden door, and it is there, my little fellow!”

“Thank you, my lady Marchioness!” said Antonio, who had attentively observed the lady while she was speaking to him.

At these words, and above all, being addressed

as Marchioness (which was indeed her title) by a little boy she had met by chance in the street, made her look at him more attentively, and she followed him with her eyes, as he moved off in the direction pointed out to him.

“How singular!” observed she, “one would think he knew me.”

Then, with the indifferent air of a great lady, she finished choosing her oranges, and got into her carriage again, from which she had only alighted for that purpose.

IV.

PROFESSOR FRANCESCO BIANCHI'S STUDIO.

ARRIVING at the carved wooden door, it was some time before Antonio discovered the house-bell. At last, having found it, he pulled it so gently, being fearful of the reception he might meet with, that it produced no sound. Waiting for some time, and finding no one coming, he

determined to ring again; and this time he pulled it so violently that he was quite frightened at the noise it made. He was just running away, when the door was opened by an old servant, who advanced in the very centre of the portico, looking first to the right, and then to the left, seeking the visitor who announced himself so boldly.

"Who could have rung?" said he, not perceiving Antonio, who was standing behind one of the columns without daring to come forward.

"I did," said Antonio, showing himself at last, and backing when he saw the look of astonishment depicted on the grim face of the old man.

"You! And what do you want?" asked the servant, with a contemptuous grin.

"Tó speak to Professor Francesco Bianchi," answered Antonio.

"Whom do you come from?" asked the servant.

"I come on my own account," said Antonio, getting bolder in proportion as the servant's assumption of manner increased.

"On your own account, you young vagabond!" replied the servant, in a rage. "On your own account, indeed! And pray is it on your own account also that you ring as if you were at least a marquis or a duke?"

"I may become greater than either marquis or duke some day," said Antonio, his youthful spirits replacing his first shyness.

"Better than a duke?"

"I did not say better, but greater, Mr. Servant."

"And what is there greater?" interrupted the servant, abruptly.

"An artist, good sir," answered Antonio, in a way which seemed to say, "What do you think of that?"

"An artist! an artist! They think they have said something grand when they have said that," muttered the old man. "Follow me, then, future artist—artist in miniature," added he, measuring, with a scoffing air, the small and slight figure of the young Correggio. "Come, and you will see in what manner master receives artists who come without any

recommendation but their own. Well, come along."

This last sentence brought back all Antonio's timidity. Until now, having lived among equals only, he knew nothing of that disagreeable awkwardness which is experienced in the presence of those who consider themselves as our superiors. He followed the servant at a distance, feeling his ground, as it were, and racking his brain to think what he should say to this man, whom he had never seen before, while he repeated to himself all kinds of admonitions and encouragements, such as, in the first place, that Professor Bianchi was but a man, the same as his own father, better clothed, perhaps, but that was the tailor's business, and depended on the length of one's purse; and, after all, the Frari would not beat him, nor eat him, for having come to ask for work in his studio; that he was very silly to tremble so; besides, he had been sent by his uncle Laurent, who was a painter, as well as the Frari, and so on. These, and an infinity of other reasons, all equally good, passed through his mind, but, nevertheless,

did not prevent him from trembling visibly as he approached the studio ; and, when he arrived there, he felt as if his legs would fail him.

The servant raised the tapestry at the entrance of the studio, and Antonio could perceive a long row of easels, forming a circle round the master's in the centre. He was a white-haired man, so absorbed in his painting that he did not notice the approach of the new-comer.

"Here is a young boy, who comes on his own account to speak with you, Signor," announced the servant.

"What does he want?" asked the Frari.

"Come this way," said the servant to Antonio, giving him a push which sent him right against the Frari's easel.

"What does he want?" repeated the Professor, with the petulance of a man who expects an immediate answer to a question, and not accustomed to be kept waiting.

"Signor—Signor," said Antonio, stammering, his eyes looking on the ground, whilst drops of perspiration trickled over his brow, he seemed tongue-tied, and the deep silence in the studio

rendered the poor boy's hesitation painfully apparent.

"Well?" said the old man, in the same impatient tone.

Antonio quickly saw that he must speak out at once, so he said, "I come from my uncle."

"What uncle?" asked the painter, without looking at him.

"I have only one, Signor," said Antonio, innocently.

"Stupid! I do not ask you how many uncles you have," said the Professor, in the same tone; "but your uncle's name."

"My uncle Laurent!" answered Antonio.

"Don't know him," said the Frari, shortly.

Antonio remained stupified, and then said, "My uncle Laurent, painter at Correggio."

"Painter at Correggio! Are there any painters in Correggio?"

"Hah! hah!" laughed the pupils, one after another, and in different tones. "How rich! that's a good idea! a painter at Correggio!"

Emboldened by opposition, Antonio continued: "Yes, Signor, a painter at Correggio. My

uncle paints beautiful pictures to put in the front of shops."

"Ah! a sign-painter. You should have said that at once, youngster."

There was such a tittering among the pupils at these words that Antonio did not dare say anything more.

"Enough talking. Silence!" said the Professor in a stern voice, which immediately re-established order in the studio. Then turning to Antonio, and measuring him with a look from head to foot, made an inclination of the head, and said to him, "Good morning!"

"But, Signor, I have something to ask you," said Antonio, with tears starting to his eyes.

"Speak quickly, and be off."

"My uncle told me you would take me into your studio."

"What for?"

"To paint pictures."

The same exclamations began again among the pupils, and laughter and jeers passed from one to the other.

Antonio, who could no longer restrain his

tears, exclaimed in the most imploring accents, "Pray—pray receive me among your pupils! Signor, I entreat you—I shall be so grateful—I will be so studious—I will be very——"

"How much will you pay me?" interrupted the Professor, abruptly.

This question, which Antonio in his rustic simplicity had never expected, cut his speech short, and he remained silent.

"How much will you pay me, I ask?" repeated the Professor, holding out his hand.

"Alas! can you not take me for nothing?" said Antonio, in the exasperation of despair.

"Good morning!" said the Professor, taking up his paint-brush again.

One of the pupils, pitying Antonio, got up and went to him, and taking him by the shoulders, led him gently from the studio to the street door, and then said to him,—

"You have to learn, my poor fellow, that without money, nothing is to be procured, neither bread, nor master, nor servant. Go back whence you came, it will be the surest and best thing to do."

Antonio remained immovable against one of the columns of the portico, whither the pupil had conducted him; the greatness of his disappointment had even checked his tears.

V.

THE CHAPEL OF THE MADONNA.

"MERCIFUL Father! Gracious God!" ejaculated Antonio, as soon as he was able to speak, think, or act. "Can it be true? Must I, as the young man said, return to Correggio? Must I be a miserable woodcutter all my life? Oh, Heavenly Father, what must I do?"

In uttering these words, he raised his eyes to Heaven as if imploring its aid; but the sight of the heavens was shut out by a great building standing in front of him. It was the church of St. Margaret, the bells were ringing to call the faithful to prayers. Antonio mechanically joined the crowd going in, and advanced into the holy place with that painful fear created by

desolation and misery. He saw children of his own age kneeling beside their parents and nurses; he noticed the careful solicitude with which a spot was chosen for them to kneel on, the loving glances turned to them, and the watchful endeavours taken to protect them from being pushed about by the crowd: while he—he might be trampled upon or crushed to death without any one creature being anxious about him, without even a kindly, yet warning voice telling him to be careful—without one hand, perhaps, being extended to lift him up. The only one that was held towards him, on entering the church, was that of the man offering holy water, and he almost thanked him for an action indiscriminately for the benefit of all. Another torment speedily added itself to the many miserable feelings which had taken possession of him since he had been turned back from the studio.

If my young readers remember, Antonio had quitted Correggio before daybreak, and had walked more than six miles on foot, that it was then noon, and that, moreover, he had refused,

through pride, the evening before, the bread his mother had offered him, and that he had eaten nothing since, therefore they may form some idea of the hunger the poor fellow felt.

Alas ! he felt hungry, indeed, and the consciousness that he had no one to apply to, augmented his distress. The horrible question which he kept addressing to himself, and to which he could find no reply, "What am I to do? Where shall I go? What will become of me?" at first made him forget the pangs of hunger.

Anybody who might have asked him, "What is the matter with you?" would not have received the answer, "I am hungry!" but this, "I am alone in the world!" One moment he had the thought, inspired by intense dejection, of returning to Correggio ; but then the words of his father rang in his ears, "That he did not earn even the bread he ate," and his pride revolted from the idea of resorting to his father for help. In the midst of all these conflicting thoughts, which agitated and confused his brain, the sound of the organ made itself heard, and

its grand, sweet music seemed to bring balm to Antonio's spirit, and refreshed him, and revived in his sinking heart a ray of hope.

With the young the feelings are so easily excited, that a mere nothing will affect them, and in a few moments they can pass from the extremes of joy to despair, and are as easily consoled.

"I will pray to God!" said Antonio to himself, "He will inspire me how to act;" and lifting up his eyes to seek for a small chapel that was not crowded, where he might pray and weep in peace, he perceived one to his right, in the centre of which was a white altar on which stood a statue of the Madonna. It was his Madonna, for, like his, she was holding the infant Jesus in her arms; like his, she looked down at the child with love and adoration, with the difference that in his the sentiment was in intention only, and here it had found expression. The chapel was situated in a far corner of the church, and was quite empty; Antonio entered it, knelt down before the altar, and began to pray.

But as his thoughts grew calmer, and prayer brought back peace to his soul, his bodily wants, for a time overlooked, made themselves heard. Physical sensations, though they may be overmastered by grief or violent passion, will at last gain the victory in their turn. This was the case with poor Antonio ; a cloud seemed to come over his eyes and hide from him the beautiful Madonna, his weary limbs sank under him, and mistaking what was really faintness from want of food for the signs of approaching death, he cried in a feeble voice,—

“Blessed Virgin ! I am not afraid to die, and if I am fit for nothing in this world, take me up to you, and let me not remain here, a burden to my parents.”

After these words his sight entirely failed him ; giddiness came over him, and thinking he was about to die, he sank back, pale and motionless on the marble floor.

VI.

THE MARCHIONESS GAMBARA.

How long Antonio remained thus, he did not know. The first sensation that he felt on coming to himself, was that of something pleasant and comfortable: the marble floor no longer chilled his limbs, he was stretched on something soft and silky; a gentle hand was chafing his temples with fresh water, which seemed to wash away the black clouds from his brain.

When he half-opened his eyes, he saw a young and beautiful lady, dressed in black, kneeling beside him.

"Do you not come from Correggio, my dear?" asked this lady, in a kind voice.

"Yes, Signora!" replied Antonio, so feebly, that she thought that he was going to faint again, and held her salt-bottle to his nose.

"Are you not the son of Marietta Allegri?" she asked again.

"Yes, Marchioness!" said the child, opening his eyes.

“Ah! you recognise me, do you? I also recognised you this morning when you were asking for the Frari’s address—that is to say, I recognised you after you had gone some distance: but why have you left your home, your mother, and your family? What are you doing in Modena? What can be the matter with you?” added the Marchioness, perceiving that the little Allegri was again losing his consciousness.

“He may be hungry, perhaps,” suggested a woman approaching the cushion whereon he lay.

“Hungry!” exclaimed the Marchioness, with the incredulous astonishment of a rich person, who cannot imagine for a moment what it is to be hungry.

“That is most probable,” observed a third person that curiosity had led there.

Another came, and then another, until the little chapel was very soon filled. Among the crowd which pressed around the lady and the poor child was the orange-woman of the morning.

“And not at all astonishing,” said the orange-

seller, replying to the woman who had just spoken,—“who knows but that he may have fasted for hours, for he appeared very tired and ill this morning when I was setting up my stall in the market-place? If her ladyship will allow me, I will give him one of my fine oranges to suck?” added she, with the obsequious politeness of a merchant towards a customer.

“Oh, yes, give him one,—give him one!” said the Marchioness, and without any regard for either her satin dress or her red velvet cushion, on which lay Antonio’s white and pallid face, she took an orange, and making a hole in it with her own hands, pressed a little of the juice on the child’s half-opened lips.

The refreshing juice soon revived him, and Antonio opened his eyes a second time, and with one of those natural instincts of a person who has not tasted food for some time, he seized the orange greedily and devoured it, skin and all.

“Poor fellow! he was indeed hungry,” said the Marchioness, horror-struck at the fact; “poor little fellow! Here, Paolo, quick!” said she to a tall footman standing behind her, and

who carried the red velvet cushion for his mistress to kneel on. "Take this child to my carriage."

But Antonio, refreshed and reanimated by the orange, got on his feet and advanced towards the orange-woman, and pulling out from his pocket the piece of money his uncle had given him, told the woman to pay herself.

"You had some money then, I see," observed the Marchioness, "then why did you not buy something to eat?"

"I did not think of it, Signora," replied Antonio, whilst the orange-woman was getting change.

"Then what were you thinking of there whilst dying with hunger?"

"Of my father, of my mother, of the work I am anxious to get, and the difficulty of getting it."

"Come with me, poor fellow," said the Marchioness, kindly; "come with me, and then you must tell me what you want to do; innocent, timid, and modest as you are, you want a protector."

And, notwithstanding her rich dress, the noble lady took the poorly-clad boy by the hand, and made him get into the carriage with her, in the face of all the people about, who, as usual, seemed astonished to see a person in her station perform a good and natural action.

VII.

WHY HE TOOK THE NAME OF CORREGGIO.

HAVING arrived at the Palace Gambara, and partaken of a good repast, which the Marchioness made him eat in her presence, Antonio related his history to her. He told her of his dislike to a woodcutter's life, and the reproaches he had received from his father. He, nevertheless, confessed that his father was quite right, and that he was a useless creature, and fit for nothing.

“It cannot, however, be very hard to cut

wood," observed the Marchioness, who, in her judicious wisdom, foresaw all the difficulties that the boy would have to surmount in leaving his own condition in life.

"Oh, yes, Signora, easy enough, if my heart and mind were in it," said Antonio, with ready candour.

"But a woodcutter works with his arms, and not with his head," answered the Marchioness, smiling.

The boy hung down his head, and was silent. There was so much meaning in his silence that the Marchioness continued:—

"You think that I do not understand you — Antonio, is it not so? You are mistaken, my child; I only warn you of the many difficulties you would encounter, and I wish you to avoid them. Do you still persist in not returning to Correggio, and wish to be a pupil in the Frari's studio?"

"If I had but the means," said Antonio, reddening at the very mention of the name.

"Come with me," said the Marchioness.

The Marchioness got into her carriage again

with Antonio, and told the coachman to drive to Francesco Bianchi's studio.

"How lucky it was," observed the Marchioness to Antonio, as they were on their way, "that you thought of going into the Madonna's chapel to pray, for I go there always for my devotions. I recognised you directly I went in, and was waiting for you to finish your prayers, when I saw you grow pale and fall unconscious."

"My first picture shall be for that chapel, Signora," was all Antonio's reply.

"If it is well done I will buy it of you, and offer it to the chapel myself, but ——"

"You doubt my capability, Signora?" interrupted the boy.

At these words the carriage stopped; and the Marchioness alighted from it, and, taking Antonio by the hand, advanced to the portico, and had only just to mention her name for all the doors to be opened to her by the old servant, who conducted her respectfully to the studio, where the painter sat alone, the pupils having left.

"Professor Bianchi, I have come to ask you to teach, and take care of, this little Correggio boy."

"Oh! ah! this boy comes from Correggio?" asked the Frari, looking at Antonio as if it were for the first time,—“from your ladyship's country?”

"Yes, Signor Bianchi," answered the Marchioness; "I am very much interested in him. He has a very good idea of drawing and painting, and I wish him to be taught, Signor, and you will look to me for settling his apprenticeship-fees, his board and lodging. I have given him an order for a picture, and I wish him to paint it under your valuable advice and direction."

"Given an order for a picture to this child!" exclaimed the Frari, opening his eyes very wide. "I venture to say ——"

"That I ought to have given it to the master instead of the pupil," interrupted the Marchioness. "I know it, Professor, but you must indulge me in this little fancy."

"It is too praiseworthy a one, Signora, for

me to contradict, and I have a liking for the child's face myself. To-morrow I will set him to work, and if he has the disposition for it that I think I can read in his eyes, and in the lines of his forehead, instead of taking him as an apprentice, and making him pass his time in grinding colours, as is the usual custom in all studios, even in those of the most celebrated of my brother artists, I will take him as a pupil at once! Will that suit your ladyship?"

"What do you say, Antonio?" said the Marchioness, who only replied to the painter by a graceful bow.

The tears started to Antonio's eyes, and his voice was so choked with emotion, that he could only take the Marchioness's dress and raise it to his lips.

"Goodbye then, Correggio," said the Marchioness rising to go, "when your picture is finished bring it to the palace Gambara."

Then taking leave of the Frari, the Marchioness went away.

Here then was Antonio Allegri at the height of his wishes; in a painter's studio, a real studio

filled with easels, pictures finished and half finished, and canvasses of all sizes.

It was here, in this very spot, that a bed was made for him, though sleep never closed his eyelids all that night. It was scarcely daylight the next morning when he arose, chose an easel, a palette, prepared his colours, and set to work.

Just at the moment when the Professor and all the pupils were coming into the studio, Allegri, thinking himself alone, was capering before his picture just sketched, and singing to the air of one of his native songs.

“Bravo, Correggio! Courage, Correggio!”

“Correggio!” repeated the pupils in chorus as they stood in a group round the poor fellow, who was so ashamed of being thus surprised, that he did not know where to hide himself.

“Correggio!” said the pupils, repeating the words he was saying, and they called him Correggio so often, that at length he assumed the name of his birthplace instead of his own.

VIII.

A HUNDRED AND ONE HEADS.

IN memory of his wooden Madonna, so roughly sculptured, which had determined his vocation, and likewise in memory of the marble Madonna in the Church of St. Margaret, and perhaps because he knew his noble patroness's devotion for our Saviour's Holy Mother, Antonio's first composition represented the Assumption of the Virgin (a picture he painted again in the year 1530, in larger dimensions, for the dome of the cathedral in Parma). He was two months about it, and the day he completed it his joy was unbounded : he asked the Professor "if he might call it his own," and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he took it under his arm, and set out.

It was one of the hottest mornings in the month of April; the sun was so burning that Antonio hardly met ten persons on his way from the studio to the palace Gambara.

"Is her ladyship the Marchioness at home?"

asked Antonio of a gentleman who was coming out of the palace just as he reached the gates:

“Her ladyship is travelling, and is, I believe, at the present time in Paris,” replied the gentleman, who, seeing from the face of the child that he was much disappointed, added quickly, “But who are you, my young friend? What do you want? I am her ladyship’s steward, and can write to her about anything.”

“Alas! sir,” said Antonio, his tears falling, “I am young Allegri, from Correggio.”

“Are you? then I have some orders for you. Come in.”

Antonio, astonished, followed his interrogator, who conducted him to his own room in the palace, where, sitting down before a writing-table, he opened a drawer wherein was some money, and said,—

“You are come for the money, I presume, due to Professor Bianchi?”

“I do not know whether the Marchioness owes the Professor anything or not,” replied Antonio; “I came here to offer my kind patroness the first-fruit of my labour, in the same way

that the Jews used to offer the first-fruits of their gardens and vineyards to God."

"Ah! I see you are well read in the Scriptures," said the man of business, smiling. "Well, that will bring you happiness, for I have received orders from my noble mistress, that if by chance you brought a picture here, whether good or bad, I was to purchase and pay you for it. Is this the picture?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Oh! oh!" said the steward, placing the picture on his writing-table to see it better, "and what is this supposed to represent?"

"The Assumption of the Virgin, sir."

"Indeed! and what are all these astonished-looking gentlemen doing at the bottom here?"

"Those are the Apostles, sir."

"Oh! and those above, looking so happy, who are they?"

"The Saints, sir."

"Oh, indeed! and who are those children dancing round that woman, who, I suppose, is the Virgin?"

"They are the Angels, sir."

“ Well, there are a tolerable quantity of them, and I am fairly puzzled ! ”

“ What is there to puzzle you, sir ? ” asked Antonio, smiling.

“ Why this ! her ladyship told me, on leaving Modena, ‘ If young Correggio comes, as I expect he will, to bring me the first head he paints, you are to give him a hundred francs. ’ ‘ And if he brings two ? ’ I made the observation to her ladyship ; ‘ You must give him two hundred francs, ’ replied she. But there are at least a hundred heads in this picture, and I do not think her ladyship had any idea of giving so large a sum as all these heads would make ! ”

“ Her ladyship, no doubt, meant a hundred francs for each picture, ” observed Antonio.

“ She said so much a head. ”

“ She meant so much a picture, sir ! and I am quite satisfied with that, as you may imagine, for I never expected to be paid at all. ”

“ Listen, ” said the steward ; “ I shall give you a hundred francs, and then I will write to her ladyship —— ”

“ To tell her I do not ask or wish for more, ”

added Antonio, quickly ; “ and now I am going to take this home to my family.”

“ It will be very warm walking, youngster, I take it.”

“ The anticipation of embracing my mother will sustain me.”

“ You have, at least, a two hours’ walk before you.”

“ A kind word from my father will soon make me forget the fatigue.”

“ I have only copper money by me ; and if you can wait till to-morrow ——”

“ Oh, I could not wait an hour longer, please, sir, indeed !” said Antonio, clasping his hands.

“ After all, it is your own concern,” said the steward, counting out a hundred heaps of twenty sous, which he put into a large bag, tied it up, helped Antonio to throw it over his shoulders, and then wishing him a pleasant journey, the steward and youth separated.

On leaving the palace Gambara, Antonio set out for Correggio. The town clock was striking the midday hour ; the sun was at its

height, casting his rays so directly on the earth that there was no shade to relieve the glaring heat.

IX.

DEAD ?

WHILE Antonio, laden with his bag of money, was trotting along with a joyful heart and a light step, without feeling the excessive heat which caused the perspiration to pour off his face, and made him unmindful of the approach of a storm gathering on the horizon; while, I say, he was on his way, I must ask my readers to transport themselves to the woodcutter's hut, where the same three persons we mentioned at the beginning of this tale were again assembled together. The conversation, which had first turned upon the storm, as usual, soon reverted to Antonio, the theme of all their thoughts and ideas.

The last shades of evening had closed in night.

"No news of the boy yet?" inquired uncle Laurent.

"None!" replied Marietta, with a sigh.

"So that I am sure there can be no good to hear," said Allegri. "If God would only send me some good tidings of him, I feel certain it would quicken my recovery more than anything else."

"That, and a week's good food as well, would send you to work in the forest the beginning of the next week,—would it not, Marietta?" said Laurent.

"How singular!" observed Marietta, listening uneasily. "You will laugh, I know, at what I am going to say, and think me crazy, but I have just heard some one sigh without, just as my boy used."

"Just imagine, Laurent," said the woodcutter, "that, ever since Antonio's departure, my wife never hears the wind blow, but she thinks she hears the voice of the boy calling for her."

“Again!” said Marietta, still listening; “oh, I am not mistaken this time! My boy, when he was little, used always to sigh in that way.”

“But Antonio is no longer a little fellow, Marietta, he is nearly sixteen,” observed her brother.

“Heavens, if it were!” The poor woman could say no more, but the sudden pallor which overspread her face, already so blanched with grief, showed what was in her thoughts.

“You are crazed!” said her brother to her. However, her husband, sharing, perhaps, his wife’s fears, hid his face in his hands, and murmured, in a low voice,—

“No news for two months! How wrong I was to let him go!”

“Excuse me, but you are two idiots, both of you!” said uncle Laurent, and hiding his own anxiety under a rough manner, he continued:—
“Just as if he had a servant at his beck and call to send you word,—‘I am quite well! I am all right!’ There, there, some day you will see him arrive safe and sound, carrying his money-bags on his shoulders, like Atlas with

the world. Good night! Who knows but I may meet him on my way home;" and whilst speaking Laurent got up and approached the door, which he opened to see what sort of weather it was, and going out a few steps to feel if it was still damp, he stumbled up against something which made him exclaim,—

"A corpse!"

"It is my son's!" cried Marietta, rushing frantically from the hut at the moment when Laurent, raising the body, was about to carry it in-doors.

"Antonio!" exclaimed all three at once, as soon as the light from the lamp had fallen on the features.

"He breathes! he is not dead!" said Laurent, the only one of the party who had presence of mind enough to be of any use. "He must have been caught by the rain, on his way, and was most probably very hot, and then got cold. Brother, open your bed, that I may place him in it by you; the warmth will soon restore animation."

And, indeed, Antonio had not lain there

many minutes before he opened his eyes, and looking around recognised his father, mother, and uncle, and then, seeming to search for something else, exclaimed, "My money!"

"Ah! perhaps it was that bundle lying near him when I picked him up," said Laurent, who went out to see, and returned with the bag of money.

"It is for you, my father," said Antonio to the woodcutter, whose tears were streaming fast; "for you, my mother; for you, my uncle."

"So you have made a fortune?" said Laurent.

"It is the produce of my first picture," said Antonio,— "a hundred francs!"

"A hundred francs!" exclaimed his uncle, "I never sold mine for so much."

"Because yours are so bad, uncle," said the pupil of Francesco Bianchi.

"That may be," replied the uncle, looking good-naturedly resigned.

Antonio then narrated his story, and if no one slept the night of his departure, no one slept at all the night of his return,—even his uncle could not make up his mind to leave.

However, the youth himself fell asleep very soon; overcome with fatigue and excitement.

“Good night, Antonio!” said they all to him, seeing his eyes close.

“Antonio,” repeated the youth; “it is long since I have heard myself so called.”

“What did they call you in Modena?”

“Correggio!” answered he, saying which, his heavy head falling on the pillow, he went fast to sleep.

X.

BIOGRAPHY.

It was under Professor Francesco Bianchi that Correggio learnt the art of modelling, which was at that time very much in vogue. Conjointly with Begarelli, he modelled for the Cathedral of St. Margaret in Modena a group of figures, the three most beautiful of which are attributed to him.

The first painting of Correggio's, of any importance, was that of "St. Anthony," now in the Dresden Gallery, which he painted in 1512, at Carpi.

It is said that Correggio never visited either Rome or Venice. Whether he did or not is a point undecided by any evidence for or against, but most probably he did not. It is also said of him that, when he was at Bologna, he saw Raphael's St. Cecilia, and after contemplating it for some time with admiration, he turned away exclaiming, "And I, too, am a painter (anck'io sono pittore)!"

Correggio's style is stated to be founded upon modern grace and elegance, to which is super-added something of the simplicity of the grand style. A breadth of light and colour, the general ideas of drapery, an uninterrupted flow of outline, the transparency of his shadows, the most delicate gradation of light and shadow, all conspire to this effect.

In our National Gallery are five of his paintings, two of which are studies of angels' heads: the other three are among his most celebrated

works. The first, "Mercury teaching Cupid to Read in the Presence of Venus," is an epitome of all the qualities which characterise the oil-painter,—that flowing outline, that melting softness of tone, that wonderful *chiaro scuro*, which are quite illusive, and for which Correggio is so eminent. The other two are the "Ecce Homo," and "La Vierge au Panier."

Other of this master's works may be seen at Bridgewater House, Lord Ashburton's, Lord Ward's, Apsley House, Chatsworth, and Windsor Castle.

The Museum of Paris possesses nine, among which is his "St. Jerome," which is considered the finest of all.

The most important of all Correggio's works is the cupola of the cathedral at Parma, which took him ten years to complete, and for which he was only paid the sum of 9864 francs. He died at the age of forty, from a fever brought on by travelling in hot weather on foot, to carry home a small sum of copper money to his parents, March 5th, 1534.

BARTOLOMEO ESTEBAN MURILLO,

OR

THE LITTLE BANNER-MAKER.

I.

THE CHILD WHO WOULD NEITHER LAUGH NOR CRY.

THE sun was rising over Seville, and signs of returning animation broke the quiet and silence of the night, when the door of a small house, situated in a retired quarter of the town, was slowly opened. A man came forth whose pallid cheeks and feeble gait, though he was in the prime of life, indicated that he was only just recovering from some severe illness; — a woman followed him.

“If you are strong enough, Esteban,” said the



MURILLO

woman, as she stood on the door-step, whilst the Spaniard was arranging the folds of his cloak, "be sure and go as far as Signor Ozorio's, and beg him to have patience, and wait a little longer, as our son has not yet finished the banners that he ordered him to make. In fact, I do not know what Bartolomeo has been at for the last six months; he does nothing all day long, not even his banners. Don Manuel's is not begun, the Marquis da Silva's no forwarder, Donna Inesilla's is the same as when she brought it; he has not even unfolded it. And as to the little flags of the brothers Henriquez, they have never been even looked at; and Ozorio's pictures are in the same backward state."

"In a few days I hope I shall be able to work," replied Esteban; "my eyes are much better; and then I will help him——"

"That does not explain, though, in what way he spends his time," answered Theresa. "Such a good workman as he was, so industrious, that he was called 'the little banner-maker!' Why, he finished them almost as soon as he received them!"

"God grant he is not going to be unsteady! Does he always spend half the day out?"

"Alas! more than three parts of the day for some time past, Esteban."

"And do you not know where he goes, wife?"

"I dare not ask him, Esteban, lest I should provoke him to tell me an untruth."

"Why should you suppose that he would lie, Theresa?"

"He might give me an evasive answer, which, I should consider, would be showing me a want of respect, which I would not have happen for worlds."

"He might, perhaps, speak the truth," said Esteban.

The good mother shook her head, and replied,—

"If he did not mind telling me where he goes he would not wait to be asked." A few moments after, she added, "Perhaps I am wrong to suspect him, or to worry myself on account of the silence and mystery with which he acts. Has he not given us all his earnings?"

and for the last six months that you have been ill, 'Esteban, all our expenses have been paid by Bartolomeo. Certainly, my lace-making alone would not have been even sufficient to pay the doctor's bill; so, if I am fidgety, I suppose it is a mother's nature to be always worrying herself. He returns home so late, though, and often——"

"Seville is quiet, Theresa; besides, the boy has never money enough about him to tempt thieves; however, I will scold him well, for I will not allow you to be worried any longer by him."

"Oh, no! please don't, Esteban; Bartolomeo is an angel, a darling!" exclaimed his wife, with all a mother's tenderness beaming in her face. "God may afflict us with the most bitter misfortunes, take away our health, leave us in misery, but He has given us a child whose equal is not to be found in the whole world; therefore we must not complain."

"How like all mothers!" said the invalid, smiling: "a minute ago you were complaining of him; I was going to scold him, and now you take his part! Be rational, Theresa. Either

Bartolomeo does his duty, and then his father will have nothing to say to him; or else he does *not*, and in that case it is mine to reprimand him."

"He is so young," said Theresa, "that I fear, perhaps, I expect too much from him."

"He is nearly fourteen," said the father.

"No, only just thirteen," contradicted the mother. "Bartolomeo was born January 1st, 1618, and it is now March the 8th, 1631,—exactly thirteen years, two months, and seven days."

"Bartolomeo is not alone, I hear a noise in his room," observed Esteban, listening.

"Little Ozorio is with him; his father sends him here to study with our son," said the mother, with a proud look that made Esteban smile; "our son is his master!"

"The master and the pupil appear to me about as sensible the one as the other; just listen to them, Theresa."

Both husband and wife were silent, and the following words, uttered in a child's voice, and in the most imperious accents of command,

reached their ears,—“ *You shall laugh, and you shall cry as I bid you, or I will thrash you well!* ”

“ This method might answer well enough for the latter, but in the former case it appears to me very doubtful,” remarked Esteban, turning to move off. “ Goodbye, Theresa, I am going to Signor Ozorio.”

“ And I, to set them to rights up-stairs,” answered his wife.

II.

VELASQUEZ AND HIS PEASANT.

THERESA ran up a small wooden staircase which led to the first floor, and opening the door of the room at the top of the stairs, a most ridiculous sight presented itself to her view, causing her to burst into a fit of laughter, which she tried quickly to suppress, and to assume an air of severity, which harmonised little with her soft and delicate Spanish features.

An easel was placed in the middle of the room, supporting a picture already begun, and a few yards off from it was a chair, lashed into which was a boy of about ten years old, struggling and screaming like a little demon, before whom was standing a taller boy, tickling him, and saying in the most serious and threatening manner,—

“Laugh, then; laugh, I tell you: will you laugh or not, I say?”

“Well, I am sure, Bartolomeo!” said Theresa, having succeeded in regaining her composure.

“Oh, is it you, mother?” said Bartolomeo, turning round: “please do me a favour,—tickle Mendez whilst I paint him.”

“Oh, no, no, please don’t, Signora!” said Mendez, in the most piteous accents.

“Tickle this poor child!” said Theresa.
“Are you mad, Bartolomeo?”

“Mad! to do as Velasquez does?” answered Bartolomeo.

“He has nothing but his Velasquez on the tip of his tongue,” said Mendez, sulkily.

"Velasquez is a great painter," said Bartolomeo, "and, if it pleases God, I will become one likewise."

"I hope so, too," replied Theresa; "but I doubt if it was by tickling children that Velasquez acquired the talent that makes him now head of the Spanish school in Madrid."

"No, because Velasquez kept a peasant who laughed or cried just as he was ordered," replied Bartolomeo; "whilst Mendez ——"

"Mendez is not a peasant," said Mendez, in a passion; "he is the son of Signor Ozorio, the picture-dealer, who lives at the sign of the Palette of Apelles, in the street of La Plata, in Seville. My father sends me here to study, and not to be tickled and beaten from morning till night."

"If you were to laugh when I bid you, I should not tickle you," replied Bartolomeo, in the gravest manner possible; "and if you were to cry when you are told, I should not be obliged to thrash you. If you think it amuses me to tickle or to thrash you, you are very much mistaken!"

“And if *you* think it amuses me to be tickled and thrashed, *you* are very much mistaken, also.”

During this singular conversation Theresa had the greatest difficulty in keeping her countenance: at last she said, “This boy is quite right, Bartolomeo.”

“Velasquez——” interrupted Bartolomeo.

“Always Velasquez,” said Theresa.

Without appearing to notice this remark, Bartolomeo continued,—

“Velasquez, after having studied with old Herrera and with Francesco Pachecho, said, that, for the future, Nature alone should be his master, and for this reason he engaged a young peasant in his service, who followed him everywhere, and who put himself into all the positions Velasquez wished to represent. Now, I wish to do as he did, so that, some day, Seville may boast of having been the birthplace of Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo; but we have talked long enough, it is time to go. Come, Mendez.”

“Come, Mendez, indeed,” repeated the child, “and I can’t move hand or foot.”

"No more you can," said Bartolomeo, laughing; and unlashng his pupil.

"You are going out, my son? and may I ask where?" demanded Theresa.

"Certainly, mother dear; only, if it is the same to you, I will tell you another time," replied Bartolomeo, without any embarrassment; "it would take too long to explain it all now. Come, Mendez, take my palette—my box of colours—the umbrella."

"It is not right to have secrets from your mother, Bartolomeo," said Theresa, in a reproachful, yet gentle voice.

"Presently, mother, presently," said Bartolomeo, kissing her between each word, as if trying to make her forgot the subject by caresses; "presently—this evening—to-morrow; I am in a hurry now. We are going to walk in the fields—Mendez and I; so you see there is nothing to be alarmed about, mother mine."

"Take your straw hat, and your cloak, then, my boy; the latter will keep off the heat as well as the cold. Seek the shade, but take

care not to get a chill; better be too hot, only take care not to get a sun-stroke."

"You are the dearest and most careful of mothers," said Bartolomeo, kissing her once more; and then he ran off, followed by Mendez.

III.

SIGNOR OZORIO.

THE day was far advanced, and Theresa sat at the window, making lace by the side of her husband, who was reading his Bible. Both preserved complete silence, and the stillness was only broken by the clicking of the spindles knocking against each other; but, though Theresa seemed so engrossed with her work, it was easy to see that her thoughts were, in reality, far from her fingers. The step of a passer-by, a dog barking, the cackling of a hen, the dismal screech of the owl flying round the chimneys, the opening or shutting of a door, a blind blown about by the wind, all these con-

tributed to excite the hopes and fears of the fair young Andalusian mother. But, whether leaning her head against the window-pane to catch sight of the passers-by in the street, or listening to the various household sounds that arose, her large, black eyes seemed never to cease watching the movements of the spindle, and her fingers worked on, neither faster nor slower, just as if they were wound up like those of an automaton.

A knock at the street door made them both start up at the same time.

"It is Bartolomeo," said Esteban.

"It is neither his step nor his knock," said Theresa, going to open the door.

She returned a few moments afterwards, followed by a middle-aged man, so shabbily dressed that, at first sight, one would have taken him for a beggar.

"Signor Ozorio," said Theresa, announcing him.

Esteban got up, and gave the merchant a seat.

"Ouf!" said the latter, sitting down. "I am come to fetch Mendez, and to speak to Bartolomeo."

"Your son is gone out with mine, Signor

Ozorio," said Theresa, hastily; "they are gone to draw the flowers in the fields."

"What an idea," said the merchant, "so hot as it has been all day! But they are both young, and if they fancy working in the heat of the sun, it is as well to indulge them. The young people of the present day are a singular race; I should never have thought of going to draw flowers in the fields; in the summer it would have been too hot, and in the winter too cold. Yes, I have always liked to take care of myself, and use precautions; so I scarcely ever catch colds—perhaps seven or eight times in the year, indeed, but never more. This is the reason I became a merchant; I can stay at home when I like, and go out when it suits me. I hate walking; in fact, I was born a merchant. Fancy, Madame Murillo, that, when I was the age of Mendez, who is now ten years old, that I used to buy, not pictures, but images, which I sold again with profit. I was born a merchant. But Mendez does not take after me at all, for I have never yet seen him either buy or sell anything. Youth! youth! ——"

“You must not speak ill of the youth of the present day, Signor Ozorio,” said Theresa, who, like all mothers, often complained of her child herself, but would not hear a word against him from anybody else. “And if my relation, John Castello, who gave my son his first drawing-lessons, had not left Seville, and set up in Cadiz, I am quite certain Bartolomeo would be now a great painter.”

“No, Signora,” answered the merchant, with the precaution of a person who has something unflattering to say; “no, your son is a very good boy, who supports you, and who does not paint badly. But you must not flatter yourself any further, for, though he daubs a few escutcheons and banners tolerably, and paints a few indifferent pictures passably, you must not imagine Bartolomeo will ever become an artist. It is all very pleasant to build castles in the air, but you must not set your hopes on them. Bartolomeo might gain his livelihood, perhaps, in painting pictures for America, because there art is still in a backward state; for the Americans, provided they see the canvas well covered with

colour, and the noses of the portraits in the middle of the faces, and can distinguish two arms and two legs; and if, in their landscapes, they see plenty of green—that is to say, trees; and blue, to represent water; and yellow, to represent sunset—they are well satisfied; but, in Spain, that won't pay: *here*, something better is wanted, and more ——”

“Here is my son!” exclaimed Theresa, suddenly, whose attentive ear had detected coming footsteps, and, getting up quickly, she rushed to the door, and opened it before Bartolomeo had time to knock.

IV.

THE LITTLE PAINTERS.

‘At last!’ exclaimed the merchant and Esteban at the same time, as soon as they saw the two children, who followed Theresa into the room.

Having kissed his father's hand, and inquired

how he was, the elder of the children, a fine, dark-eyed boy, of tall and erect figure, thus addressed the merchant:—

“We have just come from your house, Signor Ozorio; I took Mendez there, but, as they told me you had come here, he returned with me.”

“And what about my pictures?” inquired the merchant.

“There are half of them ready, Signor; my father was to tell you so.”

“Half! only half! that won’t do,—I want them all, Bartolomeo!”

“Come, don’t be angry, please, sir,” said young Murillo, gaily; “in a month——”

“In a month! I tell you I must have them to-morrow, boy!”

“They are not ready, sir; and as to saying you must have them to-morrow, it is an impossibility!”

“I will give you eight days longer, and if——”

“That is not long enough, sir.”

“Listen to me, Bartolomeo. I am much vexed

with you, as for the last six months you have not been steady, though I must own you never kept me waiting so long before. Now, do you mean to say you must have eight days to paint a picture?"

"Some time hence, even eight days will not be sufficient," said Bartolomeo, laughing; "I shall require then three months to paint one!"

"Goodness me! and how shall you set about that, my fine fellow?"

"Why, sir, I shall paint them better."

"Come, come, Bartolomeo, no more of this silly nonsense, I beg! I do not want good pictures, but only a great number; so I request you will not occupy yourself with the quality, but with the quantity."

"And my art!" exclaimed the young painter.

"And my money!" exclaimed the merchant, jingling some in his breeches' pocket.

"Signor Ozorio," said young Murillo, with a serio-comic air, "you must be resigned, for I shall never paint you anything for the future but good pictures."

"But, you obstinate boy, yours are good

enough, since I buy them of you and pay you ready money, too, into the bargain. Do you hear? Only paint good pictures, indeed! the boy is going to spoil my trade," grumbled the merchant. "What, in the name of wonder, can have put this rubbish into your head? such a parcel of nonsensical ideas! only to paint good pictures, indeed!"

"Why, sir, six months ago, Signor Antolinez ——"

"Antolinez!" exclaimed Ozorio; "do you know Antolinez?"

"His son is the same age as myself," answered Bartolomeo, "and——"

"Pardon me for interfering in your conversation," interrupted Esteban, who until then, as well as his wife, had remained silent spectators of the interview between the merchant and their son, "but why, sir, do you appear annoyed at my son's acquaintance with Signor Antolinez? Is he a bad man?"

"Quite the contrary, Signor Esteban!"

"Or is he a man whose conduct is likely to set him a bad example?"

"His conduct is exemplary, Signor Murillo."

"Or will he give him bad advice?"

"He certainly can only give him the best."

"Then what, Signor Ozorio, are your objections?"

"Why, it concerns me a good deal, Signor Murillo—in this way. You see it is Signor Antolinez who buys the pictures from me your son paints, and on which I always make a small profit—very small, it is true, but still a little; and your son has only to tell him—you understand—the price at which I buy them of him, and——"

"I see! you are afraid that they will spoil your market by coming to an understanding with each other, without your interposition. Don't be alarmed, Signor Ozorio," said Esteban; "my son is incapable of doing a mean action; and in order, perhaps, once a-year, to sell a picture at a higher price than usual, he would not disoblige a friend like yourself, who has supported us for the last two years."

"It is true, as far as the pictures and banners are concerned, but your son is fully repaying

me by teaching mine for nothing. However, I am just as well pleased that you should do me justice, all the same."

"May I go on with what I was saying?" asked Bartolomeo, profiting by the silence occasioned by this answer.

"Yes," answered his father.

Young Murillo then continued,—

"Six months ago, Signor Antolinez was kind enough to take me, as he knew I was fond of painting, to see one of his friends, named Moga, who was at that time in Seville, on his way to Cadiz. Oh, father! oh, Signor Ozorio! if you had only seen the copies of Vandyke he showed me—for he had studied latterly under that great master—if you had only seen them! what a difference between them and what I do, or even what my old master, John Castello, does! So, ever since seeing those pictures, instead of painting I study, and, because I study, I am so seldom at home."

"And where do you study?" asked his mother.

"Everywhere, mother—in the fields."

"In the fields!" repeated Ozorio, with astonishment.

"I try to imitate the exact colouring of the flowers."

"It is a true saying, indeed, that children are always up to mischief," said Ozorio. "What need is there to go into the fields, I should like to know, merely to paint a rose, a pink, or a poppy? Give me your brush and your palette, and I will show you how to do all that with my eyes shut."

"Yes, badly, no doubt!" remarked Bartolomeo.

"Well enough, though, for my money," answered Ozorio.

"But, when my pictures are better, I shall expect you to pay me more for them, Signor Ozorio."

"Not a farthing more, young sir!"

"Then I will paint them better for my own satisfaction, Signor, and the pleasure of being complimented by those who are judges—such as Signor Moga, for instance. Yesterday I made a sketch which I showed him this evening."

Oh, if you only knew what he said to me—that there was something of Velasquez in my touches, and in my lights and shades!”

“Have you your sketch here?” asked the merchant.

Bartolomeo fetched a canvas which he had placed against the wall on coming into the room. “Here it is!” said he, giving it into the hands of the merchant.

A half smile of satisfaction passed across Ozorio’s face, which was soon repressed for a contemptuous one.

“Bad, bad!” exclaimed he, stretching out his chin: “the drawing is bad; this arm is too short: and then the colouring—too much colour for a sketch! Why, when it is finished, it will be a highly-coloured picture, full of defects! How much do you want for it?”

“Since you think it so bad, don’t buy it, Signor Ozorio.”

“Oh, as I buy everything you paint, this may as well go among the number—and, besides, no doubt you are in want of money! It is some time since I paid you any. I have six ducats

about me, if you would like them,—but it is only to oblige you. Well, is it a bargain?”

Astonished at Ozorio's offer of six ducats, tendered so readily, Bartolomeo thought that his picture must be worth more, so he replied, quickly,—

“I will take ten for it.”

“Your appetite increases with eating, youngster,” replied Ozorio, who felt he had made a mistake: “because I offer the very large sum of six ducats at once, you grow greedy. No doubt you think yourself already a young Velasquez number two; but you are very much mistaken: and the more I examine your picture, the more I find how foolish it was to offer you so much; and, in proof, since you had not the sense to take my first offer, I will not give more than four ducats for it now.”

“I will not take less than ten, Signor,” replied Bartolomeo.

“Come, will you take five? and that I offer only out of consideration to your father.”

“Ten ducats was the price I said, Signor.”

“Nonsense, now! Come, I will return to my

first offer of six ducats, just to please your mother, who, I am sure, will be delighted to look at it sometimes in my shop-window. Well, what do you say,—six?”

“I have said ten ducats, Signor, and I will not eat my words,” replied young Murillo; “besides, to tell you the truth, I don’t care to part with it at all! It is my first composition, and I don’t know—but—— I have prayed so whilst painting this church picture, that I have an idea it will bring me luck.”

“What! Do you not consider that, to get six ducats, a piece of good luck, young fellow?” asked Ozorio.

“It is money, Signor; but I am determined not to take less than I said.”

“And I am equally determined not to give a farthing more.”

“Then why need we haggle since we agree on the subject, Signor?”

“How do you mean that we agree?”

“Yes, I keep my picture.”

“You will repent, you odd fellow,” said the merchant, rising to take leave of Esteban and

his wife. "Come, Mendez ; goodbye, Esteban ! your servant, Signora."

"I want to have a talk with you to-morrow, father," whispered Bartolomeo; and then, kissing his mother, went off to bed.

V.

THE PROJECT.

"You seem to be pretty well now again, father," said young Murillo, the next morning ; "and as you are able to begin work, and Signor Ozorio is not hard to please, and the pictures so easy, you will not find it very difficult to take my place when I leave, and ——"

"When you leave?" exclaimed Theresa, as she came into the room with the breakfast-tray, and which she nearly let fall in her dismay. "What ! are you going away?" added she, in a piteous voice.

"My dear mother," said Bartolomeo, running to take the tray from her, which he placed on

the table, and then taking her hands and kissing her; added, "My dear mother, this is nothing that will interest you. My father and myself are talking on business; you see, he says nothing against my going."

"But I do not wish you to go away: where do you want to go?" said the poor woman, bursting into tears.

"I will tell you, mother," said the boy, in a serious voice, and with such deep earnestness of manner, that Theresa looked twice at him to make certain it was her son speaking,—the son whom it seemed but the other day she was rocking to sleep in her arms: he appeared to have grown a head taller in the last few minutes.

Bartolomeo led her to a seat, and sitting down beside her, spoke thus,—

"I am now past thirteen years of age, and you cannot suppose, mother, for an instant, that I shall pass my life in painting banners, and daubing bad pictures; no, you must see that I have within me a fire that burns me, and will not be quenched. I assure you that, when I

see a fine picture, my brain seems quite turned ; and at the mention of the names of Raphaël, Correggio, Rubens, Vandyke, and even of that of our countryman Velasquez, my blood boils over with ambition. I feel I am born to be a painter. I entreat and implore you, father, not to stand in the way of my following my vocation!"

"Heaven defend me from so doing!" ejaculated Esteban, gravely ; "but how are we to obtain the means ?—we are so poor!"

"Most of our greatest painters were born poor, father."

"They were lucky enough to find masters, who took them of their own free will into their schools."

"The greatest master painting can give, father, is Nature! Velasquez, our countryman, is a proof."

"I shall say as young Mendez says: 'You have always the name of Velasquez on the tip of your tongue,'" remarked his mother.

"And I shall repeat what I say to him, mother: 'I always quote him because he was born in Seville, and his birthplace is proud of

him; and my ambition is that some day Seville may likewise be proud of me.' Oh! if you only knew the honours he received ten years ago in Madrid, in the year 1625. He painted the portrait of the Canon Fonseca so admirably, that the king wished him to take his also. He represented the prince in a suit of armour, and mounted on a magnificent charger; the king was so enchanted with the picture that, on one of the festival days, he had it exhibited in the front of the Cathedral of St. Philip, where it excited so much admiration and enthusiasm among the populace, that they carried it back in triumph to the palace. Velasquez is a friend of Rubens, and is with him now in Italy; and this is why I wish to go there."

"But how will you find the means?" again demanded Esteban.

"The means! in this way," answered Bartolomeo,—“a long one, but certain. I purpose buying some canvas, and dividing it into small squares, and on each of these squares I mean to paint the figures of saints, that I shall copy from different churches, or the flowers that I may

gather in gardens or fields. I have already a little money by me, but not nearly sufficient, so I must work diligently for Signor Ozorio, for the next two months, in order that I may be able to complete the necessary sum."

"I approve well enough of your project," said his father; "but, at present, I consider you are too young, my dear boy, to go all the way to Italy alone. You are well-principled, I know, and your mother and I have endeavoured to instil into your mind religious and upright principles, which, I trust, have become engrafted in your heart. You shall go some day—but not yet."

"When I have earned the necessary sum of money to take me there, father, I suppose?"

"Well, so be it, my son," said his father.

Satisfied with this permission—a permission which Esteban had only given because he thought he could easily prevent the sum accumulating to the required amount, until he considered it expedient and right for his son to go—Bartolomeo sat down gaily to his breakfast, and talked over his plans for the con-

templated journey with all the eager anticipation of youth. When the meal was finished, he took up his canvas, and looking at it with an anxious expression, exclaimed, "What a pity, to part with it for six ducats!" Then rolling it up under his arm, he set out for the Monastery of San Francisco.

VI.

THE STRANGER.

BARTOLOMEO having arrived at the monastery, sought out the picture of St. John, established himself in front of it, and began to paint. Mendez, having asked leave to go away, had quitted him.

He was soon completely absorbed in his work, until he fancied he heard voices near him. He turned round, and beheld a tall stranger, magnificently dressed, watching him paint.

“Not bad, youngster—not bad at all!” said the stranger. “Who is your master?”

“Alas! Signor, I have none,” replied Bartolomeo.

“More’s the pity,” remarked the stranger; “but, inspired by the contemplation of the works of the great masters, you have learnt enough to do without a teacher.”

“There is one whom I wish would inspire me, Signor,” replied the young painter; “but, unfortunately, I know nothing of him, save by renown.”

“Who is that?”

“Velasquez.”

The stranger smiled in a peculiar manner.

“You might have a better than he, my boy—Vandyke, Rubens, Raphael, Poussin, Michael Angelo.”

“I know I am little more than a child, Signor,” looking at the stranger from under his eyes, “but I think that Velasquez might be placed in the same rank as the painters you have just named. But, perhaps, Signor, you are not an artist?”

Mendez returning at this moment, Bartolomeo whispered to him to go and ask the servants, who were in the porch, the name of their master.

The question addressed by young Murillo to the stranger seeming to embarrass him, Mendez had returned from his errand before he answered him.

"He is Don Rodrigo da Silva," said Mendez, in the ear of his comrade.

The latter, looking at the stranger, remarked,—

"I am not astonished."

This little incident had not escaped the stranger, who had seen, heard, and understood all.

"Why?" he asked Bartolomeo.

"Oh! you heard, then, sir?" said young Murillo.

"Every word," replied Don Rodrigo.

"Well, then, I repeat, that I am not astonished to hear you are a grand nobleman," said Bartolomeo.

"Well, then, I ask you again, why?"

"Because, in slighting Velasquez, you spoke more like a nobleman than an artist."

"Do you not think it possible to be an artist and a nobleman at the same time, my boy?"

"It might be the case, certainly, but rarely; and so rarely, that you would not meet with two in the same century; and as we see it already exemplified once in Rubens ——"

"You refuse me the second honour," finished Don Rodrigo; "but you may be right, and I am not angry, my boy. However, to prove to you that it is possible to be a rich nobleman, and to know, at the same time, how to appreciate the talent of an artist, I will buy your picture, as I discover many beauties in it; though first let me ask, is it for sale?"

"Yes, my lord."

"How much do you want for it?"

"I refused six ducats for it yesterday," said Bartolomeo; upon which Mendez, nudging him, said, in an under voice,—

"You should have said ten."

"Why?" asked Bartolomeo, in the same low tone to him.

"It is a dealer's trick that you are not up to, and one I see practised every day," replied Mendez. "Be advised, and say twenty ducats."

"That would be a lie; for shame!" said Bartolomeo.

"You say, my boy," continued the stranger, scrutinising the two children, "that yesterday you refused, . . . hem! how many ducats did you say?"

"Six ducats, my lord," replied Bartolomeo, at once.

"Well, I will give you twenty for it. The picture is mine now, is it not?"

"But it is not worth so much!" said Bartolomeo, colouring up to his eyes with delight and fear at the same time.

"I know it is not," answered Don Rodrigo.

"Then, my lord, you are laughing at me."

"I do not pay the artist of to-day," said Don Rodrigo, with precaution, "I pay the artist of the future. You cannot study here, for there is no school; so, with these twenty ducats, you can set out for Madrid."

"Oh, if there were but enough to take me to

Italy!" exclaimed young Murillo, in such a sad voice, that the stranger seemed quite touched.

"You go to the Spanish school at Madrid, and I will give you a letter to the head of it."

Young Murillo got up and said, in a trembling voice,—

"For Velasquez?"

The stranger smiled, and answered,—"Yes, for Velasquez."

"And shall I see him?—shall I see him?"

"As plainly as you see me."

"Oh, then, my lord, you have, indeed, made Bartolomeo happy!" said Mendez. "Velasquez is his hero, his model! he wishes to do everything that Velasquez does. And if that were all,—but, no, Velasquez had a peasant, who laughed and cried at command. Well, I am that peasant, and as I cannot laugh and cry just as Murillo likes, I have, in consequence, to undergo some very painful half-hours, I can tell you!"

Young Murillo was so perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment at Don Rodrigo's promise of giving him a letter to Velasquez in Madrid,

that he stood wrapt in reverie, from which he was awoke by Don Rodrigo taking his hand and saying,—

“Come to me this evening, at the Hotel de Castille, in the street of La Plata, at seven o'clock.”

He then disappeared, before Murillo had time to answer.

VII.

THE DOUBLE BARGAIN.

As Bartolomeo was returning home, thoughtful and serious, followed by Mendez, who was carrying part of the young painter's apparatus, his mother came out and met him in the middle of the street.

“Good news ! good news !” said she to him. “You were scarcely gone, this morning, when Signor Ozorio came and brought me the ten ducats you asked yesterday for your picture, and I have promised you should take it to him after dinner.”

"What time did Ozorio come?" asked Bartolomeo.

"At ten o'clock. I will lock up your ten ducats in your little money-box."

"How unfortunate!" said Bartolomeo; "I have just sold it for twenty."

"To whom?" asked his mother.

"To a stranger, Don Rodrigo de Silva, who is going also to give me a letter of introduction to Velasquez, in Madrid."

"Oh, dear me! if I had but known this. How sorry I am, to be sure!" exclaimed his mother, sharing her son's disappointment, "and I was so rejoiced with Signor Ozorio's bargain, too!"

"Well, what are you worrying yourself about, Bartolomeo?" asked Mendez; "return the ten ducats to my father, and tell him that you had already sold the picture when he came to purchase it this morning, and that you will paint him another picture, as this stranger is going away, perhaps to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, Mendez! you are my evil genius, always tempting me to do wrong,"

said Bartolomeo, impatiently. "What is done cannot be undone, so let us go to dinner, and afterwards I will go and apologise to Don Rodrigo. So long as he gives me the letter for Velasquez, I don't care."

Dinner-time passed heavily, as nobody spoke; each member of this little family sympathising in the young painter's disappointment. As soon as they had finished the midday meal, Murillo went out and hastened to the Hotel de Castille, and inquired for Don Rodrigo. He was shown into a drawing-room, where Don Rodrigo was seated alone and engaged in writing.

"Ah! so you have brought my picture," said Don Rodrigo, seeing Bartolomeo enter.

"My lord," answered Bartolomeo, looking and feeling very miserable, "my mother had sold it before I returned home."

"For more money?" asked Don Rodrigo.

"For much less, my lord; but that has nothing to do with it."

"I beg your pardon," answered the stranger, evidently annoyed; "it has a great deal to do with it; for, if I pay you the most, you can

go to your other customer, and unsay your bargain."

"Certainly, my lord, I could do so, and should have done so without hesitation," replied young Murillo, "if your purchase had been made before my mother had concluded hers (I should say mine, as it was begun the previous evening by me) with Signor Ozório."

"What is your name?" asked Don Rodrigo, abruptly.

"Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo," replied the boy.

"Are your parents living?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, I wish to speak with them," said Don Rodrigo, getting up, and looking at the youth so peculiarly, that the latter felt quite uncomfortable. "Show me the way."

"To my parents?" asked Bartolomeo, astonished.

"Yes, to your parents," replied Don Rodrigo.

VIII.

CONCLUSION.

It was almost dark when Don Rodrigo and Bartolomeo reached Esteban's house. Theresa was, as usual, making her lace, and her husband reading the Bible aloud. Seeing their son accompanied by a stranger, they both arose, and advanced to meet him.

"Excuse the liberty I take, Signora and Signor," said Don Rodrigo, bowing gracefully, first to Theresa, and then to Esteban, "but I am anxious to make your acquaintance before leaving Seville, not so much because you are the parents of a young artist, but because, as the father and mother of this boy, you have known how to inspire him with upright principles and noble sentiments. I frankly own, had the picture been delivered to me, I should have quitted Seville without coming here. Murillo has painted a good picture, which charmed me, and I bought it; he is an artist,

and there are a great many artists. But Murillo has done much more than paint a good picture—he has done an honourable action; and I wish to make the acquaintance of the parents who have brought him up so well. Murillo,” added he, turning to the boy, “I am rich and powerful; speak! what do you most wish for?”

“The letter to Velasquez,” said Murillo, hesitating.

“I can do more than that,” said the stranger, moved; “I can show him to you directly.”

“Is he in Seville?” quickly demanded Bartolomeo.

“He is before you!” answered Don Rodrigo, opening his arms, into which Murillo threw himself without hesitation.

“You! Don Rodrigo?” said Bartolomeo.

“Yes. Don Rodrigo da Silva and Velasquez are one.”

The first transport of emotion and joy being over, Velasquez said to Esteban,—

“I am going to join Rubens in Italy, who is waiting for me at Venice, so that I shall not be

in Madrid to receive your son ; but I will give orders for some one else to do so. Do not hesitate to send him, I beg of you, for your son is no ordinary child ; he will some day be a great painter."

Velasquez then took leave of the family of Murillo, and started the next day for Venice.

But Esteban, having fallen ill again, and died, Murillo was prevented setting out for Madrid for some time ; he could not leave his mother, whose sole support he was. However, when he attained the age of sixteen, and his mother was able to earn from her lace-work sufficient to keep herself, Murillo determined to set out, not for Madrid, but Italy. Not having sufficient money to take him, he had recourse to his original idea of buying canvas, cutting it up into small squares, and painting little pictures of saints, of flowers, &c., which he sold for America ; and, having halved his gains with his mother, he set out on his journey.

Arrived in Madrid, he learnt that Velasquez had returned thence from Italy ; he therefore

called on him, and was soon recognised by the illustrious painter, who was much pleased to see him, and soon procured work for him at the Escorial and other palaces in Madrid.

Murillo remained three years in this capital, and then returned to Seville, where he painted two pictures in the little Monastery of San Francisco. These two pictures were, "The Death of Saint Clara," and "St. John distributing Alms." So much were these paintings admired, and so great was the sensation they produced, that all the communities of Seville wished to possess some of Murillo's pictures.

Spain possesses most of his celebrated pictures. The Hospital of La Caridad, at Seville, is enriched with some of his finest works, as also the Museums at Seville and Madrid. Paris also possesses five of his paintings. The walls of the National and Dulwich Galleries in England are also enriched by some of the masterpieces of this great painter; as also the galleries of Lord Ashburton, Stafford House, and Grosvenor House.

Murillo died in Seville, April 3, 1682, from

injuries he received in falling from a scaffold in the Cathedral of the Capuchins, in Cadiz, where he was painting the admired picture of "St. Catharine."

Murillo's principal pupils were, Antolinez, Mendez Ozorio, Tobar, Villavicemio, and Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of "the Mulatto of Murillo."

SEBASTIAN GOMEZ,
OR
THE MULATTO OF MURILLO.

I.

MURILLO'S STUDIO.

EARLY one morning, in the month of June 1558, a group of young men, from fifteen to twenty years of age, were assembled on the door-step of a large house, near the Monastery of San Francisco, in Seville,—

“Antolinez,”

“Tobar,”

“Villavicemio,”

“Raba,”

“Mendez,”



"Souarez,"

"Cordova."

These were the names addressed to each, as they greeted one another. One of them then knocked at the door, which was opened by an old negro.

"How are you, old Gomez?" said they all to him nearly at the same time. "Is the master up?"

"Not yet, young gentlemen!" replied the negro, in a drawling, guttural voice.

"And his son?"

"Signor Gaspard is smoking his cigar in the garden with Signor Mendez Ozorio," answered the black, in a still more drawling voice.

"One would think you were still asleep, from the way you speak, Gomez!" observed Raba.

"Well, upon my word, Signor Raba, I am not at all sure that I am awake."

"What a lazy dog you are!" exclaimed several of the youths, as they all rushed into the studio, each going to his own easel.

"Lazy dog!" repeated the black, following them, "lazy dog, indeed!—I don't know what it is to be either lazy or idle, young gentlemen; and I can only just tell you, that if it had pleased God to have created me master instead of slave, I would pass all my days in sleeping—it is so comfortable!"

"By St. James!" exclaimed Souarez, who had just opened his box and taken up his palette, "which of you fellows remained last, yesterday, in the studio?"

"Why, you are as sleepy as Gomez, Souarez!" replied Antolinez; "don't you recollect we all left together?"

"Who came into the studio after we quitted it, Gomez?" asked Tobar, looking at his easel.

"There again! some fresh trick of the Zombi!" said the black, looking very frightened.

"Zombi! Zombi, indeed! let me only catch this Zombi of yours," said Souarez, angrily, "and see if I wouldn't lay the stick across his back until he told me his real name! This is a mighty disagreeable trick to play one, especially

to me, who, of all you fellows, is so particular in cleaning my palette. My brushes, too, are as dirty as if I had just been using them!"

"Why, actually, here is another little figure in the corner of my canvas!" said Mendez, standing in front of his easel.

"Why, it is the likeness of Friar Istaritz!" exclaimed Cordova; "do come and look!"

"So it is! and capitally done! how good!" cried out all the students at the same moment.

"And here, on my canvas, is a child's head, which is not at all bad," said Da Costa. "Look! Well, gentlemen, it is high time that this is put a stop to, for these tricks are becoming very tiresome!"

"It must be the Zombi," muttered Gomez, in an under-tone.

"By Jove! if it is Gomez' friend, Zombi, who paints all these little figures we find on our boards every morning," said Villavicemio, "I wish he would paint the Virgin's head for me in my 'Descent of the Cross,' for I cannot succeed in depicting the pure and heavenly expression that the Holy Mother of our Saviour ought to have;

and for the last week I paint a fresh one every morning and every evening, wash it out again."

As Villavicemio finished saying this, he negligently approached his easel, when he uttered an ejaculation, and then he remained pale and motionless before his picture.

"Look, look at Villavicemio!" exclaimed Raba, "why, he is turned into a statue!"

As Villavicemio still remained without speaking, the pupils came, one by one, to look at the picture, and great was their astonishment at what they beheld there.

In the middle of the canvas, at the foot of the cross, and in the spot where the young Spaniard, the previous evening, had washed out the Virgin's head he had failed in painting as he had wished, there was another, only just sketched in, but with so charming an expression, such purity of design, such delicacy of colouring, that by its side all the other figures of the picture seemed completely thrown into the shade.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed all the young men, rapturously.

"I cannot conceive who could have drawn that head," said Souarez, "unless it was Gaspard."

"Here I am! Who is taking my name in vain?" gaily cried a young man of about sixteen years of age, coming into the studio, and followed by a man of a certain age, whom the students addressed by the name of Mendez Ozorio.

"That rogue, Gaspard!" said Raba; "why, his father complains that he prefers literature to painting, and, contrary to all the rest of the world, paints at night, and reads in the daytime."

"Who says I paint at night?" asked Gaspard, laughing.

"Why, come and look here!" said several of the pupils, who had all found an addition of either faces, arms, or legs to their pictures.

Mendez looked, and then said, gravely,—

"Gentlemen, this is none of Gaspard's handiwork, I can give you my word of that."

"Why are you so certain, Signor Ozorio?" asked Chevez.

"Because Gaspard is incapable of——"

"Playing a trick!" interrupted Tobar.

"Painting so well," continued Ozorio.

All the students here burst out laughing, and exclaimed,—

"Ah! then it must be you, Signor Ozorio!"

"I should not be ashamed of owning to such a touch as that," replied Ozorio, "but it is none of my doing; besides, I am not of an age to get up at night without I am compelled, nor am I likely to play you tricks."

"Then who can it be?"

"The Zombi," muttered old Gomez to himself.

"To work, gentlemen, to work!" said Gaspard, looking up to the ceiling, "for I hear the master getting up, and as he is not long over his dressing I shall take myself off."

"Where are you going?"

"To read some verses of my own composition to Signor Ozorio."

"Ah! I was born a victim to both father and son," said Ozorio, laughing; "for when I was a little fellow, Murillo used to tickle and beat me, to

make me either laugh or cry, in imitation of Velasquez' peasant; and since I have been a man, his son worries me with his barbarous verses. Heaven preserve me from the grandchildren of the family! Then of a certainty I should be compelled to listen to music, and Heaven knows I am not musical. Adieu, my friends!"

"Sebastian!" "Sebastian!" "Sebastian!" At this call, repeated a thousand times over, in every tone of voice, by all the pupils at once, a poor little mulatto hurried into the studio.

"Here I am, sirs!" said the latter, trembling.

"Sebastian, a fresh canvas!" said one; "Sebastian, bring me some oil!" exclaimed another; "Give me my maul-stick!" "Sebastian, I want some Naples yellow!" "And I want some burnt sienna!" "And get me some ochre!" "And I want vermilion!" "Come, Sebastian, be quick, can't you!" And the poor little mulatto, unable to satisfy all these multiplied demands as quickly as they were uttered, and not knowing which to obey first, flew hither and thither, first serving one, then another, and scolded by all.

II.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

“Good gracious! what has happened? What is the matter?” exclaimed a stern and quick voice, which commanded silence instantly: “one would think the studio was on fire.”

At this voice all the pupils rose and bowed to a tall, noble-looking man, of about forty years of age, elegantly dressed in black, who entered the studio.

“Look here, Signor Murillo,” said Villavicemio, pointing to his easel.

“Good! very good, indeed, Villavicemio!” said Murillo, “you improve rapidly.”

“I am sorry to say, Signor, I did not paint this head,” said Villavicemio, in a melancholy voice.

“More’s the pity; but who did, then?” answered Murillo. “But who did it, I say? Speak,—speak!” added he, quickly,—“for it is admirable! What tone! what freshness! what

colouring!—and such delicacy of touch, too! I do not hesitate to say, gentlemen, that whichever of you painted this head will excel us all. What, no one answers?—everybody silent!—none of you own to it? I, Murillo, would soon own it, had I painted it; and, by St. James of Compostella, I wish I had! Is it yours, Raba?”

“No, Signor.”

“Did you do it, Souarez?”

“Alas! no.”

“Could it be Gaspard, I wonder?”

“He also has denied it, Signor Murillo,” said Chavez.

“Well, then, we must believe him,” replied Murillo; “but I should like to know who did do it. It is impossible that this Virgin’s head placed itself in the centre of Villavicemio’s canvas.”

“Well, Signor Murillo,” said Cordova, the youngest of the class, “if we believe what Gomez and little Sebastian say——”

“Well!”

“It must be the Zombi, who——” Cordova did not finish his sentence, as all the pupils

began to laugh and hoot at him. However, he added, quickly, "That's right; laugh away, laugh away; make game of me, my good fellows, as much as you like, yet you cannot deny that most extraordinary things do take place here—things that don't happen every day."

"No, because they happen every night," replied Villavicemio.

"What happens every night?" asked Murillo, who was still contemplating the Virgin's head so miraculously painted.

Cordova then related the facts, as follows:—

"According to your orders, Signor, we none of us leave the studio without putting everything in order, cleaning our palettes, washing and wiping our brushes, covering over our easels, and turning our pictures the wrong side uppermost. Well, sir, for the last month, at least, if not longer, when we arrive here every morning, we find our palettes full of colour, our brushes dirty, and here and there we discover figures and faces on our boards. One finds an arm that was only just sketched in completely finished; another finds, in the corner of his

picture, a little horned imp, who looks laughingly at him with a diabolical grin; another finds the head of an angel; another that of an old man, or perhaps the profile of a fair maiden, and sometimes even a caricature of any person that may have come into the studio the previous evening; in fact, sir, it is impossible to enumerate all the supernatural things that take place every evening in your studio, when we are all gone."

"Perhaps Gaspard walks in his sleep," suggested Villavicemio to his master.

"No, he does not," answered Murillo. "Besides, it would be indeed extraordinary if he painted better at night in his sleep than he does in daylight, when he is wide awake. No, no, my friends, he who sketched this head is more than a pupil, or a mere copyist. The drawing, certainly, is not quite correct, neither is it finished; but, with all that, whoever painted it is inspired with the divine spark of that genius which alone can rightly guide an artist's brush. Discover who it is we must, and I fancy it will be easy enough. Sebastian——"

"If you are going to inquire anything of

Sebastian," said Villavicemio, "I can tell you he knows nothing more than we do; he only asserts it is 'the Zombi.' "

"Well, we will see. Sebastian!"

"Yes, master," said the little mulatto, who had come running in at the first summons.

"Have I not desired you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master."

"And do you do so?"

"Yes, master."

"Then you can tell me who it is that comes to the studio every night, or else in the early morning, before the pupils arrive?"

"Nobody, master," replied the little mulatto, nervously twisting his fingers, and pulling the tassels of his jacket.

"Nobody! it is a lie, you wicked little slave! it is a lie! Do you not see, as we do, the results?" said Murillo, pointing to the Virgin's head.

"Nobody but—me—master, I swear to you," answered Sebastian.

"Now, listen to me attentively," said Murillo,

looking and speaking very severely; "I insist upon knowing who sketched this Virgin's head. Do you hear? And I wish, likewise, to find out who it is that paints all those little figures that these gentlemen find on their drawing-boards every morning! I am determined to discover who it is; so to-night, instead of sleeping, you will sit up and watch — do you hear? And if, to-morrow, you have not discovered the guilty person, you shall receive twenty lashes from the major-domo's rod, who does not whip the air, as you well know! Eh! what are you muttering about? If you have anything to say, speak at once: I will allow you."

"I was going to ask, master," said Sebastian, with tears in his eyes, "that, suppose there was nothing found on these gentlemen's boards to-morrow——"

"Why, then, instead of twenty lashes, you shall have thirty. And now, gentlemen, to work."

The lesson began, and, while it lasted, perfect silence reigned in the studio, for Murillo felt and understood the sublime art to which he

owed his brilliant reputation in such a manner, that he would not allow a single profane word to be spoken while engaged in its pursuit : and Murillo considered all words profane that did not relate to painting.

III.

THE ZOMBI.

AFTER Murillo had left the studio, it seemed as if each student was bent on making up for lost time, for, in place of the dead silence which had been maintained during the lesson, Babel seemed let loose, and the very easels appeared animated. The subject of general conversation at this moment was naturally upon the little delicate figures that sprang up every morning as by magic, to disappear at night, when others took their places.

“Tell me, Sebastian,” called out Villavicemio, as soon as the door had closed upon Murillo, and

his receding footsteps were no longer heard in the hall, "when the master asked you who it was that came here and drew all these little figures, why you did not give your usual answer — 'the Zombi?'"

"Because I should have got the whip for that answer, Signor Villavicemio," replied Sebastian, whose tongue, as well as those of the pupils, became unloosed in Murillo's absence.

"Ah, that whip! you will not escape it to-morrow morning, I know, with all your Zombi," exclaimed Mendez.

"Do not speak ill of the Zombi, Signor Mendez," said Sebastian, with a look of pretended terror, "for, see! he is revenging himself on you, by drawing the right arm of your San Iago much longer than the other. Why, this arm is quite an inch longer than that!"

"Sebastian is right, I declare!" observed Raba, leaning over his neighbour's easel; "this arm is too long! I say, Sebastian, tell us who and what is the Zombi?"

"Yes, Sebastian, come, tell us!" exclaimed several voices at the same time.

"I can't tell you what he is like, gentlemen," said Sebastian, "for I have never seen him. No more has my father, but his grandfather told him, though he had never seen him either, that it was a wicked spirit who came every night to the earth expressly to do harm."

"I wish I could paint as well by day as he does by night," observed Tobar. "Pass me some Naples yellow, Sebastian."

"Don't you think your picture is quite yellow enough, sir?" remarked Sebastian.

"And do you think mine is yellow enough?" asked Chavez of the mulatto.

"Oh, you are different, sir; you paint everything so blue,—and such decided and bright blues, too. Your lakes are blue, your trees blue, and so are your hills! Do you paint them blue on purpose, sir?"

"No, certainly not," answered Chavez.

"One would think you did," said Sebastian.

"What a queer animal this little blackamoor is!" remarked Raba; "under his foolish, unmeaning face, he can be as malicious as a monkey."

"A negro is a species of monkey," said Villavicencio, who was much annoyed at Sebastian's remarks.

. "Or a species of parrot," observed Tobar.

"Only that parrots merely repeat," replied Raba, "and Sebastian thinks before he speaks!"

"But parrots often say what is true by chance," added Tobar.

"Sebastian, what do you think of this head?" asked Fernandez.

"Why is it not round, sir?" questioned the mulatto; "do not you like to see them round?"

"And what do you say to mine?" asked Souarez.

"Oh, yours, Signor Souarez, is as flat as if you had sat on it on purpose!"

At each of the little mulatto's remarks the students shouted with laughter, till Raba exclaimed,—"It is very singular, gentlemen, that we all seem to be addressing questions to Sebastian on purpose to laugh at him, yet, nevertheless, the child's eye is so correct that you must own that we quickly try to rectify the faults pointed out to us by him—a mere slave! As to myself,

I own that I think much of his remarks; he understands colours, I can tell you!"

"Nay, only from grinding them!" said Sebastian, upon whom raillery had no effect, who blushed at a compliment, grew stubborn at punishment or rebuke, but whose heart was melted by kind and gentle words.

"And drawing?" asked Villavicemio.

"Oh, I only repeat the master's own words," said Sebastian, so unaffectedly, that no one could suspect him of meaning otherwise. "I am, after all," added he, "nothing but a monkey, parrot, or, at best, a slave!" and he pronounced the last word in so singular a tone of voice, that all the students, gay, careless, and even cruel as they sometimes were, felt moved.

"What an oddity it is!" said Raba, giving him a friendly pull of the ear. "Goodbye, Sebastian! catch the Zombi, or look out for your back!"

"Catch Zombi, or look out for your back!" repeated each one to him as they left the studio. "Goodbye, Sebastian! Good luck to you! My respects to the Zombi!"

IV.

WHO AND WHAT THE ZOMBI WAS.

"THE Zombi! the Zombi!" repeated Sebastian, as the last of the students went out. "Oh, merciful God! God of the Christians, have pity on me!" Having ejaculated these words, said in the same peculiar tone with which he had just before uttered the word slave, Sebastian began to put the studio in order. Night drew on while he was thus engaged, so he lighted a lamp, to see if there was anybody in the mysterious darkness who could observe his movements; then, taking the lamp in his hand, he softly approached Villavicemio's easel, from which he removed the cloth that covered it. Then, fixing his eyes on the Virgin's head that had so miraculously appeared on the canvas, his stupid, dull features became all animation. "The master said, 'I wish I had painted that face!'" muttered he between his teeth, and then he remained motionless, in a reverie of ecstasy.

He remained standing thus for some time, with his thoughts so far away, that when a hand was laid upon his arm, he trembled and shrieked aloud.

"Sebastian!" said a broken and timid voice.

"My father!" answered Sebastian, turning round towards the tall, old black who was standing close to him.

"What are you doing, my son?"

"Nothing, father; I am only looking."

"Sebastian," said the old negro, looking nervously and anxiously at his son, "I heard what the students said as they went out: are you really going to watch?"

"Yes, father," answered the child, decidedly.

"And the Zombi?" said the old black, glancing in a frightened manner into the depths of the large studio, which the feeble light from the lamp kept in shade.

"I do not fear him, father," said Sebastian, with a roguish smile of incredulity.

"Oh, my son, do not joke in this way!" said the old man, his knees shaking from fear; "do not brave him! he will take you away, and then

what will become of old Gomez? I must remain with you, Sebastian. I am very much afraid, but still that shall not hinder me: he may then take us both, if he likes."

"My dear father," spoke the young mulatto, "there is no such thing as the Zombi; it is only an old superstition of our country. The holy Father Ambrose, who so often comes here, has told you so: and you must believe him, for he is a holy man, and only speaks what is true."

"But those little figures, my son, and that Virgin's head, which have caused such surprise this morning, that even master spoke again of them to-night at dinner, to Signor Mendez Ozorio and to the young master, Signor Gaspard, and to everybody. Who put them there, if it was not the Zombi?"

"You will know some day, father, but now leave me here alone."

"It is all very fine talking, but I will not leave you here all alone. Imagine only, my child, what you are to me! White men have houses, money, and liberty. Liberty!—ah! my boy, you do not know what that is, as you were

born a slave; but I, who have become one,—
I, who was born free ——”

“Oh, it is, indeed, dreadful to be a slave!”
said Sebastian, bursting into tears.

“Dreadful!” repeated the old man, “dreadful indeed! and without any hope of breaking one’s chains, especially yours, Sebastian.”

“My father,” said the young mulatto, pointing to the skylight of the studio, through which could be seen the stars twinkling brightly in the heavens, “there is a God above—a God for every one—for the black as well as for the white man—for the master as well as for the slave: let us pray to Him; He will deliver us.”

“That would require a miracle, my boy.”

“God could do it, father.”

“Alas, He never performs them now!”

“Who knows? It is only bad Christians who despair, as the holy Father Ambrose tells us. Go and sleep quietly, father; leave me alone here. I am no longer a child, for I am fifteen years old. Good night!”

“Good night, my son! May God bless and free you!”

"I hope you will be free first, father."

"You were born so, and I was not, and so therefore I am accustomed to slavery. Good night again!"

V.

THE VIRGIN'S HEAD.

SEBASTIAN, finding himself alone, began to bound and dance about with joy, when suddenly he recollected himself, and said, sorrowfully,—

"Oh, those lashes! twenty lashes from the rod if I do not confess; thirty if there are no fresh figures to-morrow; and perhaps forty if they were to discover who the culprit is. Ah, well, it was but a dream, poor slave! I must wash it out, and never let it happen again. Dear me! how sleepy I am," said he, yawning. "I will pray to God; who knows? perhaps He will show me some means of escape."

And Sebastian knelt down on the mat which served him for a bed every night, and very

soon, being tired from his day's work, sleep overtook him before he had finished his prayers, and his body resting against one of the marble pillars, he remained asleep in this position. Daybreak had begun to penetrate into the studio before Sebastian awoke, the clock of the Monastery of San Francisco had chimed a quarter to three, when he arose and shook himself, and said, "Get up, lazy dog, get up!" and rubbing his half-closed eyes, and stretching his legs and arms until his bones cracked, he repeated to himself, "Come, my boy, you have three hours before you, of which three you are master; take advantage of them at once, poor slave, for when everybody is awake, it will be quite time enough to put on your chains again. Do what you like for the next three hours; they will pass but too quickly!"

The little black, being now quite awake, approached Villavicemio's easel. "First," said he, "let me wash out all these faces," taking up a brush and dipping it into the oil; then, uncovering the Virgin's head, which, now lighted up by the soft tints of early dawn, appeared still more

beautiful and pure. "Wash it out!" continued he, after contemplating for a few moments the lovely image he had created on the previous morning; "wash it out! they did not dare do so, with all their sarcasm: and I! should I have more courage than they? No, no! I prefer being beaten, killed, if necessary; but this head lives—it breathes, it speaks—and shall I wash it out? If I did so, I fancy I should see it bleed! it would be murder! I will finish it sooner."

Scarcely had he uttered the last words before the palette was in his hand, which he quickly charged with colour, and soon was hard at work.

"I shall have plenty of time, if I must wash it out, to do so before the master is up and the students arrive," said he himself. "The hair does not wave nicely—here is too hard a line—I must give a finer touch just here—this must be varnished—this line is too sudden—she is better thus—the Virgin ought to be praying—I must open her lips a little. Oh, gracious Powers! she actually breathes now—her eyes are looking at me—her charming brow is full of

life! I fancy I can hear a sigh from under the veil which falls down upon her shoulders—oh, my beautiful, holy Virgin!”

Day was advancing, the sun's rays were penetrating through the skylight, and overspread with their bright light all the objects in the studio. Sebastian, all absorbed in his painting, forgot everything else—the lateness of the hour, his unhappy state, and the twenty expected lashes. Wholly given up to that art which was born within him, and which his residence with Murillo had developed in almost a miraculous manner, the young artist saw nothing before him but the head of the Virgin Mary, whose countenance beamed on him with gracious smiles. He was already with her in heaven itself, when suddenly the noise of footsteps, and the sound of well-known voices, tore him from his rapturous contemplation, and brought him back to earth—a slave!

VI.

PUNISHMENT OR REWARD.

SEBASTIAN felt, without turning round, that Murillo and his pupils were standing behind him; though, surprised and confused as he was, he never dreamt of either justifying himself, or even of running away; he only wished that the floor would open and swallow him up: but the wish was vain, so the poor little black hung down his head, and with palette in one hand and paint-brush in the other, awaited in terrible anguish of mind the punishment he expected. There was complete silence for a few moments, for, if Sebastian was petrified at being discovered in the act, Murillo and his pupils were not less so at what they saw. The latter, with all the impetuosity of their age, began to express their admiration, when Murillo signed to them to be silent, advanced towards Sebastian, and hiding under a cold and stern air the emotion that

every true artist feels at the sight of a rising brother genius, he said,—

“Sebastian, who is your master?”

“You, Signor,” answered the child, almost inaudibly.

“But your master in painting?”

“You, Signor,” again replied the child, trembling.

“I have never given you any lessons, boy,” answered Murillo, astonished.

“No, master, but when you were instructing the others I listened,” replied Sebastian, getting bolder at the more gentle tone of the master’s voice.

“And you profited?” asked Murillo again.

“Forgive me, but you never forbade me!” said Sebastian.

Murillo quickly said,—

“And you have profited by them better than any of my pupils.” Then, added he, after a few moments, “So you worked at night?”

“No, master—by day!”

“At what hour, then? for the pupils generally arrive here by six.”

“From three to five, master—but to-day I forgot myself.”

Murillo smiled, and then said,—

“Have you also forgotten what I promised you yesterday?”

The poor little slave’s heart sunk within him; he turned pale and shuddered, as if he already felt the lash across his back.

“Oh, Signor Murillo,” exclaimed all the pupils, supplicatingly, “forgive Sebastian!”

“I am only too happy to do so, gentlemen, for this child not only does not deserve punishment, but he has a right to a reward.”

“A reward!” repeated Sebastian, hardly able to contain himself, and venturing to lift up his tearful and quivering eyes to his master’s face.

“Yes, Sebastian, a reward!” continued Murillo, kindly; “for, to have succeeded in painting a head like this Holy Virgin’s, or even little figures like those I saw yesterday on these gentlemen’s drawing-boards, you must have conquered many difficulties, not to speak of the hours of rest you have devoted to study, the

sleep you have sacrificed, to work unsuspected, your attention to my words, and the way you have treasured them in your memory: such devotion to art merits reward, and not punishment. What do you most wish for—tell me?"

Sebastian did not know whether he was in his right senses; his astonished gaze wandered from his master's kind face to the smiling countenances of the students, and then reverted back to himself, to see if such good luck was indeed for him.

"Come, courage, Sebastian!" whispered Villavicencio to him: "our master is pleased—ask what you like—a beautiful bright ducat! Come, I bet Signor Murillo will not refuse it to you!"

"One!" exclaimed Raba, "ask for ten, at least!"

"Twenty!" said Gaspard; "I know my father well, he will give them to you."

"You are very liberal with my money, my son, but I will not gainsay you," said Murillo, smiling good-humouredly. "Come, Sebastian, they all speak but you, and yet it is to you that I address myself! My child," added the painter,

scrutinising attentively the young mulatto, who remained unmoved at the students' words, "is this sufficient for you? Come, speak! for I am so pleased with what you have done, my little man—your composition, your light delicate touches, your colouring: and though the drawing of this head might be more correct, the expression is divine, and I am altogether so pleased with this creation of your pencil, that I will give you all that you may ask—at least all that is in my power."

"Oh, master! no—I dare not!"

And Sebastian, who had fallen on his knees before Murillo, joined his hands supplicatingly. In the half-opened lips of the little mulatto, in his anxious eyes, in his intelligent forehead, in the whole expression of his face, it might be seen that one all-absorbing thought, which timidity alone prevented him from expressing, was struggling for utterance, and yet seemed to expire on his pale and trembling lips.

"What a silly fellow!" said Gaspard, "as my father tells you to speak——"

"Speak!" said another; "ask for money."

"No, ask for fine clothes, Sebastian; your figure is erect and well formed, and they will become you."

"I guess, gentlemen," said Villavicencio, "and I would lay a wager on it, that Sebastian's greatest wish is to be received among Signor Murillo's pupils."

A spark of joy beamed in the young slave's eyes.

"If that is your wish, say so, my child," said Murillo, kindly.

"And ask also for the best position in the studio for light," said Gonzalez, whose easel was badly placed, as he was the last pupil that had entered the studio.

"Well, is this your wish?" said Murillo.

Sebastian shook his head.

"No?" said Murillo. "What is it, then?"

"Come, Sebastian, my father is in a good humour; chance anything. Ask him to give you your liberty."

A cry escaped Sebastian—a cry of joy, of anguish, almost of pain.

"Oh, my father's liberty! my father's liberty!" said he, choking, and bursting into tears.

“And do you not wish for yours also?” asked Murillo.

Sebastian bowed his head, in suppressing a sob.

“I wish for my father’s first,” said he.

“He shall have it, my poor child; and you shall have yours as well,” said Murillo, who could no longer contain his emotion, and stooped down to Sebastian, raised him up, and held him tightly clasped to his bosom.

Loud sobs being heard from a corner of the studio, all eyes turned to see whence they came. It was the old negro Gomez, crying as if his heart would break.

“You are free, Gomez!” said Murillo, holding out his hand to him.

“Free to serve you all my life, master!” replied Gomez, falling on his knees.

“Oh, my master! my good master!”

This was all the most deep-felt emotion allowed Sebastian to say.

“Sebastian,” said Murillo, turning to him, “your brush proclaims you to be a man of genius, your request proves you a man of heart;

the artist is complete. From this day I receive you among my pupils."

"Your pupil! Oh, no, that is too much!" exclaimed Sebastian. "I, the son of a negro—I, a mulatto—a slave—to be your pupil!"

"Before God there is no distinction between negroes, mulattoes, or slaves," said Murillo, devoutly; "they are all men. So let it be with me!"

"But these gentlemen?" said Sebastian, glancing timidly at the students.

"We shall be delighted to have you for a comrade!" said they all, in the same breath.

"And I to have you for a brother!" added Gaspard, shaking hands with the young mulatto.

"Well spoken, my son!" said Murillo to Gaspard; then, turning to Sebastian, he added, "My son has called you brother; I call you my son. Happy man that I am! I have done more than paint pictures, for I have made a painter; for your name, Sebastian, will be handed down to posterity coupled with mine,

and your fame will be the crowning glory of mine. I wish that, in centuries to come, you may be spoken of as '*The Mulatto of Murillo.*'"

And, in truth, my young readers, Sebastian Gomez was more known by that name than by his own.

Admitted among Murillo's pupils, he became one of Spain's greatest painters. Murillo naturalised him, found him a wife, and left him a legacy in his will.

Several of the chief inhabitants of Seville possess collections of Gomez' paintings, though the most celebrated of his works are to be found on the walls of the Cathedral of Seville. Among these are, "The Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus in her Arms," "St. Anne," "St. Joseph," and "The Crucifixion of the Saviour, with St. Peter at the Foot of the Cross, imploring Forgiveness."

Of all Murillo's pupils, Gomez succeeded most nearly in imitating him. He possessed, like his master, rich colouring, a pleasing and delicate touch, the most lovely fresh tints, and

great truth of manner and skill in the management of light and shade.

Sebastian Gomez survived Murillo but a few years; he died about the year 1589 or 90.



JENNERS

DAVID TENIERS,

OR

THE BAGPIPER.

I.

A MEETING.

ONE day, about noon in the month of June, in the year 1625, a youth, of pleasing exterior, and about fifteen years of age, was crossing the market-place in the city of Antwerp, when his attention and progress were suddenly arrested by something he saw on the door-step of a baker's shop.

* The object which thus influenced him was a young man, a little older than himself, upon whose emaciated features misery, and, perhaps, evil courses still more so, seemed already to have

impressed their fatal seal. Barely clothed and wan, his haggard eyes were fixed, with keen avidity, on the fresh-baked rolls piled up in the shop-window. From time to time he cast fierce but furtive glances all around him; his hand, following the direction of his eyes, advanced one minute towards the rolls, and was then as quickly withdrawn, at the slightest noise or movement of the baker, who was constantly going backwards and forwards from the front to the back of his shop.

The first youth followed each movement of the miserable-looking stranger with almost feverish anxiety. Should he prevent him from committing the contemplated theft, or shall he pass, as others did, without troubling himself about the struggle which was going on within three steps of him? It soon appeared that the former feeling actuated him, for, after hesitating slightly, he walked straight towards the poor youth, and just as he was going to touch him on the shoulder, to warn him of the danger he was running, an exclamation of surprise escaped him.

"Van Hermann!" he cried.

Thus addressed, the youth turned quickly round, and made an exclamation of surprise also, but instantly checking himself, and taking a haughty air, he replied, shortly,—

"I do not know you, sir."

"What! don't you recollect me, David Teniers, nicknamed at school '*Junior*?' " replied the first of the youths; "don't you remember, also, my father, David Teniers, whom you used to call the Elder, although he was still quite a young man? Have you likewise forgotten how my father used to make you sit to him in various attitudes, whenever you came to see me, which used to bore you so fearfully, and which, I suspect, is the reason that, for the last two years, since I left school, you have never been to see me? But I am sure you cannot have entirely forgotten me, Van Hermann; I have grown a little, certainly, but not out of all knowledge; you also are much grown, and very much changed—I will even say, aged; your cheeks are hollow, and all the freshness of youth gone; besides——"

Young Teniers here stopped himself; not daring to mention the act which he had feared just witnessing, he added, eagerly,—

“But what has changed you thus? What has happened to you? When we lost sight of you, if I remember rightly, you were on the point of setting out for Ostend, where your father had procured a situation for you with a glover. You see that *I* have a good memory, if *you* have not, Van Hermann.”

“Sir, I assure you that the name by which you continue to address me,” said the miserable-looking young man, “is not ——”

“Not yours,” finished Teniers, abruptly; and seizing his hand, before the other could prevent him, pulled up his sleeve and discovered a wound in the stranger’s arm; “and this scar, then,” said he; “don’t you recollect that you got it in a fall when robbing our neighbour Spacmann’s apples? Come, nonsense, Van Hermann, I am ashamed of you! It is very shabby of you—disowning your friends!”

The youth, taken thus unawares, lowered his eyes and replied,—

“Well, yes, I confess I am he! I did not wish to be recognised. Oh, Junior! I have suffered many misfortunes since I last saw you!”

“You shall tell me, all about them over a bottle of beer, and some bread and cheese,” said Teniers, who had still before his eyes the act he was so fearful of seeing committed, and passing his arm through that of Van Hermann’s, he drew him to the nearest public-house.

“Some beer, and some bread and cheese,” ordered Teniers, and then making his friend sit down to a table, placed himself beside him.

“Order also a slice of beef or mutton,” said Van Hermann, with an impudence which seemed his habitual manner, “for I am as hungry as a wolf!”

At this not very delicate request, a cloud passed over the young painter’s countenance, but it disappeared directly, and he said to the waiter,—

“Bring some meat!”

The waiter brought what was ordered, and then left them, and as they were eating Teniers said,—

"Now tell me all that has happened to you during the last two years."

"I will," said Van Hermann, who was eating with a voracity that did not surprise Teniers. "My father, under the pretext that I was old enough to support myself——"

"Were you not eighteen years old?" interrupted Teniers.

"Yes; my father—as I was going to say—recalled me to Ostend, and, the very same evening of my arrival there, told me that, having nothing to leave me, I must carve out my own lot and fortune in life myself; and for this purpose he had obtained for me the situation of book-keeper in the factory of Monsieur Asverus; and that, if I conducted myself well, at the end of a twelvemonth I might, perhaps, have a share in the business, and eventually, who knew but that I might become a partner?"

"That was a good prospect, indeed," observed Teniers.

"Bring a bottle of beer," called Van Hermann. "Your health, Junior," added he, filling two glasses.

“Thank you, I am not thirsty,” replied Teniers. “But pray continue your story, for I cannot understand how, with so brilliant an opening, I found you, as I did, in the street, before the door of a baker’s shop ——”

“Ready to eat his bread without his permission!” added Van Hermann. “There, you need not speak about it; I know what you are going to say, and I reproach myself quite as much as you can do.”

All this was said in so indifferent a manner, that young Teniers opened his eyes and mouth with astonishment; and, his companion having finished this speech with a peal of laughter, such a feeling of disgust came over the young painter, that he trembled visibly, and it was quite with an effort he said,—

“Continue your story.”

“Well, then,” said Van Hermann, “the twelve months passed, when my father died, without leaving me—waiter, a bottle of beer!—without leaving me even enough to pay for this bottle of beer,” added he, taking the bottle from the waiter’s hands, uncorking it himself, and

filling his glass, "though I had, unfortunately, reckoned on getting something, as I had contracted debts. Just then I had the misfortune to gain a step ——"

"The misfortune?" repeated Teniers.

"You will soon see, Junior, why I say the misfortune," said Van Hermann, continuing, in a piteous tone :—"The cashier dying, my employer said to me, 'Van Hermann, I am very much pleased with you, and, as a token of my good will, I will give you poor Herz's situation, which is worth double yours.'"

"What a misfortune!" said Teniers, smiling.

"Ah, yes; it was, indeed, a misfortune, as you will see," continued Van Hermann, whose voice became more and more piteous,—“waiter, another bottle of beer!—for, having to handle money all day long, I could not prevent myself from thinking that I had none of my own,—you do not drink,—and my creditors were worrying and tormenting me to be paid, and threatening even to send me to prison.—These bottles do not hold two tumblers full.—Heavens! how shall I tell you the rest? One day I

borrowed a little sum from my employer, which I tried to hide by altering the figures; but my employer calculating better with his head than I did with the pen, soon perceived the mistake. There was no use denying it, so ——”

“He loaded you with reproaches,” said Teniers, horror-struck.

“No, no,” said Van Hermann, quickly; “he was contented to take me quietly by the shoulders, and conduct me to the street-door, where, giving me a friendly kick on to the pavement, he said, in benign accents, ‘Go, and hang yourself elsewhere!’ And I came here. So there’s my story.”

“And now, tell me what *you* have done the last two years,” said Van Hermann, breaking the silence which, since the termination of his story, had existed between them.

Teniers coldly answered,—

“My father is a painter, and so am I.”

“That will not be much good to you.”

“What do I owe?” called Teniers to the waiter, who was showing a fresh arrival into the room.

“A ducat,” replied he, as he moved away to serve the new-comer.

Teniers fumbled in his pockets, and brought out a few coppers, and looked at his companion, as much as to say, “What’s to be done?” And then all he said was,—

“Here is Rabelais’ quarter of an hour.”

II.

RABELAIS’ QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

WHILST young Teniers sat leaning his head on one hand, and looking at the little money he held in the other, Van Hermann, with a rapid glance, had inspected the room they were in; on the right was a door that led to the kitchen, which also served as an entrance to the tap; in the furthest corner sat the traveller, dozing, whilst waiting for the horses which were being put to his carriage; there was also a door which opened into the garden. Van Hermann got up and went towards the latter, looked all around

him, and then, with brightening eye, he drew close to Teniers, and whispered, "Have you not sufficient cash to pay the bill?"

"No, and I am thinking how I can obtain more," replied Teniers.

"Without thinking at all, I have found the means," said Van Hermann, pointing with his finger to the door leading into the garden. "Look there, don't you see that door which leads into the garden? We could go through it, and thence on to the highroad. Come, follow me!"

"What! without paying?" asked Teniers, indignantly.

"Why, yes! since you have not sufficient," answered Van Hermann, "unless you like to give me a letter to take to your father, asking him for it."

"I doubt if there be as much money as the amount of this bill in the house," replied he.

"Well, then, you had better follow my advice," continued Van Hermann.

"For shame!" said Teniers, with a look and gesture which forbade any answer.

During this discussion, the sound of music

was heard, and at the same door which seemed to Van Hermann their only resource, a young boy appeared with some bagpipes, and began playing one of his lively little airs. "Go away!" said Van Hermann, roughly; "I never give either to children, old people, or women."

"To whom do you give, then?" asked Teniers.

"I never give at all," replied Van Hermann.

At the sound of Teniers' voice, the little bag-piper looked up joyfully, and exclaimed, "Oh! my kind young gentleman, will you not give me something to-day? I have not yet gained a farthing, and night is coming on, and my mother is ill."

"If your mother is as idle as you are," replied Van Hermann, sternly, "hers is a very difficult illness to cure."

"If you cannot give the poor boy anything, you need not insult him, at all events, Hermann," said Teniers, angrily. "Why should you call a boy idle who gains not only his own living, but that of his blind mother?"

"By playing the bagpipes; a fine trade, truly!" said Van Hermann.

"And what else could he do, at his age? He does what he can, Hermann, and that is saying a good deal. Here, Armand!" said Teniers, throwing him all the money he had in his hands.

"Capital!" said Hermann—"the only money you had."

"The Almighty will reward you for this," said the child, with a face beaming with gratitude, "and for all that you have given me the last month. Yes, you will be rewarded; but tell me, I beg of you, your name, that I may mention it with that of my mother's in my prayers every night?"

"Yes, that will do you both much good!" said Van Hermann, with a scoffing laugh.

"Please tell me your name, sir?" said the little bagpiper again, without heeding Hermann's speech.

"Teniers," replied the young painter, kindly.

"Which? the elder or the younger?" asked the child.

"The elder," said Hermann, laughing.

"Pray for both, my dear Armand," replied Teniers, "for the elder is my father, and I am the younger."

"Well! has this put a few ducats in your purse, I want to know?" said Hermann, after a few moments of silence.

"Perhaps it has," replied Teniers, who, looking up, and calling the waiter, said, "Bring me a large sheet of white paper and a pencil?" which was soon brought him.

III.

HELP YOURSELF, AND HEAVEN WILL HELP YOU.

"ARMAND, come and stand here," said Teniers to the little bagpiper. "Stand just here—now, a little more in the light: take your bagpipes and pretend to play, but don't do so in reality: that's it—capital—now don't move!" and Teniers began to draw.

"I don't see how all this will help us," said

Van Hermann, sitting down and stretching himself across two chairs.

"Help yourself, and Heaven will help you," replied young Teniers, smiling.

"I see you working away, but I can't perceive, though trying hard to do so, how the Almighty is helping you!" said Hermann.

"Has He not sent this child here, and shown me how I can profit by his coming?"

"In what way?" asked Hermann.

"You will soon see," said Teniers, continuing his sketch.

A long silence followed this conversation, during which was only to be heard the scratching of the pencil on the paper, Teniers working away most industriously, Hermann balancing himself to and fro on the chair, and gazing up at the ceiling, when the stranger, whose sleep had only been feigned, got up, and slipped quietly behind the young painter's chair.

"My lord, your carriage is ready," said the waiter, coming suddenly into the room.

"And my drawing is finished," said Teniers, putting his name at the bottom, and then holding

it at a distance to examine it better. "Waiter," said he to the man, who, not having received any answer from the Englishman, was waiting, "take this paper, and run with it to Monsieur Ebrard, the picture-dealer, who lives close by, and who will give you a ducat, and then your bill will be paid: I have no other money."

"Young man," said the stranger, who, quicker than the waiter, had taken the sheet of paper, "I will give you three ducats for it, so give *me* the preference."

"Ah! God has listened, indeed, to the prayer of the blind woman's child!" said the little bag-piper, with tears of joy in his eyes.

"Here, little boy, is something for your mother," added Lord Falton, giving the child a piece of silver; "and now," continued he, turning to Teniers, who was struck with amazement,—"and now this sketch belongs to me."

"You are giving me much more than it is worth, my lord," said Teniers, taking the three ducats.

"My lord, your carriage is ready," repeated a second servant, coming into the room.

"I am coming," said the English nobleman. "Young man, give me your hand," said he, taking Teniers by the hand; "you are a noble, honourable, and intelligent youth, as well as an artist. My name is Lord Falton; and should you ever come to London, come and see me, for you are not only a good painter, but an upright and conscientious fellow!"

After the departure of the Englishman, Teniers paid his bill, and putting the two remaining ducats into Van Hermann's hand, said to him,—

"Here, take these; and if I do not dismiss you with the words of your late employer, I think them. Farewell! I have forgotten your name, and beg you will not remember mine."

Happily for Teniers, my young readers, he did not confine himself to mere sketches; after copying a few pictures by Tintoret and Rubens, he devoted himself to the study of Nature. His celebrity dates from that period. Teniers possessed pleasing and gentle manners, which, added to his upright conduct and high principles,

gained him the esteem of all his countrymen. To him might be applied Virgil's words,—

“In tenui labor : at tenuis non gloria.”

His glory followed him, even in retirement; his house was frequented, not only by all the noblemen of the land, but by strangers and crowds of artists, which made his reception-rooms as brilliant, and far more sociable than those of a king.

Don John, of Austria, became, from being a pupil, one of his firmest friends. Teniers painted so many pictures that he used to say himself, he wanted a gallery two miles long to collect them all in. He died at Brussels in 1690, aged eighty years.

The National Gallery possesses specimens of this painter's works, as also the Museums of Paris, St. Petersburg, and other Continental collections, as well as in almost all the galleries of English noblemen and gentlemen; among whom we may mention, Lord Ellesmere, Marquis of Westminster, Lord Ward, Mr. Hope, &c.



WATTEAU

ANTHONY WATTEAU,

OR

THE YOUNG TILER.

I.

THE TILER'S WIFE.

"WELL, where is Anthony?" asked, one afternoon in the month of March 1698, a stout-looking woman dressed in the costume of a peasant of Valenciennes, of a man whose clothes covered with plaster showed that he was by trade a tiler.

"Is he not here?" asked the tiler, sitting down to a table upon which his wife had just placed a tureen full of smoking soup.

"If he were here, I should not ask you where

he is, Watteau," answered the woman, sharply enough.

"There, there, Bobinette, do not bother yourself," replied the tiler, helping himself to soup; "if the boy is not here, he is somewhere else."

"How quietly he says that!" replied Bobinette, crossing her arms, and standing in front of her husband: "how he eats his soup there, blowing it as if ——"

"As if it was scalding, which it is," said Watteau, smiling.

"Just as if Anthony is not as much his child as mine!" said the wife, in a passion.

"Who says to the contrary, wife?" replied the tiler, whose tranquillity formed a striking contrast to his wife's petulance.

"Then why don't you trouble yourself more about him than you do?"

"Because Valenciennes is not so large, nor Anthony so small, that one could be lost in the other, my good Bobinette."

"If he is not lost, you must know where he is then, Watteau?"

"Perhaps I can guess, Bobinette."

"What do you mean by answering me in this way, Watteau? There is some mystery between Anthony and yourself which I cannot understand, and which has been going on now for some time; you have signs—then a few half-muttered words—then smiles, and a lot of grimaces, which I can't make out. The boy never leaves you, and yet he is never with you. Ah! you need not open your great eyes so wide at me."

"With what then am I to look at you, wife?" interrupted her husband, without stopping eating.

"I understand myself, that's enough; I know well enough what I mean, and when I say the boy never leaves you, and is never with you——"

"Then pray do explain yourself, for I swear that ——"

"You are laughing at me, Watteau, and I don't choose to be laughed at."

"Neither would I allow any one to do so, Bobinette; so no one had better attempt it, for I would give them more than they bargained for."

"Then don't begin yourself."

"I have no wish, wife, I'm sure!"

"Now, Watteau," said Bobinette, sitting down opposite her husband, "tell me I beg of you where Anthony is? . . . No! hold your tongue, I see you are going to tell me a lie; you are making fun of me, you cruel man!"

"And who could help laughing at you, my good wife; first, you say, tell me where the boy is, then you say, don't tell me: what on earth do you wish me to answer to that? Tell me, Bobinette!"

"What an idiot I am, to be sure!" replied Bobinette, who could not help smiling at her husband's remark in spite of herself; "but I do love Anthony so dearly that the very idea that he or you are hiding anything from me——"

"And what do you suppose we hide from you, my dear wife?" said the tiler, kindly.

"I will tell you. For the last few days Anthony has gone out so neatly dressed and returns home as clean as he went."

"Well, there is no harm in that, is there?" interrupted Watteau; "it proves only that An-

thony does not make himself dirty on the road."

"It proves though, that Anthony does not work on the *roofs*!" added Bobinette, pretending not to notice her husband's raillery.

"It is probable that he works *underneath* instead," said Watteau.

"But his place is not under the roofs, but on the top," said Bobinette, quickly: "and then, again—for I must tell all I have uppermost on my mind—I feel morally certain that for some time past Anthony does not go with you to work at citizen Willot's. Do you wish to hear what else I have to say, Watteau? I know where Anthony is!"

"If you know, why ask?" said the tiler, who, having finished his soup, was preparing to go out.

"Because — because — Where are you going?" replied Bobinette, placing herself in the door-way to prevent his going out. "But *I* know well enough where you are going; you are quite as uneasy as I am, although you pretend not, and you are going to fetch him But

here he is," added she, as a tall, thin, pale-faced boy entered: "so you are come home at last!"

II.

THE LETTER.

"HERE is a letter for you, father," said Anthony as he entered. "Good day, mother!"

"Good day, where do you come from? What is that letter about? Who left it with you?" questioned his mother all in a breath.

"It was Monsieur Rimbert's clerk," replied Anthony.

"From the lace-manufactory where your sister is? Oh, heavens! what can have happened to her?" exclaimed Madame Watteau, with that impulsive emotion which formed the basis of her character.

"Nothing distressing, I should say," replied Anthony; "for I asked the clerk how she was,

and he said Madeline was quite well, and the best lace-worker in the factory."

"So much the better," said his mother: "how odd it is, a letter always has an effect on me which I cannot explain."

"Everything seems to have an effect on you, my poor Bobinette," observed Watteau, taking her hand affectionately.

"Come read us that letter, Anthony," said his mother; "for afterwards I want to say a few words to you."

"And I wish to speak a few words beforehand," added her husband. "Do you recollect, Bobinette, the quarrel we had about letting Anthony learn to read and write?"

"Oh, *the* quarrel, Watteau? Why, we have always quarrelled, and so I expect we always shall."

"Well, never mind; we will call that one the first, Bobinette."

"The first, Watteau! Why, I date that from the birth of our dear boy there; it was on a Sunday, in the winter of 1684, and a raw, cold winter it was, and ——"

"You were ill and weak,—the child dying. You wished to nurse it yourself, which would not have been good for either; therefore I insisted on putting him out at nurse with a robust, healthy country woman. The child thrived, and you regained your strength. Look now at yourself in this glass, and notice your hearty looks, Bobinette, and say if I did wrong."

"No, that time you were in the right, Watteau, but all the others ——"

"Let me see, Bobinette; perhaps I can prove I was right another time. When Anthony was six years old, and I talked of sending him to school with the monks, that he might learn to read, what did you say then?"

"That it was not necessary, Watteau, and I maintain it even now. I do not know how to read, nor you either; my mother could not read, neither did yours. Our fathers were not more clever; and we have all lived just as well without it."

"Well, Bobinette, let us suppose now that Anthony does not know how to read, that this letter from Monsieur Rimbert, instead of its

being an order for some work in his house, such as stopping up a crack in the tiles, or mending a broken slate, it was to tell us that Madeline had behaved in some disgraceful way, and Anthony being unable to read it, you and I being equally unable, we should have to go and beg a neighbour to do so for us; and, perhaps, a gossiping, ill-natured one, such as Philet the gilder, who, of course, would noise all over Valenciennes, ‘Madeline Watteau has done this or that; did you ever?’ and so forth. Would this be pleasant? Now, as Anthony, being able to read, and being of the same family, will hold his tongue, should there be anything bad in the letter ——”

“But if there be good ——”

“God grant it is so, I’m sure! Read it, my boy,” said Watteau, in a voice that indicated some little uneasiness.

Anthony opened the letter, which began thus:—

“‘James Rimbert, lace-manufacturer of Valenciennes, to Watteau, tiler.

“Valenciennes, March 10th, 1698.

“‘Your daughter Madeline is the best work-woman in my manufactory ——’”

“That is just what the clerk told Anthony,” interrupted Bobinette.

“Don’t interrupt him,” said Watteau.

Anthony continued:—

“‘She is also the cleverest, the most careful, and the most punctual, of all the workpeople; and my son Charles having observed this, as well as myself—indeed, as everybody does—he has determined to marry her, and ——’”

“Marry her!” again interrupted Madame Watteau. “Marry her! Madeline the wife of young Rimbert, whose father is the richest manufacturer in Valenciennes! I feel so proud, and will give *my* consent; and you will, of course, give yours also, Watteau; and you also, Anthony, won’t you?”

“There is no good talking about consent, mother,” said Anthony, who had just finished reading the letter to himself, with surprise and sadness successively expressed on his pale, intelligent face; “listen to the end.”

The father and mother were silent, as if anxious to know what was passing in their son's mind.

Anthony then continued,—

“—— and I write to tell you this, as well as to say that I will not give my consent to such a marriage. It is not because Madeline is the daughter of a tiler that I object to her as a wife for my son. I have no prejudices: all trades are good, and that of a master tiler is as good as any other; but I only acknowledge two sorts of men in the world,—monied men and men without money. I do not say I esteem one sort more than the other, nor that I esteem one sort and condemn the other; I neither esteem nor condemn, but I mix with the former, and I leave the other to themselves. Just as when I find two roads on my way, I choose the better and leave the worse; the best road is that which has fewest stones and ruts, and the best men are those who have the most money.

“This is then why, my dear Monsieur Watteau, I beg you to take your daughter home, and shut your door against my son: not seeing

Madeline he will forget her, and I shall try and find him a richer wife, which will not be very difficult, and also to find as good a workwoman to take your daughter's place, which will be, I confess, a much greater difficulty.

“Accept then, dear sir, my regrets that you are not richer, and please present my respects to your wife.

“I have the honour to be (as it is the custom to write, though why I know not, at the end of letters),

“With the greatest consideration,

“Your very humble, obedient servant,

“JAMES RIMBERT.

“No. 304 Bertha Street.”

“The insolent wretch!” said Watteau, when his son had finished reading. “My poor Madeline!” added he, a moment afterwards.

As to Bobinette, choked by the contending emotions that had successively agitated her during the reading of the letter, she remained in a state of stupefaction, but soon broke forth with more than her usual impetuosity.

“Ah, this gentleman only knows two sorts of people, does he? men *with* money and men *without*! Ah, if you chose, Watteau, you might soon make him know a third sort,—those who have good fists, and know how to use them!”

“Firstly, wife, mine are not strong enough for that sort of thing,” said Watteau, whose appearance was delicate and whose frame was slightly built; “and, secondly, thrashing the father of her lover would be a sorry plan for marrying our child. . . . Why are your eyes still fixed on the letter? Have you not read all?” added he to Anthony, who seemed very thoughtful.

“No,” said Anthony; “here is a postscript.”

“And what does the post—— what do you call it, say?” asked the mother.

“This,” said Anthony. “Perhaps things may not be so black as they look; for if my sister really loves young Rimbart, something may still be arranged. Listen to the postscript.”

“ ‘ Reflecting that your daughter is so good a workwoman, and that a good workwoman has a portion of her dowry in her fingers ; this is what I ask for the other portion, very little as you shall see, but of which I will not abate one farthing, and on those conditions I will gladly acknowledge your daughter as my son’s wife, as I love her already as if she were my own child. You must promise, after yours, and your wife’s demise, to settle on her the house you now inhabit and which belongs to you ; but waiting till then, which, perhaps, may be a very long time——’ ”

“ I should just hope so ! I have not the slightest wish to go and see what is going on in the world of spirits,” interrupted Madame Watteau. “ Talking of our death, indeed ! Did one ever hear of such a thing ? The audacious wretch ! ”

“ In marriage-contracts these events are always talked about, Bobinette : so we must not find fault with Monsieur Rimbart for that, as it is the usual custom.”

"That may be; but I have not said my say yet, for all that," said Madame Watteau; "go on, Anthony."

Anthony continued,—

"— waiting till then, which, perhaps, may be a very long time, you must place to your daughter's account the sum of thirty crowns per annum, payable into my hands, which I shall take as rent for the rooms she will occupy in my house.'"

"Is that all?" asked Madame Watteau, with the exasperated air of a person who is calming down.

"All," replied Anthony; "and I do not see anything to prevent your acceding to Monsieur Rimbert's terms."

"But he asks for the whole house, Anthony; don't you understand?"

"I understand perfectly, mother, and it must be given."

"And you, Anthony, you our only son and first-born, what is to become of you? You have not misconducted yourself, so why should we disinherit you?" said Madame Watteau, taking

his head between her hands, and kissing his forehead.

“Mother, I am a man,” replied Anthony; “and if, as Monsieur Rimbert says, the half of a girl’s portion is in her fingers, I am sure a man’s whole fortune ought to be in his arms and head. For myself, I only ask the half of your love, my dear parents; but that half I will keep most jealously, no one shall rob me of one fraction of it,” added he, with affectionate earnestness.

“Well spoken, my son,” said Watteau, with his eyes full of tears.

“Ah, no doubt you think it quite right and very fine,” observed Madame Watteau to her husband, “to settle the whole house on our daughter, when by rights it belongs wholly to our son.”

“What! does the house really belong wholly to me?” demanded Anthony.

“Of course it does; are you not our only son, and therefore the head of the family? justice has so decreed it,” added Madame Watteau, seeing Anthony’s astonished look.

“Law may have done so perhaps, my dear mother ; but not Justice,” replied Anthony ; “but as you say that it is mine by law, I have the right of giving it to whom I like, therefore I shall give it to my sister, mother mine.”

“And what will *you* do, Anthony?”

“Oh ! don’t be uneasy about me, mother.”

“Yes, don’t worry yourself about our boy, wife.”

“Not be uneasy,—not worry myself, Watteau,—a delicate child like him, and who is only fit just to brush his own clothes?”

“He brushes something else, wife ; be certain of that,” said the tiler, rubbing his hands with glee.

“What besides ?—his shoes perhaps—for, indeed, they are bright and shining enough. Our well-beloved king, Louis XIII., does not wear better polished shoes.”

“No, no, something besides them, wife !” answered Watteau, making a sign of intelligence to Anthony, who nodded to him in return.

“Ah ! there you are again, making signs !” exclaimed Bobinette ; “what does it all mean ?

It seems I am one too many. What are you concealing from me?"

"Anthony is only making a sign to me to go and take a turn in the town with him in order to consider over Monsieur Rimbert's propositions," said Watteau.

"Well, be off with you, but don't stay out too late," said Bobinette.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed since the father and son left the house when there came a loud knock at the street door.

"Back already! I wonder if anything has happened to them?" exclaimed Madame Watteau, as she ran to open the door.

III.

A STRANGER.

THE person who had knocked at the door was a tall man, dressed from head to foot in black, and of prepossessing exterior.

"Does M. Watteau live here?" asked the stranger, bowing politely to Madame Watteau, as she opened the door to him.

"Yes, sir; and I am his wife," replied the latter.

"Is he at home?"

"No, sir."

"Is his son at home?"

"His son?" repeated Madame Watteau, surprised by such an unexpected question.

"Yes, his son — Anthony Watteau," repeated the stranger.

"That is his name, certainly," replied Madame Watteau. "He is gone out with his father; but, perhaps, you will tell me what you want with him."

"Certainly," answered the stranger, following Madame Watteau into a room looking into the street.

"Madame," said the stranger, sitting down, "I have seen some of your son's works ——"

"Works!" repeated the mother.

The stranger looked at her, and then added, —

"At Professor Van Heims'."

"I did not know that my son worked in that yard."

"In his studio," corrected the stranger.

"Yard or studio, it is all the same," said Madame Watteau.

"And I assure you, madame, that I am delighted with what your son has done."

"I did not think my son did anything at all."

"What! when he excels his master!"

"His master!" repeated Madame Watteau, with an incredulous smile. "With all due deference to you, I think you are mistaken; for his father is his only master."

"Why, I thought Monsieur Watteau was a master tiler!"

"So he is, sir."

"Then, if he is a tiler, he is not a painter."

"Who ever said he was one, sir?"

"Pardon me, Madame Watteau; but we don't seem quite to understand each other. If you will be good enough to give me your attention a few moments, I will explain. I am by name Celestin Morin, and am one of the decorators of the Opera in Paris."

"Then you are a Parisian, I presume?" said Madame Watteau, who had a great admiration for everything that came from the French capital.

"No, madame; I come from Avignon, which does not prevent me from being, as I just told you, painter and decorator to the Opera in Paris. But to return to the object of my visit. Some years ago, when I lived at Avignon, I knew a painter named Van Heims, of about my own age; a very good fellow he was, though not very clever either in drawing or colouring, but understood perspective thoroughly."

"Indeed!" observed Madame Watteau, without understanding a word, while her knitted brow testified her complete bewilderment.

"You can understand, then, madame," continued Celestin, "how great was my astonishment to find my countryman here in Valenciennes become a professor of painting and a portrait-painter. Well, just now looking over the specimens in his studio, I tumbled on a charming little picture of an interior, so cleverly and truthfully depicted that I exclaimed, 'This is

surely not your doing, Van Heims?' 'No,' he answered, 'it is by one of my pupils;' and he mentioned your son's name."

"You are mistaken, sir, I feel certain," replied the tiler's wife; "my son follows the trade of tiler, the same as his father."

"Then I presume there are other Watteaus in Valenciennes?"

"I do not know any, sir, but I don't think there are."

"Nevertheless, when I was expressing my admiration at the natural style in which this little picture was painted, Van Heims told me it was done by an extraordinary child in whom he was much interested, and who knew much more than he did himself about painting, and he often felt inclined to ask advice of him, instead of correcting *his* pictures. I naturally inquired the name of this young genius, and was told Anthony Watteau."

"That is certainly the name of my son," said Madame Watteau; "but my Anthony is no artist, thank God! not but what he would have become one if I had allowed it, as he had a

strong inclination that way, but I would not hear of it. His father was of the same way of thinking as his son, and used to say, 'Since the boy seems so bent on becoming one, why prevent it? A painter is a fine profession, and ranks much higher than a tiler's!' 'What is that to me?' said I: 'higher or lower, my son shall be a tiler and nothing else;' and so he is."

"Since I have made a mistake, madame, I must apologise for troubling you and take my leave," said Celestin, rising to go.

"Without being considered very curious, may I be allowed to ask what you wanted with this Anthony Watteau who bears the same name as my son?" asked Madame Watteau, lighting a candle to show the stranger out, as the night was coming on.

"To offer him a fine opening in life, madame," replied the artist. "I am in want of an assistant (not a pupil, as I am too impatient to teach), and this young painter would have suited me exactly, as he would have been able to execute a portion of my operatic decorations,

and I would have given him a hundred crowns per annum with board and lodging."

"A hundred crowns!—you would have given him a hundred crowns!" exclaimed Madame Watteau, whose hands trembled so, she nearly let the candle fall. "Oh, what happiness that would have been! Heavens! how sorry I am! What an idiot I have been! But it is no good saying so now. Well, good night, sir! Ah, if my son had been a painter," said she, as she shut the door after Celestin, "how happy we should all have been! I know Anthony well enough to feel certain he would have paid the thirty crowns a-year for Madeline's portion, and then that horrid lace-manufacturer would not refuse his consent to her marriage with his son. How true it is, that in this world one never knows what one wants or does not want; what to refuse, or what to accept. Yesterday I would not have what, perhaps, to-day I most wish for."

Madame Watteau, without finding fault with herself, amused herself for the next hour with comparing what she had lost, and what she would have gained, if her son had been the

Anthony Watteau the Parisian Opéra decorator had inquired for; when her reflections were suddenly terminated by hearing her husband letting himself in with the latch-key.

IV.

THE GOOD MOTHER'S REMORSE. .

"OH, my dear husband," exclaimed Madame Watteau, hastening to meet him, "I deserve to be beaten, to be called a cruel mother, or anything else, for I have no more sense than the cap on my head! You and Anthony will both of you hate me, the poor child will not reproach me, he is too good for that; but I am sure at the bottom of his heart he can't forgive me; and if he does, I shall never forgive myself, for—would you believe it?—a man has been here——"

Just at this moment the good woman's loquacity failed her, for she perceived behind her husband, and standing close by her son, the very person about whom she was speaking.

After the first moment of surprise, however, she rattled on again:—

“Well, this man—I beg his pardon, this gentleman, though it is all the same——”

“Who came,” interrupted her husband, “to offer the young artist who has painted a little picture of an interior at Van Heims to go with him to Paris, where he would provide him with board and lodging, and give him a hundred crowns per annum——”

“How do you know all this?” asked his wife astonished.

“Do you remember, Bobinette——”

“Oh, yes! I know all that you are going to say to me, Watteau; but it is your fault, for if you had acted as you should, you would not have paid any more attention to what I said about his learning to paint, than you did about his learning to read and write.”

“And suppose I did not, Bobinette?” said Watteau, smiling, “and that without telling you, I had taken him to an artist, and this artist was Van Heims, and that the picture Monsieur Celestin Morin saw this morning,

should prove to be our son's doing, what would you say—eh?"

"Oh, I should be the happiest of mothers!" answered Madame Watteau, tenderly.

"And would you not be better pleased, my dear mother," said Anthony, "to know that besides brushing my clothes and polishing my boots fit for a king to wear, that I could use the brush equally well on canvas, and that with this kind of brushing I could pay my sister's portion from my earnings."

"I knew that you would do so!" exclaimed his mother.

"Therefore, let us forget the past," said Watteau.

"Yes, and enjoy our present happiness!" added his wife.

"And success to everybody," said Celestin Morin, "as I shall now take Anthony with me to Paris."

"Take my son from me!" exclaimed Madame Watteau, clinging to Anthony as if they were going to force him from her.

"What is to be done, mother dear?" said

Anthony, the tears in his eyes; "you know there is no happiness without alloy."

"Then I would rather have no more of that sort of happiness, thank you," replied Madame Watteau.

"My dear wife," said Watteau to her, in the coaxing voice used with children or with any weak and unreasonable being, "we should love our children for themselves, not for ourselves; now, here is M. Celestin Morin, a clever man, who wishes to take our boy to Paris with him. How often, as you must recollect, has our son related to us in the long winter evenings the histories of the lives of many artists who were all lowly born, and who, by force of genius, talent, patience, and perseverance, became eminent painters and celebrated men. Well, does not the idea give you any pleasure or feelings of pride that, perhaps, in ten years time, our son may return, and you will hear passers-by remark when he is walking with you, 'Do you see that young man dressed in black, with that old lady on his arm? It is Anthony Watteau, the great painter! His father was only a

tiler, though he is a celebrated man, and is a native of Valenciennes. Come, own, would you not feel proud, Bobinette?"

At last, either from this argument, or else because she could not prevent it, Madame Watteau resigned herself to her son's departure; and, as both she and her husband having acceded to M. Rimbert's terms, Madeline's marriage with the young lace-manufacturer soon took place; after which Anthony set out for Paris with Celestin Morin, who employed him for some time; but, after a while, Morin being dismissed, was obliged to return to his native town; so that Anthony found himself left in Paris alone at the age of seventeen. His talent not then being known, and not wishing to return to Valenciennes, he was reduced to gain his livelihood, like Lantara, in painting designs and pictures, which he sold for twenty, fifteen, or, more often, six francs,—in fact, for whatever he could get.

V.

SIX FRANCS FOR A PICTURE !

ONE day he could not even find a customer to give him six francs for a picture he had just finished. He had already taken it to two dealers, who had refused it, and he was hesitating whether to enter the shop of a third or not. However, at last he made up his mind to try once more, and went in ; but the dealer was engaged, talking to a young man. Anthony stood for a moment on the doorstep, with that charming diffidence which is so well suited to youth. He was turning to go away with his picture, not being willing to run the risk of another refusal, in the presence of a third person, when the dealer called him back, and said,—

“ What is your business, young man ? ”

Anthony was then, of course, obliged to come forward. He presented his picture and muttered a few words, which the dealer guessed more than heard.

"Oh! this picture is for sale, and you, I presume, are the artist?" said the merchant, scarcely looking at the picture, but attentively examining the young painter instead.

"Yes, sir," answered the latter, blushing.

"And what is your name?" asked the dealer.

"I have not yet made one, sir," replied Anthony, whose wounded pride gave him courage, "but I suppose that is no reason why you should refuse to buy my picture?"

"Neither is it any reason that I should buy it," the dealer answered, insolently.

"Very well, sir," said Anthony, holding out his hand to take it back.

"Excuse me, young man," said the stranger who had not yet spoken, "but let me look at your picture, as I understand a little about painting."

"A little! Professor Claude Gillot!" said the dealer, with the proud smile of a man elated at being found with a personage of such importance.

Anthony Watteau's confusion increased con-

siderably on hearing this name,—a name which had then attained a certain celebrity.

Claude Gillot, born at Sangres in 1673, was in a very good position as regarded both fortune and reputation; a pupil of Jean Baptist Corneille, he had great talent for designing grotesque figures, and it was he who painted the fauns, satyrs, &c., for operatic scenery, with so much success. Received in the Academy in 1715, he died in Paris 1722, and at the time of our story, 1702, he was therefore twenty-nine years of age.

“How old are you?” asked Claude Gillot, looking alternately at the picture and at the young artist.

“Seventeen,” said the latter, in a trembling voice.

“And who is your master?” asked again Claude.

Anthony Watteau then related succinctly his first studies, the reason of his coming to Paris, and the manner in which he had lived since he had been there.

“And you are going to sell this picture?” asked Gillot.

"Alas! sir, I cannot sell it," replied Anthony, in despairing accents, "since I offer it for two crowns, and no one will even give me that for it."

"I will give you fifty for it!" said Claude, looking indignantly at the dealer.

"You cannot mean it, professor," said the dealer; "why, this youth has no name!"

"But he has talent!" answered Claude; "and with that as a foundation a name is easily made, and I can answer for this youth's being well known some day. Young man," added he, addressing Anthony, "you cannot imagine how delighted I am with your work. Your dress, your timidity, your youth, the very small price at which you estimate your own work, and which seems quite to satisfy you, all prove to me that you are not fortunate. As your elder, and professing the same art as yourself, I owe you my support, and therefore I offer it. Come and live with me, you shall be my friend and brother."

Watteau accepted this offer, as you may imagine, my young readers; and if at first the

pupil only equalled his master, he very soon surpassed him; which Gillot perceiving, placed his young protégé with Claude Andrau, a famous ornamental painter at the Luxembourg. Watteau painted the figures in the latter's pictures; and finding himself within reach of the Rubens Gallery, he spent all his spare time in studying the glorious compositions of that great master, and thus acquired the rich colouring and fine taste for which he was afterwards distinguished. At this time Watteau tried for the prize at the Academy, and carried it off; the picture that he then exhibited already manifested sparks of that genius which was later more fully developed.

But his fortunes still remained at a low ebb, and the young painter quitted Paris to pass some time with his family. He continued his studies there and painted two pictures, which he took the following year to Paris, and exhibited in the hall of the Louvre, which is most frequented by artists.

The celebrated Lafosse was then in Paris.

Charles de Lafosse, born in 1640, whose father was a jeweller, manifested from a child such a

taste for painting, that his father placed him at Lebrun's school, and his progress was so rapid that he obtained in a very short time a pension from the king, and the honour of being sent to Italy.

Charles de Lafosse was now director of the Academy of Painting. One day, passing through the gallery where Watteau's two pictures were exhibited, he remarked them, asked the artist's name, and wishing to make his acquaintance, sent for him. Anthony accordingly came.

"What do you most wish for, young man?" asked Lafosse of him.

"To go to Rome to perfect myself," quickly answered Watteau.

"Perfect yourself, my friend!" replied Lafosse. "Why, you know more than all of us now, and you would do our Academy honour. Put your name up, and you shall be accepted."

Anthony Watteau, of course, lost no time in doing so, and, all agreeing in his superiority, he was unanimously elected.

In 1720 he made a journey to England, but the climate not agreeing with him he was obliged

to return to France; and as his health did not improve, he was ordered to live in the country. He then retired to Nogent, near Paris, where he died in 1721, at the age of thirty-seven years.

There are no specimens of Watteau at the National Gallery, but they may be seen at Buckingham Palace, at the Marquis of Hertford's, and Devonshire House.

THE YOUNG MUSICIANS.



PALESTRINA.

THE YOUNG MUSICIANS;

OR, THE

‘SWEET POWER OF MUSIC.’

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. BOLTON.



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PREFACE.

THE wonderful proficiency that some children have in their earliest years displayed in the practice of Music, even before their minds have received instruction in the science, cannot fail to lead to the conclusion that the gift is born with these favoured beings; at the same time the history of their early development, followed by subsequent training and hard study, manifests that industry is in every case necessary for the full expansion of the highest natural gifts; and it is with the view to impress

this truth on the youthful mind that a selection of the early lives of the most celebrated Masters of "marvellous sweet Music" has been made, with the hope that "The Young Musicians" may form a welcome accompaniment to the small volume entitled "The Young Painters."

G. M. H.

October, 1861.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JOHN BAPTIST ALOÏS, CALLED PALESTRINA, OR THE LITTLE PSALM-SINGER	1
JOSEPH TARTINI, OR THE YOUNG PILGRIM	36
MICHAEL LAMBERT, OR THE CHORISTER	74
JOSEPH HAYDN, OR THE KETTLE-DRUMMER	112
AMÉDÉE NAUMANN, OR THE LITTLE PEASANT OF SAXONY	148
AMÉDÉE WOLFGANG MOZART, OR THE LITTLE WIZARD	186

JOHN BAPTIST PIERRE ALOÏS,
CALLED PALESTRINA,

OR

THE LITTLE PSALM-SINGER.

I.

THE STRANGER.

TOWARDS nightfall on the 20th of August, 1529, the vicar of Palestrina, while returning home along the right bank of the Tiber, perceived, seated on a stone in the middle of the road, a woman in all the agony of deep despair.

This woman was very young, and, notwithstanding the tears which were coursing down her cheeks, one could not help being struck

with the beauty of her features. Her velvet gown was soiled with mud, and her little satin shoes were much torn in places, above which were visible silk stockings in the same dilapidated state. The vicar, perceiving from her unusual appearance that she was a stranger, and moreover in a very weak and feeble condition, approached to inquire the cause of her distress and to offer his assistance. The young woman, who for a long time previously had heard no other sound than that of the rushing Tiber, rose suddenly, with the quick movement of a startled fawn; but when she raised her eyes to the friendly priest, she felt reassured, and came towards him.

“Father,” said she, in so sweet a voice that the vicar felt at once interested in the lovely stranger, “I am so tired.”

“Lean on my arm, poor child!”

The stranger having taken his offered arm, the good priest continued:—

“Where shall I take you?”

At these words the poor creature burst into tears. Respecting her grief, the vicar said no more, but slowly walked forward, endeavouring to regulate his pace to the unequal and tottering steps of his young companion. On their road she asked him,—

“Is there any small cottage to be let in this locality?”

The old vicar replied,—

“Do you see, my child, that little white house to the right, standing in the midst of a garden, surrounded with acacia and hawthorn trees in full blossom? Well, that is the dwelling of the widow of a fisherman named Petrino, who was drowned last week, and the widow is desirous of going to Rome to live with her parents, and, before leaving, wishes to sell the small property left her by her husband.”

“Do you think, father, that she will sell it at once?” asked the fair stranger.

"I am sure she will," was the answer.

"Then I will go there now, if you please."

So they turned towards the white house, and, on arriving, the vicar explained the object of their visit to the widow.

"It is Heaven who sends you," said the latter, hastening to offer a seat to the poor lady, who was nearly fainting from exhaustion, "for my mother only arrived here this morning, and wishes to take me back with her to-morrow."

The bargain was soon made. The vicar alone signed the deed of sale, which he handed over to the stranger, who, in her turn, drew a purse from her bosom, filled with gold pieces, and paid the purchase-money, and then begged permission to sleep in the cottage that night.

"You are in your own home," replied the widow; "it is for me and my mother to ask you to allow us to remain here till to-morrow."

This being settled, the vicar withdrew, leaving the three women together.

That very night the unhappy-looking stranger brought into the world an infant son, who was baptized the following morning by the vicar. The names, given by the mother's express desire, were John Baptist Pierre Aloïs.

These were the only words uttered by the poor mother; delirium seized her, and for three months she hung between life and death, conscious only in the presence of her babe, whom her loving eyes continually sought. The widow Petrino, who could not bring herself to abandon the sufferer in her extremity, was astonished one morning to hear her ask for the vicar, who was then confined to his bed by severe illness, from which he never recovered. Soon after this, the health of the poor young woman being restored, the widow Petrino hastened to join her mother in Rome.

The door of the little cottage now rarely opened, except when the stranger, who had replaced her velvet dress by the costume of a

Roman peasant, left home to purchase the necessities of life at the neighbouring market-town. The child grew fast, and seemed to feel the influence of his mother's sadness and solitude, for he spoke to no one, and was never seen to join in the sports of other children. Sometimes a traveller, passing towards evening near this humble abode, would pause to listen to the harmonious sounds which issued from it. It was a solemn chant of praise addressed to the Holy Virgin, sung by two voices in perfect unison, both equally pure and true.

II.

THE BREAKFAST-HYMN.

ABOUT eight years after this event, which had created some sensation in Palestrina, but to which people had long since become accustomed, early one morning a stranger passed the haw-

thorn hedge which surrounded the cottage, and paused to listen to a childish voice, exquisite in purity and sweetness, which rose like the breath of incense towards heaven; there was in this solitary voice, heard in the midst of a perfect stillness, something so touching, so plaintive, that the stranger felt overcome, and sought with wondering eyes for the sweet singer of so sad a chant. Glancing towards the garden-path, he soon perceived a little child, thin and pale-looking, and who could not be more than eight years old, leaning listlessly against a tree; his eyes were raised to heaven, his hands tightly clasped together, as if in the excess of grief; a few tears, like drops of dew, stained the pearly whiteness of his cheek, and slowly mingled with his long fair curls. Unable to resist the feeling excited by an attitude so full of grief, and a voice so choked with tears, the stranger leaned over the hedge, and called the child, who slowly approached him.

"What is your name, my boy?" inquired he, pronouncing Italian with a Flemish accent.

"Aloïs, sir!" replied the child.

"And your father's?"

"He is dead."

"And your mother's?"

"She is there, inside the house: do you want to speak to her?"

"No, never mind, child; I only wish to know her name."

"Signora Baptiste Pierre."

"What is she? What does she do?"

"She spins all day long, and never goes out."

"What has she to live on then?"

"When she has spun a great deal of linen, I take the parcel, and carry it into Palestrina to the linen-merchant, Signor Goldoni, who gives me money for it; I take it home to mamma, who pays it to a neighbour, and she brings us enough to eat every day."

“And you, what do you do with yourself? Ah! you do not like me to ask you all these questions, I can see; but you were singing so nicely that I cannot help being interested about you,” said the stranger, kindly.

“Indeed, sir, I do not mind being questioned at all. You are not the first who has made these inquiries, and I always answer the same thing. What I do is to read and write; mamma teaches me: and when evening comes, and I have been very good, we sing hymns to the Virgin together by moonlight, or even if there is no moon at all.”

“And just now, what were you singing?”

“The breakfast-hymn.”

“What hymn do you call that?”

The child glanced anxiously up to the casement above, and seeing no one, answered, in a low whisper,—

“The one I sing when mamma has no breakfast to give me!”

The stranger's heart was touched by this ingenuous answer.

"What! have you tasted nothing to-day?" asked the stranger, looking earnestly and with admiration at the child, who, without a single murmur, could sing to forget his hunger.

"Hush! mamma must not hear you; she does not know that I am hungry."

"Oh, thank God," said the stranger, as a tear moistened his eye,—“thank God that I have been sent hither! You dear, good child,” added he, hastening away, “for your mother's sake wait for me here till I come back.”

And the child, seeing the traveller running off like a madman, wondered to himself what he was going to do.

But having been requested for his mother's sake to stay where he was, he did not move.

The stranger soon returned, carrying a covered basket.

“Here, take this; it is for you and your

mother: for if the child has not breakfasted, I am quite sure the mother has not supped."

And as Aloïs took the basket, but did not move, puzzled by everything the stranger said or did, the latter rejoined,—

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"For you to tell me your name, that mamma may know who sent her this."

"My name matters not, my dear child. I am only an unknown traveller brought to Palestina by business; to-morrow, or perhaps this evening, I shall have left the village."

"Pray do tell me your name, sir, all the same," implored Aloïs; "were it only that I might pray to God to bless you who have been so kind to me! I do not know how I can thank you."

"By singing me one of your hymns to the Virgin, my boy, that will be the best thanks you can give me."

"Will it, indeed?" said Aloïs; and imme-

diately he broke forth into a slow and sweet cathedral chant, with such perfect intonation that the stranger remained in wrapt ecstasy throughout the song. Directly it was finished he exclaimed,—

“Oh, what a treasure such a voice must be! Would that my own son could sing like that!”

“What would you do with him, then?” said Aloïs, who could not help laughing at this outbreak of enthusiasm.

“Do you not know, my boy, that such a voice as yours is a fortune to him who possesses it?”

“Yet you cannot sell it, can you, just as mamma sells the linen she spins?” asked Aloïs.

“Good singers are worth their weight in gold,” said the stranger, merrily; “but there is the sun rising, and whilst I am chattering here I ought to be miles away!”

He stretched across the hedge to shake hands with the child, and added,—

. “It is long since I have felt so much pleasure as this morning. If ever you should go to Antwerp in Flanders, ask for the house of André Walkener, then knock at my door, and say to whoever opens it, ‘Go and tell your master that the little boy from Palestrina is here;’ and now, goodbye, we shall meet again some day, I hope.”

Saying these words, André Walkener pressed the little hand he still held, and letting it go, he again said “Goodbye,” and quickly strode away.

III.

THE SUPPER-HYMN.

THE Sunday after this incident young Aloïs, a little before church time, was returning from

Palestrina, looking very sad and thoughtful. Instead of running and calling his mother, as was his wont whenever he had executed any commission for her, he was walking with his eyes down, and so slowly, that one would have imagined he was afraid of meeting her. Reaching the garden-gate he opened it very softly, and shut it just as carefully, and advancing with noiseless steps, he entered the first room of the small white house.

The little white house (still so called) had, nevertheless, lost all claim to such distinction, for it was no longer white, or clean; wide cracks in the wall and a dilapidated roof let in on every side the scorching rays of the sun or the pitiless rain; the little house contained but two rooms. The first, now entered by Aloïs, served for kitchen and parlour, but the empty space where the hearth should have been, and the absence of all household utensils, told plainly that no fire had been lighted there for many a

long day. Alois passed through this room with the same noiseless step, and reached the threshold of the inner room, of which the door stood half open. Leaning against the doorway, and with the instinctive presentiment of some great calamity, he remained there motionless, and chilled with fear, holding his breath, and fixing his eyes on a figure whose back was turned towards him.

It was that of a young woman whose face was disfigured by constant tears. Some trace of the beautiful Roman type was still visible on her haggard features. She was weeping silently before a spinning-wheel, as she gazed with a look of hopeless, almost sullen, despair, from her unfinished work to the lovely, smiling landscape which was visible from the window, and into the glorious blue sky of Italy, whose heavenly serenity was unruffled by a cloud; her heart swelled within her, but her dry and

feverish lips uttered no complaint—hope seemed dead within her.

“My boy! my poor darling!” sobbed she at last.

“Here I am, mother,” cried Aloïs, thinking himself called.

“You there?” exclaimed his astonished mother; “and what were you doing?”

“I was waiting, mother.”

“Waiting for what?”

“Until you saw me, mother.”

“Come and kiss me,” said his mother, with outstretched arms.

Aloïs threw himself into them, and feeling his face bedewed with tears, which were not his own, he cried in the little querulous tone of a child who scolds its mother,—

“What! crying again? This is very naughty of you, and I shall be angry. You are not good, mother; you are not good at all.”

"Poor darling!" said the mother, trying to smile on him through her tears; "tell me how you have executed my commissions, dear child?"

"Mother, would you like to sing the supper-song to-night?" said the boy, with charming archness.

"Which is as much as to say that nothing has gone well," said the mother.

And then as Aloïs remained silent she added,—

"Tell me the worst, I can bear it; what more can I want besides having you, my own dear one? God who gave you to me, so good and so beautiful, cannot forsake us. It is surely only a trial of faith. Tell me all."

"That will soon be done; the linen-merchant said he never advanced money on work that was not completed; the baker would not give me any bread: so, mamma, all we can do is to sing for our supper."

"Alas!" ejaculated the poor young mother, quite overcome.

"Oh, mother! I wish I could give the baker my voice, which Monsieur Walkener said was a fortune in itself, in exchange for a small loaf of bread for you."

"Oh, Heaven!" sighed the poor woman, on whose face Death had already placed his fatal seal.

"Mother, do not grieve so, pray don't;" and Aloïs tenderly folded his mother's hand in both his own. "Now that I am no longer such a very little child, and can read and write and do sums, do tell me why we are always alone without relations and friends."

"Because the unfortunate never have any, my child," answered the mother.

"You mean to say, mother, that the unfortunate never make any," replied Aloïs; and, uttering this sage remark, his smooth white brow assumed all the gravity of riper age. "I

quite see that, mother ; but that is not what I want to know. The old women in the village have told me about your arrival ; *you* tell me now where you came from. Pray do ; it shall be our supper-hymn to-night."

The young mother heaved a deep sigh, and, drawing her son close to her, said softly to him,—

"Listen, then, dearest."

IV.

THE SILK-MERCER'S WIFE.

"MY story is short and sad. I was hardly two years old when I lost my father, and little more than your own age when my mother died. I was intrusted to the care of an uncle and aunt—silk-merchants in Rome. They had one son, whose wife I became at the age of

fifteen. He was your father. Our parents, tired of trade, gave up their business to us, and themselves retired to a small country-house at Pæstum. Soon afterwards they both died of fever, occasioned by the excessive heat. Your father, who was very inexperienced in business, soon became the prey and dupe of those dishonest people who always take advantage of an open and trustful disposition. Three years after our marriage—I shall never forget the dreadful day—our house was suddenly filled with angry creditors, demanding account of money,—squandered, most probably, in some way better known to themselves than to us. Terrified, I had concealed myself in the furthest corner of the house, when my husband came to me. He was pale and dejected, but perfectly calm. Ah! I understood afterwards that this forced calmness was but an additional proof of his tender solicitude for me. He held a purse full of gold. ‘Sterina,’ said he, ‘take care of

yourself, for the sake of our unborn child, for whose life I would gladly sacrifice my own. Fly, without delay, by the garden entrance. Hasten to Palestrina, and there wait for me.' Then, seeing I hesitated to leave him, he resumed, with an authoritative tone, which I had never before heard from him, and which was, no doubt, caused by the dreadful position in which we were thrown, 'Do as I tell you—I insist on it!' There was nothing for it but to obey. I left our house, without changing my dress, which was a velvet robe, being already dressed for a banquet, to which I had been invited with my husband. I started on foot, with no other thought than to reach Palestrina; and I walked—I walked for two days and nights without entering any house, resting only on the stones by the roadside, and subsisting on the fruit which some peasants sold me on the way. It was thus I came here; the good vicar of the village met me, and supported me as far

as this cottage, which I purchased, for I was so childish and simple that I fancied one could not go into any house that was not one's own. It was there that you were born, my dear child—the very evening of my arrival.”

“And what became of my father?” asked Aloïs.

“An hour after my departure,” continued his mother, having let her tears flow unrestrainedly for a few moments, “your father was thrown into prison, and, two years ago, I heard he was dead, and that I had no one but you, my child, in the whole world.”

“Only me!” said Aloïs, in so peculiar and questioning a voice that his mother was wonder-struck. “Only me in the world!” repeated the child, holding himself up. “Well, then, since you have no one but me, it is my place to provide you with supper.”

“Where are you going?” called out his mother, seeing him move towards the door.

At this moment the bells of the church of San Paolo began to chime for evening prayer. Aloïs, hearing them, turned, and said to his mother, "I am going to pray to God;" and then went off.

V.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR.

As Aloïs was walking along, feeling half famished for want of food, he met on the road that led to church a child with its nurse.

"Michael!" said the nurse to the little boy whom she was leading, "will you eat your other cake before going into church?"

"No, thank you, nurse; I am not hungry."

At these words, poor Aloïs, who had eaten nothing all day, turned quickly round, and with a look of surprise at the pampered child, who

could refuse a cake, exclaimed in plaintive accents, "Not hungry! What a happy fellow!"

"Happy not to be hungry!" repeated Michael, who overheard Aloïs' exclamation. "What a funny boy! Are you hungry?"

"I always am," replied Aloïs, with a deep sigh.

"Here take my cake then," said Michael.

"That's all very fine, young master," said the nurse; "but when you feel hungry, what are you to do? No, no, Monsieur Michael, such expensive cakes as these that I have in my pocket are too good for beggars."

"Beggars!" repeated Aloïs, becoming very red, "did I beg, madame? did I ask for that cake?"

"What did you mean, then, by saying *you* were always hungry?" replied the nurse, crossly.

"Well, and if he did ask for it, where was the harm? An hour ago it belonged to my elder brother, and I asked him for it."

“You! that’s very different, sir,” said the old nurse, walking on.

Aloïs, who remained standing where he was, being utterly confounded by the old woman’s reproaches, did not hear the rest of their conversation.

“Oh, my dear mother!” said he, weeping, “how much you would have have relished the cake that the child could not eat?”

A few moments afterwards he added, “I will not go home without taking her something, even if I do have to beg for it ——” Interrupting himself, he continued, “To beg—hold my hand for charity.—Can I bear to do so? Courage! I will try—It is for my mother.”

While saying these words, Aloïs perceived two men approaching, evidently discussing something of importance, for their manner was grave, and their voices earnest, but subdued. Aloïs advanced towards them with tolerable resolution, and extended his hand; but when he tried to

speak, his courage failed, his hand dropped, and he remained dumb and motionless. The two men continued on their way, without having taken even the slightest notice of him.

“Men never do give,” said Aloïs to himself, as if to silence his conscience, which reproached him for having made so little effort in his mother’s behalf; “women are different, and better.”

A woman passing, Aloïs extended his hand again; the woman was old and ugly, she turned towards Aloïs, and asked him what he wanted in so rough a manner, that the poor little fellow again let his hand fall without opening his lips, and let the old lady pass on.

“If she had been young, I should have had more courage,” said Aloïs to himself.

Two young women next appeared on the road; but the poor child’s recent soliloquy was doubtless only a boast, for instead of going up to the young women, he directed his steps towards the church.

“I will beg coming out of church,” thought he; “but I must first pray to God for strength;” and he went in.

VI.

THE PRAYER TO THE MADONNA.

It was a saint's day, and the church was so crowded that Aloïs had much difficulty in finding a place to pray in. It was the Madonna's chapel, and the poor little fellow knelt down at the feet of the image of the Virgin, which in Roman Catholic countries is always prominent in the churches and chapels, and even now takes place and precedence of her holy Son.

“Oh, blessed Virgin!” prayed he, joining his little hands, “thou, whose sainted life has been related to me by my mother, as well as the sufferings of thy dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, who died on the cross to atone for our sins, have mercy on me! Give me courage to

beg a little bread to save my mother's life. Thou seest what I suffer, who am so little, so how much more must she suffer who is so much older and bigger ! Holy Virgin ! have mercy — have pity on my mother and me !”

Very soon, the child, alone in the midst of a crowd, and absorbed in his own sufferings, forgot the presence of every one, and in the frenzy of grief began to chant that hymn to the Virgin which he and his mother were accustomed to sing every evening in their garden, and without being disturbed by the murmurs around him (for at that moment the priest was ascending the pulpit to preach), he continued his chant. The pure, childish voice, which sometimes rose clear and sweet, and anon in its faltering accents breathed the most heart-rending sadness, tempered by a touching resignation, insensibly stole upon the heart of every person present ; those who had at first felt only indignation at the childish interruption remained

motionless now, overpowered by the charm, which sacred music never fails to inspire; they feared to lose one note, one breath, of the sad and plaintive hymn which was offered at the throne of God!

Even the priest, who was in the act of ascending the pulpit, stopped short, and lent a listening ear to the small voice which echoed through the aisles of the church. Suddenly the song broke off and ceased entirely,—the child had discovered he was not alone.

The priest threaded his way through the congregation, approached the kneeling child, who had not the strength to rise, and threw a small piece of money into the cap which Aloïs had placed on the ground.

“My children,” said the worthy pastor aloud, “do as I have done;” and then he mingled among the crowd, and shortly reappeared in the pulpit.

Those who practise what they preach, are

always sure of finding followers; and in a few moments the boy's cap was full of money, which he received with much emotion and gratitude.

"Enough! enough!" at last said poor Aloïs, quite overcome and eyes streaming with tears; "enough, and thank you in my mother's name."

Then taking his cap in both hands, he was hurrying out of the church, when he felt some one touch him on the shoulder. He recognised the child whom he had seen just before, and who now stretched out his hand with the cake in it.

"I have no money, but take this," said he, in so sweet a way that Aloïs felt he ought not to vex him by refusing.

Aloïs, elated and happy, said to himself, as he walked away,—

"Ah, mother dear, you shall have some supper now!" and he forgot all about his fatigue, and walked on with rapid steps to the cottage in

Palestrina. On reaching home, he rushed into the room where his mother was, and from whence she had not stirred since her son had left her, and flinging his little treasure into her lap, exclaimed,—

“Here, look, mother; the traveller was right, there is a fortune in my voice! See, what I have earned by singing the supper-hymn.”

And he then told her his story with the greatest glee; how he had intended to ask for alms, and had not dared, but had gone to church instead. “But,” said he, “how I sung out so loud without knowing that I was singing at all, I cannot tell; God willed it so, no doubt.”

And his mother wept.

VII.

THE TRAVELLER APPEARS AGAIN.

Aloïs' delicious singing in the church created such a sensation that nothing else was talked of in Palestrina for some time, and people used to flock from far and near to the Church of San Paolo, hoping they might be fortunate enough to hear again the voice of this little prodigy.

About a year after the scene narrated in the former chapter took place, the Flemish musician, André Walkener, returned to Palestrina, and established himself there.

One day, some one was praising young Aloïs' voice, when he recollected the little white house and the little psalm-singer that he had quite forgotten until then.

"I have not heard the prodigy you are speaking of," replied André Walkener; "but I am certain no voice can surpass that of a

child in Palestrina, whom I heard a year ago singing in the garden there."

"Our prodigy comes from Palestrina," was the answer of the first speaker.

"Then it must be the same, for there cannot be two such voices in the world!"

And that very evening the child's voice was again heard in his garden, and André Walkener, recognising it, went in and proposed giving him lessons.

Aloïs accepted the offer most thankfully, and from that time devoted himself entirely to the study of music. But in the same way that he had at first sung hymns by mere instinct, so also the instructions of a religious mother caused his first musical compositions to be imbued with that religious character for which they were distinguished from that time forward. At this period, under an empty pretence of superior science, all sacred music had degene-

rated into a frivolous style, which deprived it of all solemn meaning.

The Pope Marcellus II. was so shocked at this kind of musical irreligion, that he had actually decided in banishing all music from the church service, when Palestrina, who was anxious to change the purpose of his Holiness, asked, and obtained, permission to perform a mass in his presence, according to his own idea of religious observance.

The Pope assented, and was so satisfied with this mass, that he caused it to be sung a great number of times. It was called thenceforward "Pope Marcellus's Mass."

From this time the reputation of Palestrina increased daily. In 1571, he was nominated chapel-master at St. Peter's, and he enriched the cathedral-service there with many of his master-pieces. He died February 2, 1594, at the age of sixty-five years; his funeral was

magnificent; a mass of his own composition was sung at it, that had never been performed before, and the sovereign Pontiff, wishing to pay a lasting testimonial of his esteem for this great artist, had him buried at St. Peter's at the foot of the shrine of St. Simon and St. Jude.

Palestrina's chants are celebrated for their purity and harmony; to this day they retain their reputation and are sung in every part of Italy.

Holy Land after a vow accomplished in expiation of the errors of a reckless youth. And yet, his finely moulded features, his unfurrowed brow, his fiery glance, which shot from a clear, blue eye, betokened greater youthfulness than was consistent with grey hairs.

It was the month of August, in the year 1707, the noon-day sun rode high in the heavens; not a tree cast its friendly shadow across the path, and the heat which had been excessive throughout the day became every moment more and more intolerable. Everything foretold a coming storm; and anon heavy clouds darkened the distant horizon, the air became dense, the terrified birds skimmed the ground with their frightened wings: in fact, all Nature seemed breathlessly to await the threatened storm.

In such mountainous countries the tempests are terrible, and our traveller, already wet with the huge drops of rain, espied at some distance a cave, where he hastened to take shelter.

The entrance of this cavern was half-hidden by flowering shrubs. The pilgrim, exhausted by bodily and mental suffering, sank back upon a bank of turf. There, he rested motionless, listening to the rolling thunder which seemed to shake the earth to its very foundations, and to the plashing rain, which had swollen to a mighty torrent the tiny stream flowing from the mountain-top. Once he tried to pray, but failed in the effort to raise his hands to Heaven, while his lips moved without the slightest sound issuing from them. In fact, he was in that utter state of prostration, which is neither life nor death, when, suddenly, at the entrance of the cave appeared two monks, whom our traveller recognised as belonging to the college of "Padri delle Scuole" at Capo d'Istria.

He arose with a sensation of fear which he could not control, and exerting all his remaining strength, hid himself in a corner of the cave, where he extended himself at full length in

the attitude of one plunged in the profoundest sleep.

II.

THE "PADRI DELLE SCUOLE."

THESE two personages appeared to know the spot perfectly, for they advanced boldly to the place where the pilgrim lay asleep. One of the monks said to the other,—

"Let us remain here, until the storm be passed, Father Sebastian. My eye is not quite accustomed to the darkness yet, but I fancy there is a bench here, upon which we can seat ourselves and eat our repast."

"That will suit me exactly, Father Bonaventure, for I feel quite overcome with heat and fatigue."

"There is somebody here," exclaimed Bonaventure, knocking his foot against the motion-

lost traveller : the monk bent down, and touching the pilgrim, he cried out,—

“Gracious powers ! a dead pilgrim !”

“Dead or asleep?” suggested Sebastian, kneeling down also.

“Pray God he may be asleep, though he does not seem to breathe ! Help me to carry him into the air, Father Sebastian.”

This movement on the part of the two fathers caused the pilgrim to cry out, “Have pity on me.”

“Who are you, my brother ? Speak !” said Bonaventure, in kind accents.

“A poor pilgrim, overcome with fatigue,” replied the former.

“And with hunger likewise, if I may judge from the weakness of your speech !” remarked the second monk.

“Alas !” was the pilgrim’s sole reply.

“We are brothers in the church, so let us share as brothers in the flesh,” said the first monk,

taking from his wallet bread, figs, and a gourd filled with wine, which he hospitably offered to the poor pilgrim, who, whether from shame, or from some other motive, kept as far in the background as possible. From the voracity with which he devoured these humble provisions, it was easy to see that it was long since he had tasted food. This being observed by his benefactors, he answered with a sigh, "What was I to do, good father? I had exhausted all my supplies, and I dared not beg."

"God has not forsaken you, my friend, since He has sent us on your road, and raised this storm which has obliged us all to take shelter in this cave," said the monk called Bonaventure, on whose face were stamped sincerity and kindness of heart. "This is not the first time this cavern has sheltered the unfortunate. Tiberius hid himself here, and it was here also that Sejanus, that Emperor's favourite, saved his life."

The conversation continued in this strain for some time, and the pilgrim saw that he was in the company of two well-informed and intelligent persons. After a while the weather cleared up, and the "Padri delle Scuole" thought of proceeding on their way.

"Are you going our road, brother? We are journeying to Rome," said one of them, getting up to go.

"I should like to remain and rest here a little longer, good fathers," replied the pilgrim.

"We should be only too pleased to do the same, brother," replied his interlocutor; "but our orders are urgent, and we must obey them. By the by, I think perhaps you might be able to give us some information. Do you not come from the Naples side?"

"Yes," said the pilgrim, slightly hesitating.

"Did you by chance," asked the father, "meet on your way a young man of about fifteen years of age, tall for his age, with fine wavy

chestnut hair, a pale face, wearing an expression as gentle as a girl's, yet with an eye as keen as an eagle's; this young man should bear the costume of a novice of the order of 'Padri delle Scuole,' and if you held converse with him, he was sure to talk of either music or fencing?"

"I met no one on my way," replied the pilgrim, with a sigh.

"You cannot fail to do so presently. If I judge from your beard, the silver reflection of which glows in the shade, you ought to possess the good sense, and persuasive eloquence, which are acquired only by age, and this induces me to make known to you the motive of our journey," added the monk, reseating himself. His companion having followed his example, the former thus spoke.

III.

THE NOVICE OF THE COLLEGE OF THE PADRI DELLE
SCUOLE.

“I SHOULD tell you first, brother, that I am a Tartini,—if ever in your travels you should have chanced to visit Pirano in Istria, you must have heard our family spoken of, as it is well known in that country. One of my relations bearing the same name as myself, one day came to see me at the college of the ‘Padri delle Scuole’ (of which I am a member), to speak to me concerning one of his sons, whom he wished should take holy orders. ‘Which one?’ I asked. ‘Joseph,’ he replied; ‘he who was born the 12th April, 1693, the time you paid us a visit at Pirano, and my wife ever since then admiring your monastic dress and benevolent face, has indulged the wish that our son should embrace the same profession.’ I then induced him to

confide his son to us, promising to keep him in the path which he desired to see him follow. This happened five years ago, and Joseph was then ten years old. His father removed him from the 'Oratorio di San Filippo,' where, notwithstanding his extreme youth, he had been remarkable for his extraordinary intelligence, and sent him to us; he was a charming child, and soon became the pet of our college, and the fathers and the collegians vied with each other in their affection and indulgence:—but I weary you, perhaps, worthy pilgrim," said Father Bonaventure, interrupting himself; "not knowing my young charge, these details must appear very irksome to you."

"Pray continue, good father; it reminds me of my own childhood," answered the pilgrim.

"Well, then, to return to my story," continued the father: "all went on very well until one day a virtuoso arrived at the convent who played the violin very beautifully. Joseph had

never heard this instrument played before, except by blind men begging for alms, which greatly excited him. I must tell you, my friend, that my young pupil possessed a most lively imagination and precocious intellect. His excitement rose to such a pitch, that he begged the superior to allow him to learn the violin, which he was permitted to do. Music is much more a sacred than a profane art, for David himself used to play before the holy ark. Joseph made wonderful progress on the violin; his bow had a softness, a precision, and a charm, which genius alone could give. But when, intoxicated with his success and the praises we showered on him, the boy began to neglect his other studies, the fathers became alarmed, and began to think of forbidding him this amusement as soon as the virtuoso should leave the college. At his departure, however, a new professor of the musical art succeeded him,—an old soldier, who had lost a leg, an arm, and an

eye, and who called himself facetiously, '*The heap of ruins!*' Now, again, Joseph attached himself to the new-comer, and would hardly quit his side. This old man, mindful of his bygone exploits, talked only of feats of arms, and adding sometimes gestures to words, he would fence with his crutch, using the one hand left to him; in short, Joseph must needs do as he did, and the violin was thrown away for the foil. Well, this did not trouble us much, the military ardour of a monk is not dangerous. All was going on smoothly, when, about a fortnight later, his parents came to see him, and discussed, in the actual presence of Joseph, the question of deciding on what day he should assume the cowl. It had not been thought necessary to ask his opinion, so anxious did they think him to enter holy orders. But such was not the case; my young pupil rose suddenly, advanced to his parents, and with much deference, I must admit, of manner, he declared he

would not become a monk! Great was our perplexity, as you may well believe. We asked him what he thought of doing instead. 'I shall either be a musician or a soldier,' cried he, 'perhaps both.' They insisted, he resisted,—in short, a general quarrel ensued. We hoped still to bring Joseph to a more serious way of thinking, and, notwithstanding his resistance, the preparations for the ceremony continued. At last the appointed day came, all was ready. I went myself to tell him at matins that he had four hours for preparation. 'That will not be too long,' replied he. I misunderstood his words, and only began to comprehend his meaning when we went to seek him in his cell, and not finding him there, I recalled his answer, 'It will not be too long.' I gave the alarm, the whole convent was searched, but Joseph had disappeared. A fragment of his robe, which we found on the wall, which overlooks the open country, told

us that he had fled. An hour afterwards I was in pursuit. Joseph Tartini has the start of me by six hours; he is young and active, and I fear we shall not overtake him. But, see, the night is closing in rapidly," continued the father; "my companion and I must resume our journey, otherwise I would not willingly leave you, brother, without having been of further assistance to you."

"Alas, father!" replied the pilgrim, "there is so much resemblance between your scapegrace of a pupil and myself, that I dare not ——"

"Scapegrace! except for his antipathy to the cloister, he is by far the best youth I know; gay, frank, good, and open-hearted; as for the resemblance to yourself, my pupil is but fifteen, and you ——"

"Alack, good father! in sense, experience, and knowledge, I am no older."

"You are too modest, my friend."

"No, no, father! there is not the smallest particle of modesty in what I say!"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, but what other resemblance can you have to young Tartini?"

"He loves music, and I profess it!" said the pilgrim.

"Ah! you are a musician, brother! But there is no harm in that. I told you just now, that music was an art as much sacred as profane. David ——"

"Played many instruments, and sang before the holy ark," rejoined the pilgrim, finishing the sentence.

"Come, father, let us be going," said Sebastian, already outside the cave. "It is fine now, and the ground dry."

"I am sufficiently rested to join you now, good father,—at least so far as the Pontine Marshes," said the pilgrim, rising.

"Lean on my arm if you are tired," said Sebastian.

"Thank you, father, I have my staff."

The three travellers then quitted the cave and resumed their journey together. The two fathers cast inquisitive glances on their new fellow-traveller, but he had again drawn down his hood over his eyes, so that his long silver beard was alone visible.

IV.

THE BLIND ORGANIST OF THE CONVENT

OF SANTA LUCIA.

ON leaving the cave of Fondi, which was situated a short distance from the town of that name, the three travellers followed the high-road, which skirts a hill where stood formerly a temple dedicated to Jupiter, the ruins of

which are still to be seen. They crossed Terracina, and found themselves on the old Appian Way.

After a long and weary walk Father Bonaventure stopped to bid adieu to the pilgrim.

“We are now arrived at the Pontine Marshes. May I ask, friend, without being thought inquisitive, which road you are going to take?”

The pilgrim hesitated a moment, and then replied, with a decided air,—

“I am going to Assisa.”

“Do you know any body there?”

“No, good father; but I hope to find some pupils there.”

“In default of pupils there,” said Bonaventure, “I can, if you like, recommend you to Father Boemo, organist to the Convent of Santa Lucia; he is an intimate friend of mine, and a kind and clever man into the bargain.”

“I do not know; I will consider,” replied the pilgrim, embarrassed.

“Do not distress yourself, good brother,” added Bonaventure. “I should not like, after having saved your life, to leave you on the highroad without protection, and I will willingly go out of my way to befriend you.”

“Well,” said the pilgrim, in whose tone a painful embarrassment was visible, “if you will kindly give me a letter of introduction to this friend, I shall be much obliged.”

“A letter of introduction would be quite useless.”

“Cannot Father Boemo read?” asked the pilgrim.

“He is blind.”

“Blind!” exclaimed the pilgrim, with a vivacity which contrasted much with his long white beard; “blind! I accept your offer, father.”

“Because he is blind?” asked Father Bonaventure in surprise.

“I love the blind!”

The travellers continued their journey in silence. Six o'clock had struck at the convent of Santa Lucia as Father Sebastian knocked at the gate.

The two monks and the pilgrim were introduced into the presence of Father Boemo, and after some moments given to the pleasure which the two friends experienced in seeing each other again, Father Bonaventure begged Father Boemo to help the pilgrim, whom Providence had thrown on their protection; the latter having promised to do so, the two monks set out afresh in the pursuit of Joseph Tartini, the pilgrim remaining with the organist.

"You are poor and in want of my assistance, therefore I will not ask you who you are," said Father Boemo, kindly. „You see the affliction which it has pleased God to send me. I want some one to guide my fingers on the keys of the organ. Do you know anything about music?"

“A little, father, of vocal music, and of the violin.”

“That’s well, my friend, with a little taste and instruction, you will very soon be able to play the organ. I am getting old — you shall succeed me here; the situation is good, easy, and agreeable, and secures all the best families in the town as pupils. You will be satisfied, I hope?”

“I am perfectly so already, father,” answered the pilgrim.

V.

THE ROSE AND THE WHITE ANGEL OF THE CHAPEL.

THE pilgrim had resided at the convent of Santa Lucia for about two months, when a young novice, named Antonio, excited considerable curiosity among the fathers, by the narrative of a strange adventure, which we will now relate.

Antonio was passionately fond of music, and all his hours of recreation had been passed for several days in the passage which led to the cell of Father Boemo. There, leaning against the wall, he listened with an attention that partook of ecstasy to the tones of the organ blended with those of the violin, or to the solemn chants, which accompanied these two instruments. One night, more wrapt than ever in the music which breathed such exquisite delight into his soul, he conceived the idea of begging the pilgrim to give him lessons, but to get speech of this personage was a difficult matter, for he was always in his own cell, or in that of the organist, and never associated either with the pupils or the monks. He had imposed this solitude on himself, it was said, to fulfil a vow that he had made in a moment of extreme peril.

Night had surprised Antonio in the midst of these reflections, when the door of Father Boemo's cell opened; the pilgrim came forth

from it, and shutting the door after him, advanced into the passage, and passed so close to Antonio, who was hidden in the darkness, that their gowns touched. But the latter could not find courage to address a word to him.

Reaching the end of the corridor, instead of going to his own cell, the pilgrim descended some steps that led to the garden. Without any positive design, Antonio mechanically followed. The pilgrim crossed a flower-garden, and gathered a rose, inhaled its fragrance with an air of extreme satisfaction, and then turned into a little wood which led to a chapel; the moon at this moment shed her soft light on the pilgrim's path. Antonio saw him leave the shrubbery and enter the chapel. Imagining that he was going there for prayer, the novice decided to follow him, "If he prays," he said to himself, "I will wait until he has finished; and if he does not pray, I will speak to him." An-

tonio then proceeded to enter the chapel, which had only one outlet, but scarcely had he stepped on the threshold when he was seized with astonishment at the sight of a beardless youth extended carelessly on one of the altar steps, and humming in a low voice an air, which he seemed to compose while his flexible voice gave it utterance!

The dress of this young man was white, like that of a novice; his countenance was beautiful as an angel's. Antonio, still involuntarily seeking the old pilgrim, whom he felt certain to have seen enter the chapel, found his astonishment complete when he recognised in the hand of this beautiful youth the rose he had seen gathered by the pilgrim a few instants before. A cry escaped him, and rushing from the chapel, where he had been riveted by surprise, he ran like a maniac to the convent, where he excited great consternation by the recital of what he had just witnessed.

In an instant the monks, who were all assembled in the refectory partaking of their evening meal, were on their feet. The prior could not help laughing at the novice's narrative; but wishing to give him a lesson, he ordered him to follow, and with the rest of the brotherhood proceeded to the chapel.

The prior entered alone at first, then turning towards Antonio, and pointing to the old pilgrim, praying with his hood over his face and holding a rose in his hand, he said,—

“Is this the angel you saw?”

Although the poor fellow declared that he had seen one with his own eyes; he even described the white dress, the young and fresh face, the beautiful golden hair falling in large waves over his shoulders, the prior treated him as a visionary. They left the pilgrim saying his prayers in peace, and the monks retired to the convent.

But the novice would not be convinced; when the prior and the monks had returned to the

refectory to finish their repast, he slid secretly to the porter, Brother Anastasius, and asked,—

“Has anybody gone out within this last hour?”

“Nobody!” replied the porter: “but why do you ask? and what makes you look so scared?”

Antonio then again related his adventure, how he had seen the pilgrim come out of Father Boemo’s cell, how he had followed him, and seen him gather a rose in the garden, then how the pilgrim had gone into the chapel, and on following him thither, he had found only a beautiful white angel playing with a rose, how, terrified by this metamorphosis, he hastened to fetch the prior, who had hurried thither with the whole community, but that in the meanwhile the white angel had disappeared, and been replaced by the pilgrim, the rose only remaining as before.

At this discourse the porter, who was a very superstitious man, replied, very gravely,—

"I have long perceived this pilgrim was no ordinary man; but this is no business of yours. Go to bed, Antonio, and beware of the pilgrim." Then he added, "Should you recognise the rose-tree?"

"Yes," said Antonio, "it is the Father Boemo's favourite rose-tree."

"That's enough—good night!"

VI.

FATHER BOEMO'S ENCHANTED ROSE-TREE.

BLIND as he was, Father Boemo was accustomed each morning early to walk in the garden, and though his blindness prevented him from distinguishing flowers, except from their perfume, he gathered as he walked a fragrant bouquet, composed principally of roses. He had for some

moments passed restlessly to and fro before an empty spot, when he was met by the convent porter.

"What are you seeking, Father Boemo?" asked Anastasius.

"My rose-tree, which I cannot find," replied the organist.

"It is destroyed!"

"Destroyed, Brother Anastasius! and who dared do that?"

"I did, father."

"And why?"

"This rose-tree was enchanted," replied the porter, in a low and trembling voice.

The organist burst into a great fit of laughing.

"Do not laugh," said the porter,— "do not laugh; for I also laughed, and have been well punished for it. The pilgrim will be nicely caught this morning."

"Come, Brother Anastasius, tell me all about

it, and why you have destroyed my rose-tree, and what the pilgrim has to do with it?"

"A great deal; since from this day forward the pilgrim will continue aged throughout his life."

"I don't understand you."

"Well then! know, father, by means of a blossom plucked from this rose-tree, the pilgrim, however old he might be, could become young and handsome."

"As to his being handsome, I can't say anything about that," said the organist; "but *youth* the pilgrim certainly possesses."

"But how can an old, grey-haired pilgrim become young and handsome of a sudden? You must have seen how old he looks."

"When you say I saw him, you must remember, Brother Anastasius, that I cannot see the pilgrim at all; but I can tell well enough from a person's voice whether he is young or old; and certainly the voice of this pilgrim is that of a youth of fifteen."

“Why the pilgrim’s beard is whiter than our holy Friar’s!”

“Never mind, he has the voice of a chorister and the hand of a maiden.”

“Just so, and then he carried a rosé in the hand.”

“I did not notice it.”

“Well, then, to-day, he will have a broken voice and a wrinkled hand, Father Boemo, for the charm is broken.”

“You speak in enigmas.”

“Just listen, then, to what happened only last night to young Antonio;” and the porter related the story which my young readers already know; but as nothing loses by repetition, Antonio maintained that the aged pilgrim had not gathered one rose only, but hundreds, and all from the same branch; then that Antonio, rooted to the ground, and unable to move hand or foot, had seen him transform himself into a beautiful white angel, whose golden wings unfolded gradually

to the delicious harmony of an invisible choir. "Although it was dark night," added he, "the chapel was light as day."

"You say then, Brother Anastasius, that in reality the pilgrim is old, that his brow is wrinkled and careworn."

"I should put him down for a hundred at least, Father Boemo."

"Try and find him, and send him to me," said Father Boemo, entering his cell.

VII.

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

WHAT may have passed between the Father and the pilgrim no one knew, but never before had they been so inseparable as they now became. Two years passed away, and although the

apparition of the white angel was seen no more (thanks to the destruction of the rose-tree, as Brother Anastasius seriously asserted), it was far from being forgotten, and scarcely any evening passed, but that one or other of the monks related the story to the novices, or that some novice tremblingly implored one of the fathers to repeat the history of the pilgrim, the angel, and the rose. During this time the convent acquired a great name, not only from the excellence of its choir, but also from the extreme care with which the wonderful violinist remained concealed in the choir behind the screen, which hid him from the eyes of his audience. People came from a great distance to listen to his delicious music. One Sunday, during the service, this screen being accidentally drawn aside, a stranger who was in the church uttered a cry of surprise, and addressing himself to one of the monks, inquired, "Who is that musician playing on the violin?"

“A poor pilgrim who has been among us for two years,” replied the monk, who was no other than Brother Anastasius.

“Two years!—It must be he. What is his name?”

“We are perfectly ignorant of it,” replied Anastasius; “here he is called nothing but ‘the pilgrim’ or ‘brother.’”

“Is he a youth of about seventeen years old?”

“He is an old man.”

“What! the violin-player?”

“Yes, the violin-player,” repeated the monk.

“I really think you must be mistaken, good father, for the screen was drawn aside just now, and I caught sight of him, and he is quite a young man.”

“Gracious heavens!” ejaculated Brother Anastasius, in unaffected terror, “can the rose-tree have blossomed again?”

Taking no notice of this exclamation the stranger quickly added,—

“Never mind, father; but will you inform him, that a Paduan, who is the bearer of good news, entreats a few minutes’ conversation with him?”

“Come here again this evening after vespers,” said the father, and the stranger accordingly took his leave.

Anastasius quitted the church, muttering to himself,—

“Can it be possible that Father Boemo’s rose-tree has blossomed again?”

VIII.

THE FUGITIVE.

At the appointed hour the Paduan repaired to the porter’s lodge, where he found a pilgrim, whose close hood permitted only two piercing

blue eyes to be visible. These contrasted strangely with his long white beard.

“You wished to speak to me, brother,” said the pilgrim, motioning the stranger to a wooden bench.

They seated themselves, and after a pause the Paduan thus began the conversation:—

“Father, I am searching all the convents in Italy to discover a certain Joseph Tartini, who ran away, two years ago, from the college of ‘Padri delle Scuole,’ and has not since been heard of.”

“How does it happen,” interrupted the pilgrim, as he drew the hood closer over his eyes, “that you address yourself to me for information?”

“Because you are the only musician in the convent, father; Joseph had so extraordinary a taste for music, that he would be sure to come here, and hear you play, and perhaps ask you to give him lessons.”

“That might be,” said the pilgrim, “for I don’t know the names of all my pupils, I can inquire; but,” added he, in faltering accents, and stealthily wiping away a tear, which was falling on his snowy beard, “if this young — Tartini, whom you tell me of — should chance to be among my pupils — what shall I tell him?”

“That his family mourn for him, that they forgive him, and that, since he has no vocation for monastic life, he will be free to follow whatever profession he may desire, on the sole condition, however, that he will become proficient therein.”

“Did you hear me play on the violin this morning, sir?” asked the pilgrim.

“Yes, father, I did.”

“The air was my own composition; what did you think of it? and also were you pleased with the execution and the style of performance?”

"The air is lovely, full of harmony and sweetness; as for the performance, it was admirable!"

"So that," rejoined the pilgrim, "were the young Tartini as skilful as myself ——"

"His family would be too happy to know in their son so distinguished an artist," said the Paduan, interrupting him.

"Then, hurrah, for father and mother! and hurrah for everybody!" shouted the pilgrim, starting to his feet, and tossing, with the enthusiasm of a young man and the wild spirits of a schoolboy, his beard up into the air, "for I am Tartini!"

"Another miracle!" said a voice; the false pilgrim turned, and could not help laughing at the terrified looks of Brother Anastasius.

"The rose-tree has nothing to do with this," said Tartini, as he pressed the hand of the kind, old monk. "I am not the white angel that Antonio imagined; but, still, he was in so

far right, that I am young and light-haired. Oh, Signor Sonsini, I recognised you at once!" added he, turning again to the Paduan; "and I confess, my secret would have escaped me, even without the good tidings of which you are the bearer; for when I saw you my heart yearned towards you!"

"And now we will hasten to Padua," said the stranger.

"Yes, and without delay; after I have had time to bid farewell to Father Boemo and the rest of the convent, I shall be quite at your service."

This duty fulfilled, Tartini departed with Signor Sonsini, where he was welcomed like the prodigal son, only that he returned with a little stock of money and a mighty treasure of science; for him was slain the fatted calf, and very soon afterwards he married the niece of Cardinal Cornaro, Bishop of Padua.

Shortly after this, being summoned to Venice,

to be elected a member of an academy under the patronage of the King of Poland, he became acquainted with an eminent violinist, Veraine, of Florence, for whom he conceived such an admiration, that, not wishing to stir up a jealous rivalry, he generously retired to Ancona.

Tartini is reckoned one of the greatest masters of his art, although his music is little known in these days ; he became celebrated as a composer and as a virtuoso, and gained many pupils. He died at the age of seventy-eight years on the 16th of February, 1770.

MICHAEL LAMBERT,

OR

THE CHORISTER.

I.

THE DRAPER'S SHOP.

“WIDOW Lambert! Widow Lambert! to-morrow will be Palm Sunday, and I wish you would insist upon Michael's being in his place more punctually than he was last Sabbath,” said a tall, dark woman, in scrupulously neat attire, and apparently of about thirty years of age, as she entered the little draper's shop in the principal street of Vivonne.



LAMBERT

“Yes, Mademoiselle Marianne,” answered a stout, fresh-looking young woman, entirely destitute of the neatness so remarkable in the other, as she advanced from the interior of the shop. “I hope your brother is quite well?”

“Very well, indeed, widow Lambert, excepting his usual cough, which increases daily; but that does not surprise me, for my brother is so good, and so strictly conscientious in the performance of his duty, that even last night, though it was so chilly, he got out of his bed to visit a sick man,—old Gervais—you know him, the wheelwright who lives at the further end of the town.”

“May God bless and spare our good vicar to us for many a long year yet!” exclaimed the widow Lambert, warmly.

“Thank you for your kind wishes, widow Lambert; and how are you getting on with your business?”

“Badly enough, mademoiselle,” replied the

widow. "It is very difficult for a poor lone woman to gain her living; until my dear husband's death, our business was doing so well; all the women in the parish came here to buy their cottons and tapes, and now they all deal with widow Lacet."

"Well, I must confess, Widow Lambert, that your cottons and tapes are not so good as they used to be. But let us drop the subject of business, and talk of Michael and his charming singing in the choir. What a beautiful voice he has — just what I fancy an angel's must be like, so clear, so true, so sweet!"

"Indeed, mademoiselle, I can assure you, that however dull I may be, whatever cares I may have, whether I have any dinner, or whether I have none, I forget all my troubles whilst listening to his voice, and fancy myself in heaven! I wonder where he is?"

And the widow began calling loudly for him.

A little boy, of about ten years old, who was passing in the street whilst she was calling, thrust his head into the half-opened door of the shop, and said,—

“You may call from this time till next year, Madame Lambert, without Michael’s hearing you.”

“Do you know where he is then, Pierre?” asked Mademoiselle Marianne of the child, whom she recognised as the son of the sick wheelwright who had been visited by the rector the previous night.

“Yes, mademoiselle,” replied Pierre, touching his cap respectfully.

“Where is he? what is he doing?” asked the mother, anxiously.

“He is on his way to Paris, whither he is going,” replied Pierre. “And I should just have liked you to have seen the immense strides he was taking to get there quickly.”

“To Paris!” replied the widow in astonish-

ment, "to Paris! well, I never! I must go myself and see what he is after!" and hastily arranging her disordered hair and dress, she asked Pierre if he would mind the shop.

"Certainly, madame," answered the boy, who until now had remained outside.

As the widow Lambert was hurrying off, she perceived the vicar in the distance accompanied by a child.

"Here comes your brother, mademoiselle," she said to the vicar's sister.

"Bringing back your son, widow," replied the latter.

The poor mother breathed more freely as she recognised in the vicar's companion her truant son.

II.

MICHAEL'S REASONS FOR GOING TO PARIS.

"HERE is your son, widow Lambert," said the vicar, as he entered the little draper's shop.

"And where do you come from, you naughty, good-for-nothing boy?" inquired the mother, sharply, as she placed a chair for her reverend visitor, and invited him to be seated with repeated curtseys.

"I was setting out for Paris!" replied her son with a sigh.

"Widow Lambert," said the vicar, "I have brought you back your son, and great trouble I had to do so; and for goodness' sake do put a stop to such vagaries for the future; he will come to no good running about on the highroads. And as to you, Michael," said he, turning to the boy, "I desire you will be punctual in choir to-morrow."

"O sir, that is impossible!" replied Michael, very decidedly.

"Impossible!" repeated the vicar, "how impossible?"

"Impossible!" again answered Michael.

"Just like all children!" said the widow; "they never do as they are wanted. When he was quite little, and no one ever dreamt of making him sing,—for one never then imagined he possessed the shadow of a voice,—he never would leave the choir, in fact, he seemed as if he were tied to it. One day, suddenly, in the finest part of an anthem, a small, clear childish voice was heard—I dare say you recollect, sir, the stir it made in the church? 'Whose voice is that?' said some one. Another remarked, 'It is Michael, the widow Lambert's little boy!' From that moment he never ceased singing; the word choir was for ever on his lips. And now, for no reason whatever, he refuses not only to sing, but starts off for Paris

without saying a word. Perhaps you'll please to explain, Michael, what new whim you've taken into your head."

"I have my reasons!" replied Michael, very gravely.

"His reasons!" repeated Mademoiselle Mari-
anne; "curiosity is a fault I am aware, but I
must confess I am very curious to know what
Michael's reasons can be!"

"So am I," added the vicar, pretending to be
very serious.

"I insist on knowing your reasons, Michael,
so I beg you to tell me what they are this mo-
ment," interrupted Widow Lambert.

"How can I explain then, mother, before our
reverend vicar, and tell him that he has a
cracked voice, and that he always sings out of
tune?"

"How? do you mean that I sing out of tune?"
asked the vicar, without being angry.

"Why, I mean, reverend sir, if you wish to

hear the honest truth, that you sing so out of tune that no one could recognise the air!" replied Michael, colouring.

The vicar could not help laughing at this speech, and then said,—

"So you think I sing very badly?"

"I don't know whether it is bad or good, sir," replied Michael, looking ashamed, and nervously twisting his cap round and round in his fingers; "but when you sing, I feel a curious sensation in my ears which nearly drives me mad."

"That is no reason why you should go to Paris,—unless, indeed, you were determined not to hear my cracked voice any more," observed the vicar, smiling.

"Oh, no, sir,—indeed, it was not for that; quite the contrary!"

"Come, explain yourself, Michael!" said Mademoiselle Marianne, encouragingly; "no one will be angry—so speak out at once!"

"May I say everything?" asked Michael.

"Yes, everything!" replied the others simultaneously.

"Well, then," said Michael, with an air of decision, "I may just as well say it to-day as any other; besides some day it must be known, and my mother will have to give her consent whether she likes it or not; for every sensible person knows that in Paris everything is better than at Vivonne."

"What do you mean?" interrupted his mother.

"Why, this, that when any one wears a fine dress, the question is always asked, 'Does it come from Paris?' the best cottons come from Paris; and when mother wishes to induce her customers to buy some old gloves that have lain in the shop a long time, she always declares she has just received them from Paris; so, of course, there are better singers there than here, and I will not die, as old Marcel says, without hearing some really good singing!"

"Then your only reason for wishing to go to Paris is that you may hear some good singing?" asked Mademoiselle Marianne.

"Yes, mademoiselle, that is my only reason!"

"Ah! my son, I know well what you now feel!" exclaimed the draper's widow, with emotion. Then turning to the vicar's sister, she added, "Do you not recollect, mademoiselle, about Whitsuntide in the year 1610, just twelve years ago, how fond I was of listening to the nuns singing to the organ in the old church? I could not tear myself away from the place, and such was my delight that I felt inclined to neglect everything else for the sake of the sweet music. But conscience cried out, 'Look after your house,—look after your shop.' And so I did; but as soon as my work was pretty well over, I used to say to my good André, who was the best of husbands, 'Now, dear, I want to go and hear a little music, if you will not mind attending to the shop, it does me so much good?'

Well, as soon as this little child was born, I fell to singing to him, and soon he would do everything I wanted at the sound of my voice ; a song quieted his cries, a song hushed him to sleep ; as he grew bigger I taught him to read and write, and always by singing, till, as you may remember, sir, he sung himself,—nay, he sung before he could talk, so that every one was astonished, and asked, ‘ Who is that little fellow who sings like an angel ? ’ and I answered proudly it is my son. He was so much talked of, that people came from far and near to listen to him. No wonder he longs to go to Paris to hear more beautiful music than he gets here ! No wonder, indeed ! I would do the same if it were in my power, and gladly too ! ”

“ So you will let me go, won’t you, mother ? ” said Michael, whose face seemed to brighten at these words.

“ Yes, yes, I will indeed, my dear boy. We are too poor to keep you here all your life. Go,

and when you are a rich man, you must send me money enough to take me to Paris to hear you sing,—this is all I ask.”

“Well, as your mother sees no objection, I suppose you will soon set out?” asked the vicar.

“Yes, sir,” replied the boy.

“Then of course I have no wish to prevent you,” remarked the vicar; “it is not for me to fathom the ways of Providence; only be sure to come and see me before you start, my boy. I will give you some advice as well as a letter that will procure you a lodging on first arriving at that great city, where you will find many inhabitants, but few friends.”

The boy thanked the good vicar for his kindness, who with his sister then withdrew, and the widow Lambert set about making immediate preparations for her son's departure.

III.

THE GREAT INN.

A FEW days after this, little Michael set out on foot, a small bundle in one hand, and a stick in the other ; but he did not leave home before he had dried his mother's tears, who, whilst consenting to separate herself from her son, in the hope of securing his happiness, could not help sighing and weeping over him when the hour of parting really came. The first few days of his journey passed happily enough, the weather was beautiful ; proud of possessing a little money with which Mademoiselle Marianne's kindness had furnished him, Michael purchased his welcome everywhere so lavishly, that he soon found himself penniless ; and one fine morning, after having paid his last farthing for his bed and supper, he was obliged to continue his journey hungry and destitute ; but his spirits

were not daunted by this, for at his age troubles lie lightly enough on one. So after having walked for nearly the whole day, he perceived in the distance the courtyard of a castle.

"Oh! oh!" said he to himself, on beholding several grooms very busily employed cleaning the many carriages and horses that were standing about the court-yard, "here is an inn where one can eat to one's heart's content;" and with the assurance, natural to the inexperience of youth, he boldly opened the gate and went in.

"Halloa! where are you going, you young rascal?" called out one of the grooms, seeing him approach the castle entrance.

"There!" replied Michael, pointing to the entrance-hall.

"Are you not ashamed, youngster," said another groom, laughing, "of daring to approach a royal castle, just as if it were an inn?"

"Is it not an inn then?" asked Michael.

"No, that it is not, indeed," replied the groom.

"Well, then, so much the better," observed the boy, "for as it is not an inn I shall not be obliged to pay; and to tell you the truth, my fine gentlemen, I have not a farthing of money."

Then, as the grooms looked at each other, and burst out laughing, Michael continued, "I am dying with hunger and thirst, so of course they will give me something; there must be plenty of bread and water in so large a house."

"Oh, yes!" said one of the grooms approaching him with a pitchfork in hand; "but the bread in that great house will never go into a little vagabond's mouth like yours! Come, go along! be off with you, d'ye hear?" and then the man pointed the pitchfork menacingly at him.

"Come now," said Michael, not looking the least alarmed, "don't speak so crossly, and listen to me a moment, if you will do something to please me, I will do the same by you."

“What pleasure can you give me, you young scamp, I should like to know?” asked the groom, with a contemptuous air.

“I can give you great pleasure, sir, I can tell you, by singing you some beautiful chants: King René’s hymn or the Jew’s lament,—ah, like the latter, I am always wandering, though without the fivepence he always had about him,” added Michael, in so sad a voice that the grooms seemed quite moved by it.

“Well, then, sing us something, and make haste,” exclaimed they.

Young Lambert knew well what he was about when he offered to sing to them. Scarcely had he sent forth those sweet sounds which had created such a sensation in Vivonne, when all the grooms gathered round him. Charmed by his youthful voice, they stood mute with astonishment, fearful of moving lest they should lose one note of so sweet a song.

Nothing is so infectious as curiosity; the

indoor retainers, seeing from the windows their fellow-servants standing motionless as statues, wished to know the cause, they ran, and immediately, as the charming voice of the child met their ears, they listened immovable likewise.

During these proceedings a new personage appeared on the step: his air was menacing, he was doubtless going by one word to send the listening knot of servants about their business, when, suddenly, he hesitated, and rushed into the midst of them.

IV.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

As soon as the last-mentioned individual appeared in the midst of the servants, they exclaimed, with one accord, "Monsieur Mouliniez!" and

then hastily dispersed, the boy remaining alone in the presence of the new-comer.

“Oh, sing, sing on!” said the latter.

Michael, without waiting to be pressed, continued the air he had already begun, and, when he had finished, said smilingly,—

“Is this enough?”

“Who are you, child?” asked Monsieur Mouliniez.

“A little bird from Vivonne on his way to Paris,” replied the child.

“And what are you going to do in Paris?”

“I am going to listen to singing, and to sing myself.”

“And is this the only means you have of subsistence?”

“Did I not tell you that I was a little bird? And, though I have no wings to carry me through the air, and cannot perch or go to roost on the boughs of the trees, I have that which endears him to all—his warbling voice.

Well, like him, I will say, wherever I go, 'Listen to me,' and, when I have been listened to, I will add, 'Please do not let the poor little bird, who has charmed you with his song, die of hunger.'"

"And certainly no one would have the heart to let you perish for want of food, my boy. So come to the castle; and, as you are travelling for the sake of hearing music, I will take you to hear the Prince's pages sing; for I am Monsieur Mouliniez, the chapel-master to the Prince, brother to our beloved king, Louis XIII., and this is His Highness's residence, the Castle of Champigny."

Michael Lambert, thus introduced into the castle, was first conducted into the refectory, where Monsieur Mouliniez attended to him himself, and saw that he had everything he required. Then he led him to the chapel, and, showing him into one of the stalls, he commenced giving the pages their music-lesson.

About the middle of it, Mouliniez, being curious to see what effect such cultivated music would have on a little simple country boy, glanced round, but found him fast asleep.

"What!" said he, shaking him by the arm.

"Are you asleep?"

"Yes, sir," answered Michael, roused from his doze.

"Does not singing amuse you?"

"Quite the contrary, sir."

"What do you mean? Does it tire you?"

"Well, if I must speak the truth then, it is not at all to my liking."

"What can you have to find fault with?" asked Mouliniez, very much astonished.

"With everything, sir," answered young Lambert; "the singing, the voices, and the instruments."

"What! with the violins likewise?" asked the chapel-master.

"I am doubtful of the violins; but all I

know is our cats at Vivonne do not squall so gratingly to the ear as your violins of Champagne."

"Well," said Mouliniez, shrugging his shoulders, and speaking to himself, "I am quite mistaken; he has a fine voice—very sweet, 'tis true—but no soul for music."

"I do not know what you call soul," replied Michael, with the simplicity of a country boy, "but, if it means something good, your violins have not got it, I can tell you."

Mouliniez was on the point of replying, when some one came to inform him that the Duke de Crequi had just arrived with his valet, De Niert, who had brought his lute.

"So much the better," said the chapel-master, running off to the new-comers, and quite forgetful of Michael.

V.

THE LITTLE FAT MAN.

IN former times it was the custom for noblemen to retain in their households servants who were able to play on various instruments, though most of them performed very indifferently.

M. de Crequi had engaged one of these musical valets, named Niert; this man had quite a new fashion of singing then very much in vogue in Italy, and which had just begun to create a great sensation at the court of Louis XIII. This valet's temper was very peculiar. If any one asked him to sing, it was quite a sufficient reason for him to refuse, or else require much solicitation and pressing before he would deign to do so. His master, knowing his contradictory humour, never ordered him to sing. "De Niert," he only used to say to him, "we are going to-day to such a place, you will go

with me." "Shall I take my lute?" asked De Niert. "Just as you like," replied the Duke of Crequi, which simply meant that he had better do so.

It was about this time that King Louis XIII. was labouring under his melancholy aberration of mind, and among other peculiarities he would sit by the hour together yawning to an extent that well-nigh dislocated his jaw.

"Come, gentlemen," said he to his attendants, "let us exert ourselves with all our might!" and each one, imitating the king, yawned away to see which would keep up this weary amusement longest.

Yet, at other times, the king was fond enough of listening to music, and played tolerably well on the lute. The Duke de Crequi, to please him, used to take his valet, De Niert, who, either by singing or playing, generally succeeded in diverting the king for a time.

Upon this occasion the Duke de Crequi, who

had just arrived at the Castle of Champigny, where, as I have before mentioned, the king's brother resided, had said, according to his custom, to his valet, De Niert, on leaving home, "Follow me." The latter, as was his wont, also asked, "Must I take my lute?" and received the answer, "Just as you like." So, as a matter of course, the duke, his servant, and the lute found themselves all together at the Castle of Champigny.

Towards the end of the repast, his royal highness, perceiving De Niert behind the duke's chair, asked him if he had brought his lute.

"Am I to play?" asked De Niert.

"Just as you like," replied his master.

So accordingly De Niert began to play; he played delightfully and sang still more so. After having played for a while he began to sing, and sent forth most exquisite sounds.

Music has such magic power, that even the roughest and coarsest men can seldom resist its

influence, and so in this instance; all the retainers of the castle were so fascinated by De Niert's sweet voice that they were seen issuing forth from every available opening, with their clownish faces gleaming with wonder and amazement.

De Niert had just finished singing a popular air called "La Gondola," that he had imported from Italy, and a profound silence prevailed among the noblemen seated at the table; the servants were standing at the dining-room door in mute admiration, when, suddenly, out of the midst of the crowd the following exclamation was heard,—

"That's it! that's it! That may well be called singing, indeed!"

And a young boy issued from the group obstructing the doorway, and advanced a few steps into the room; then seeing every face turned towards him, he stopped suddenly looking so dreadfully ashamed that he could not have moved another step, were it ever so.

"Who is this?" demanded his highness.

Mouliniez directly recognised the young singer of the morning, said,—

"This is very lucky."

"Who is this?" again asked the prince.

"A queer little fellow, with the voice of a nightingale, your highness," replied Mouliniez; "he considers that your highness's pages and myself sing very indifferently."

"Perhaps he is right," observed the prince.

At this speech the naturally wide mouth of the chapel-master stretched still wider than usual, while a very peculiar smile played on his countenance.

"And does this child sing?" asked De Niert, looking at the uncouth round head, that kept turning from right to left, and in whose every movement the greatest astonishment was depicted.

Finding no one answered De Niert's question Michael hazarded to reply in a trembling voice,—

"I sing as the birds do in the woods, sir, without knowing how."

"And how do you think *I* sing?" asked De Niert.

"Why, like any body who does know how!"

"Where does this child come from?" asked the prince.

"From Vivonne," replied Michael.

"And where are you going?"

"I am just arrived," said Michael, without hesitation.

This speech, causing every one to laugh from its precision, the prince added, kindly,—

"Explain yourself, my boy."

The latter replied,—

"I have left my mother and my home to go to Paris, to seek some one who knows how to sing, and who will teach me. I have found this person on my way, and that is why I say I am arrived."

"So you select me as your master?" asked De Niert.

"I do, sir, most certainly."

"Well, that's a bargain, so shake hands on it," added De Niert.

One of the noblemen then begged Michael to sing to them, but he refused saying,—

"I will sing when I know how."

And, notwithstanding all their entreaties, nothing would prevail on him to comply.

Thus commenced the fortune of Michael Lambert. De Niert becoming head valet to the king, to whom the Duke de Crequi had resigned him, gave music-lessons to Michael, who very soon surpassed his master, and would have doubtless quite eclipsed him if De Niert had not died young and left him alone in his supremacy.

The beauty of Michael's voice was in its sweetness more than in its compass, and he knew so well how to manage it that he was able to conceal every deficiency; but its greatest charm

was in the taste and expression of his singing. It was said that no one knew what an air was until it had been sung by Lambert.

Michael lost his mother very young, which was very detrimental to his advancement, for he was so disinterested and careless of the future that he never dreamt of economising. As long as he never found his purse quite empty, he cared little for gain. Moreover, he was one of the most absent of men, and often acted very thoughtlessly. Of an obliging yet heedless disposition, he was constantly in the habit of promising his friends that he would sing for them at their parties, but when the evening came he had forgotten all about his engagement, and so never made his appearance.

One day the Cardinal Richelieu, when living at Rueil, promised his friends that they should hear Michael sing at an entertainment he was about to give. He commanded the Mayor of Beutra to go to Paris and to engage and bring

the singer back with him. The mayor, not finding him at home, and hearing he was engaged in giving lessons, sought him from house to house, and at last found him about noon at the President Lepaellieur's, whose daughter he was teaching to sing.

"The Cardinal has desired me to take you back with me to Rueil, Monsieur Michael," said the mayor; "the king will be probably there, and the Princess Mary who has a great desire to hear you sing."

"I am at the service of the Cardinal and yourself, sir," replied Michael: "what o'clock shall we set out?"

"I will be with you by six o'clock, if you will be good enough to be ready."

"I will not fail to be in readiness, and not keep you waiting."

At six o'clock precisely the Mayor of Beautra was at Michael Lambert's house, who was then living near the Luxembourg.

"M. Lambert is not at home," was the porter's answer to the Mayor de Beutra's question.

"I suppose I can wait here for him?" asked the Cardinal's emissary.

"Wait! Certainly, sir, if you wish; but you must have a great stock of patience, or else have plenty of time to waste, if you mean to wait for Monsieur Lambert, for he never comes home till very late at night."

So the Mayor of Beutra went away again. But where should he go? He made every effort to find him out. He visited all the families that the singer was known to be acquainted with, but without success.

It was getting on for eight o'clock, and, the mayor growing impatient, was about giving orders to return to Rueil, when, just as he was passing the Cross of Trahoir, near the Rue St. Honoré, he heard a great tumult, and letting down the glasses of the carriage, thrust

out his head, and asked one of his footmen,
“What the noise was?”

“Oh, it is nothing, sir,” replied the servant;
“only some wedding dinner going on at the
public-house to your right. It is a public-
house that is frequented by all the best people
in Paris—dukes, princes, authors. M. Moli-
ère —”

“But see. They are breaking glasses and
tables. They are fighting,” interrupted the
mayor. “Quick; go and see what it is.”

The servant obeyed, and soon returned, say-
ing,—

“Oh, sir, I never saw such an uproar!
Fancy that there is a fat little man, no higher
than your worship’s walking-stick, who is sing-
ing so divinely, that at the end of each verse
the people are screaming with joy, and clapping
their hands, and calling out, ‘Long live Michael
Lambert!’ I assure you the noise is enough
to stun one.”

“Michael Lambert! Open the door! open the door!” And the mayor rushed out of the carriage towards the public-house, calling out, “Heaven be praised!”

He perceived Michael seated in the middle of a throng of working-men, singing to them, and charming them by his exquisite voice. There were edibles of all kinds on the table; but no one dreamed of tasting them.

“Lambert!” called out the mayor; “have you forgotten your promise to me?”

“Perfectly, sir,” replied Lambert, trying very hard to recollect who it was speaking to him.

“I come by order of the Cardinal Richelieu,” said the Mayor of Beautra.

“Ah, yes; I recollect. I am yours to command this instant.”

And Lambert arose immediately, and hastily nodding to his companions, he jumped into the mayor’s carriage, and was soon on his way to Rueil.

"You must be very fond of the working class, if you can forget so easily your engagements to select society," observed the mayor to Michael.

"I am; and I will tell you why,—because that class alone know how to express their feelings."

"That's all very well; but they do not pay you."

"Not pay me!" repeated Michael, with a glance of ineffable scorn. "I am more than repaid by the pleasure I give them."

Michael and the Mayor of Beutra were received with great delight at Rueil. The evening's entertainment went off with the greatest *éclat*. Lambert had even surpassed himself, for never had he sung better.

There is another anecdote related of this singer.

It happened one day that a young scullion presented himself before the great master, and

begged to speak with him. He held in his hand a violin, which contrasted singularly with his kitchen dress.

“Monsieur Michael?” demanded the scullion, on being shown into Michael’s presence. “You are Professor Michael, are you not?”

“I am that personage. What do you want with me?” replied the professor.

“I am a scullion in the kitchen of her royal highness, and violinist of her anteroom,” answered the boy, with youthful self-confidence, “and I wish to take lessons of you; but I have not sufficient money to pay you for them.”

“Have you any voice?” asked Lambert.

“A little. I play tolerably on the violin, and I have some idea of double bass and composition.”

“Let me see,” said Michael, smiling. “Play me a little air.”

The boy did not require pressing; and, whilst he was playing, Lambert, who at first scarcely

seemed to listen, became insensibly aroused. "Perfect! admirable!" he exclaimed, at the end of the piece. "What is your name?"

"Baptiste Lulli."

"Baptiste Lulli, you will make your fortune," said the professor, in prophetic accents.

This prediction was verified. Baptiste Lulli received lessons from Lambert; at the end of six months, the princess, the king's sister, admitted him as one of her twelve private violinists, when, the king hearing him, immediately wished to engage him for his private band of twenty-four violins; upon which the princess resigned him to her brother. Later on, he founded the opera, and formed, so to speak, singers, chorus, and orchestra,—an enterprise which, at the epoch of which we are speaking, was beset with many difficulties. Michael Lambert gave his daughter in marriage to him, and went to reside with his son-in-law. When he was very old, he never heard Lulli's

music without exclaiming, "Oh, were I only thirty, instead of sixty, how I would sing that!" Michael Lambert was called the father of music in France, as Corneille was the father of tragedy. He died very shortly after the first representation of his "Armida," in 1696, at the advanced age of eighty-six years, and was buried in the cemetery of the "Petits Pères," by the side of Lulli, whom he had survived.

JOSEPH HAYDN,
OR
THE KETTLE-DRUMMER.

I.

THE POST-CHAISE.

ONE evening, in the month of May, 1738, some children were playing in the little village of Rohrau, situated between the frontiers of Austria and Hungary, when they perceived a post-chaise, which had just broken down in the road, from one of the axletrees suddenly giving way. They left their game, and ran to see what was the matter, for such an occurrence



HAYDN

in a quiet country place, where few events vary the monotony of daily life, was a matter of great excitement and curiosity to the little rustics.

“Sepperl! Sepperl!” exclaimed the children to one of their number, a boy about six years of age, who was amusing himself by singing a German air, and accompanying himself on a violin made out of a board, on which he was rattling a hazel-stick instead of a bow. “Sepperl, go and fetch your kettle-drum, for his lordship is coming.”

“His lordship, indeed!” answered Sepperl, as he glanced up the road, and shrugged his shoulders; “as if his lordship would arrive in a carriage drawn by only two horses! You know very well, Nicholas, that my lord never comes here except in a grand coach and four.”

“It is quite certain that somebody is coming, at all events. So let us go and see who it is.”

“I don’t want to prevent you,” said Sepperl,

without moving. "Go by yourselves. As for me, I shall not stir till I have finished making out that air of the Hamburg schoolmaster's."

"That was a famous tune, certainly," cried another child; "just like a funeral dirge."

"Never mind; it is an air all the same," replied Sepperl, composedly.

And he continued rattling away on the board with his stick.

"Now *do* come along with us," begged all Sepperl's companions, as they seized upon him, one by the hair, another by the arms, a third by the shoulder, and a fourth by the legs. "Come along—do."

"Fritz! Charles! Hans! Nicholas! can't you be quiet, and leave me alone? Do please be off," said Sepperl, as he vainly tried to shake off the grasp of his young companions.

However, they succeeded in dragging him off against his will.

Just as the joyous band of children had

come up to the post-chaise, the postilion had succeeded in dragging out of it a little man, very fat, and rejoicing in an immense corporation. Add to this, a perfectly bald head, and arms which could never have crossed over his expansive chest, for scarce were they long enough to permit one hand to glove the other. His legs were in the same proportions, and his ungainly, shambling gait excited the ridicule of the giddy children.

“My wig! my wig!”

These were the first words uttered by this extraordinary individual; but before the postilion could find time to look for it, he perceived it adorning the head of every child in succession, who were surrounding the carriage.

“My wig! my wig!” still cried the little man, who vainly endeavoured to rescue it from the clutches of the little ragamuffins, who, more active than himself, tossed it from one to another with the most provoking dexterity.

At last one of the children, the only one who had taken no part in this mischievous freak, and who during the hubbub had been sitting quietly, as if nothing had happened, playing on his imaginary violin, now turned towards his companions, and, in a grave voice, said,—

“Come, boys, give the gentleman his wig.”

To the gentleman's infinite surprise, who never imagined that the little violin-player's interference would have any weight with the other children, who were all bigger than himself, one of them came forward, and respectfully returned it to its proprietor.

Just at this moment the postilion came up, and said “that it was impossible to proceed any further with the broken chaise.”

“Broken! broken! what shall I do? Nothing could be more provoking!” ejaculated the traveller, carelessly placing his wig on his head hind side before. “What is this place called?”

“Rohrau,” replied one of the children.

“Roro! Roro! Where is Roro I should like to know? Is it far from Hamburg?” asked the little man, angrily.]

“About an hour’s walk from here,” answered the same child.

“What nonsense, Nicholas!” said another; “it is only a quarter of an hour’s walk at most.”

“Scarcely ten minutes if you run,” replied a third.

“And do you suppose I am going to set to running as you would do? Do you know who I am, children, to dare to speak to me in this manner?”

“What is that to us?” said Sepperl, now speaking in his turn. “Even if you were the schoolmaster at Hamburg, or his lordship, it would not prevent its taking you an hour to walk leisurely there, half an hour to walk fast, and ten minutes if you ran, just as Hans

"And is there no means of procuring any kind of vehicle, postchaise or cart, no matter what?" asked the traveller.

"Oh, yes," said Sepperl; "there is my father's plough!"

"These children are thistle-eating jackasses," ejaculated the traveller. "And as to you," said he, turning to the postilion, "what are you standing there for, smoking as coolly as if we had just arrived at our destination?"

"Since the carriage is smashed we have gone as far as we are likely to do," answered the post-boy, indifferently.

"How they do argue!" shouted the little man, in a fury; but seeing that passion would be useless, and that it was no good to reason with an impassive post-boy and a mischievous troop of children, he restrained his vexation and only asked,—

"Is there such a thing as a cart in the village?"

"You can answer that best, Sepperl," said all the children.

"Yes, there is one," said Sepperl.

"But is it a good one?"

"Good or bad, there is but one."

"Well, then, bring it here, and send some one here to mend the wheel of my post-chaise."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Sepperl.

"What does that signify?"

"Because if it is seven o'clock my father and mother play music together, and will not be disturbed, so if you go there, you will get the worst of it, I can tell you!"

"I suppose your father plays music with his hammer and tongs?" said the traveller, contemptuously.

"No, sir, with a harp," gravely replied Sepperl.

"By Jove, I should like to hear a blacksmith play on the harp! It must be rather curious!"

"You can hear it if you like; he is not far off."

Wondering what a blacksmith's performance on the harp could be like, our traveller, leaving his luggage and the broken-down chaise, quickly followed Sepperl. As he approached the village the traveller began to distinguish the sound of a shrill kind of music accompanied by two miserably doleful voices.

"How horrid! how execrable!" remarked the traveller.

"I never said it was good," said the child, quietly.

They soon reached the door of a smoky, poverty-stricken shop, on each side of which might be seen huge cart-wheels in an unfinished condition.

The stranger entered. A young man, with very black, greasy fingers, was playing upon a harp, which had lost the greater part of its strings, and at his side sat a fresh-looking woman,

singing as she worked. At the sight of the stranger they both rose and inquired his pleasure.

“The gentleman wishes you to make music for him !” said Sepperl, mischievously.

“God forbid !” said the stranger, involuntarily putting his fingers into his ears. “All I want is, for you to come and mend my carriage which is broken down in the road yonder.”

“Certainly, sir, directly,” said the wheelwright, who taking his tools, prepared to follow the stranger.

“You don’t seem to care for music, sir,” observed he, as he walked beside the traveller.

The latter smiled, and only answered,—

“I don’t like yours, my good man !”

“The gentleman is hard to please, is he not, father ?” said Sepperl, leaning towards his father, so that the stranger should not hear what he said.

It was now the wheelwright’s turn to smile.

II.

THE PLATE OF CHERRIES.

THE next day was Sunday, and it was scarcely daylight, when Madame Haydn heard her son jump out of bed, so she called out to him,—

“Where are you going so early?”

“I am not going anywhere,” replied the child, as he began to dress himself.

“Then why get up so early?”

“Because it is Sunday.”

“But on Sunday there is nothing to do!”

“That is why I am in such a hurry.”

“In a hurry to do nothing!” said Madame Haydn, laughing.

“Of course; but you know that I am not like the rest of the world. Some people are always in a fuss and bustle, declaring they have no time for this and that; as for me I always find I have plenty of time for work; it is just when I have nothing to do that I like to have plenty of

leisure before me. On Sunday there is no school-master, no nails to be straightened, no dead wood to pick up in the forest, no skeins to hold for you, mother,—nothing whatever to do, that's why I get up so early."

"But we shall have to sing," observed his mother.

"Oh, but singing is not work!"

"We must go to church and say our prayers!"

"Well, but praying is not work, either."

By this time Sepperl had finished dressing himself; he descended into the street, taking care as he passed the shop to get his violin and hazel-stick. Then seating himself on the doorstep, he began to play.

After sitting there some time, he saw the schoolmaster's son approaching him.

"Sepperl," cried the latter, directly he caught sight of him, "come to our house immediately, my father wants you."

"Thank you," said Sepperl, without moving. "This is Sunday, and your father is not so agreeable that I should go to school when I am not obliged."

"It is not to do lessons, but because a gentleman who came last night wants some voices."

"Voices?" repeated Sepperl. "And what does he want them for?"

"I am sure I don't know, he wanted mine, but, luckily for me, found that it was cracked."

"So, perhaps, he wants mine because it is not cracked; but he won't get it, I can tell him."

"Never mind, come along; he can't take it by force, you know."

"He must get up betimes, indeed, to do that, as my father would say," remarked Sepperl, laughing; "and I defy him to be earlier than I was this morning, for I was up before daylight. I will come with you, however."

Sepperl having told his parents that the schoolmaster wanted him, set out with André.

They found the schoolmaster seated at breakfast with the little fat man, whom Sepperl immediately recognised as the traveller of the broken-down post-chaise.

"Here is the child I spoke of, Monsieur Reiter," said the schoolmaster, presenting young Haydn to him.

"I have seen this boy somewhere before," said Monsieur Reiter.

"I have also seen you before," replied Sepperl, noway disconcerted.

"Where?"

"Yesterday on the highroad."

"Monsieur Reiter," said the schoolmaster, "it must be now nearly four years ago, that I was walking late one evening on the road to Rohrau; I was deep in thought, when, suddenly, my reverie was pleasantly interrupted by the notes of a harp accompanying a female voice; every now and then a child's voice seemed to predominate, which latter was so pure and sweet,

that I wished to hear it nearer, so I followed the sound until I found myself at the shop of the wheelwright Haydn. To my astonishment I found the good man accompanying on a wretched harp a woman who sang tolerably well, and at her side stood a child of about four years old, taking his part in the concert, beating time with his little foot on the floor so correctly that I was quite astonished. I advanced towards this musical family, and begged the father to intrust his son to me, promising to teach him to read and write the first principles of music, and everything else a man ought to know; his father desired nothing better, and thenceforward I took charge of him, and I have made him a musician, —a real musician too, I can assure you. And on important occasions, when we celebrate his lordship's return, or on the great church festivals, it is he who is appointed to play the kettle-drum."

"Ah! so you play on the kettle-drums, do

you?" said Monsieur Reiter, who had never taken his eyes off the child, while the school-master was speaking.

"I *beat* them, sir," replied the child.

"Exactly so," said the stranger, "you beat them, and I dare say you beat them very well. Do you often beat them?"

"Not so often as I am beaten myself," rejoined the child, and raising his eyes, he spied a plateful of delicious red cherries. If the truth must be told, cherries were the ruling passion of our youthful hero. And these were so fine, so red, so tempting, that the child quite forgot where he was, and became quite absorbed in the contemplation of the plate.

The chapel-master could not help laughing at Sepperl's simplicity, and then begged him to sing him something. Obtaining no answer to his request, he looked up, and perceived that the child's attention was entirely concentrated in the plate of cherries, so he

said, "If you will sing, you shall have a handful of them."

This bribe proving effectual, Sepperl began to sing a simple cathedral chant.

"Perfect! perfect!" exclaimed the chapel-master; for such was the stranger's position. "Now sing me a cadence."

"A cadence! I do not know what that is, nor does my master!"

And saying these words, the child stretched out his two little hands, into which the chapel-master piled as many cherries as they would hold.

"Well! my little man, will you leave your schoolmaster here, and come with me to Vienna?"

"I do not wish for anything better than to leave the schoolmaster; but as to going with you, I don't know about that, as I do not know who you are!"

"I am the chapel-master, M. Reiter," replied

the traveller, with much kindness of manner.

"I am director of the court music, as well as that of the cathedral of St. Stephen's, and as I am in want of voices——"

"You wish to take mine—thank you, Mr. Chapel-master," interrupted young Haydn; "let every one keep his own, so you keep yours, and I will mine."

"You do not understand me, my boy," replied the chapel-master; "you are the son of a wheelwright, designed to be a wheelwright yourself, which is to say, you will be a poor man all your life; but, on the contrary, if you come with me, I will take you to Vienna, and I will teach you music, singing, and composition; I will make you a gentleman, an artist, a celebrated man, who will be admired by all the world, courted and received into the first society. So you will come with me, will you not? Answer me quickly."

"Shall I get plenty of cherries?" asked

Sepperl, who was still longingly eyeing those remaining on the dish.

"First, you may have all these," replied M. Reiter, placing the plate before the little fellow, "and my garden in Vienna is so full of cherry-trees that you may gather and eat as many as you like."

"Then, sir, I will go with you, wherever you like," replied young Haydn, with his mouth stuffed so full he could scarcely speak, "I will come at once."

"Oh, but wait a moment, I must go and ask your father's permission first."

"My father will give it, I know."

"But suppose he will not?"

"But he will if I and mother wish it."

"Is he not master in his own house?"

"No, I am master!"

And as everybody burst out laughing at this absurd answer, Sepperl blushed and added,—

"I am master, because I make mother do as

I like, and she makes father do as she likes. Do you understand?"

"Well, go and obtain their leave, and come back as quickly as you can."

III.

THE YOUNG MASTER.

THE village of Rohrau was so near Hamburg that Sepperl was not longer than a quarter of an hour going home.

"Goodbye, papa! goodbye, mamma!" exclaimed he, as he entered the shop where the wheelwright and his wife were both seated chattering.

"Kiss me quick, for I am just off for Vienna with the fat little traveller, who came here yesterday and thought you sang so badly!"

"Oh, indeed! and what may you be going

to do in Vienna?" inquired the wheelwright, with great indifference.

"I am going to sing and learn music, and become a very rich man, with lots of smart clothes, and ——"

"You are a little fool!" interrupted his father. "Go along, and play with your companions, for your mother and I wish to have a talk together."

"I tell you, I am going away; don't you understand me?" repeated the child.

"You will not go, unless we choose, and as we do not choose, you will not go!" replied his mother.

"Now listen, my dear mammy!" said Sep-perl, throwing his arms lovingly round his mother's neck. "I have sold myself for a plate of cherries. I have eaten the cherries, so I can't say no now!"

"What do you mean by selling yourself for a plate of cherries?" asked his father.

The child then related all that had taken place at the schoolmaster's, and just as he was finishing his story, that personage, accompanied by the stranger, made his appearance.

The chapel-master confirmed little Sepperl's story, and urged the wheelwright to allow him to take his son away with him, and promised so much, that he was induced at last to consent, and with a deep sigh he said,—

“Go, then, and God grant that the plate of cherries may not have cost you too dear!”

“I'll guarantee that,” replied the chapel-master.

It was then settled that young Haydn should set out for Vienna with M. Reiter.

His progress was so rapid that at the age of ten years he composed pieces for six or eight voices which he took triumphantly to his master.

“What is all this?” asked his master, one day when he brought him a sheet of paper.

“A sextuor, sir,” replied Sepperl, proudly.

“So I see; the phrase is pretty enough, but what does all this jumble of notes mean?”

“Why, I thought the air — was so — simple, and — don’t you understand, sir?” said Sepperl, confusedly.

“I understand that you have crowded together so many crotchets and semibreves that it is impossible to discover the air at all; go and begin it all over again, cut it shorter. What could you be thinking of to make such confusion of your music?”

“Alas, sir,” said Haydn, simply, “I really thought that the blacker the score the more beautiful would be the music!”

Seven years passed in this way, and just at the time that Haydn’s studies were approaching completion, the chapel-master died, and the young musician being obliged to leave the cathedral choir in Vienna, was left friendless and moneyless in the capital of Austria.

He hired, without knowing how he should be able to pay for it, a poor little lodging, and took with him there the only possession he had in the world, which was a rickety, worn-out, old piano.

IV.

THE THIRD FLOOR.

YOUNG Haydn had been obliged to sell a portion of his clothing in order to purchase food, so that the poor fellow was unable to make his appearance out-of-doors.

His parents were both dead, and he was alone in the world. Misery and hunger had blanched his cheek, yet there was so much innate energy and life in him that despair had not yet taken possession of his soul. Often seated on a wooden

bench, made by his own hands, or on his knees before the piano, he knew how to find in music consolation for every grief; and if it may be so expressed, he managed to extract sweetness out of the bitter suffering to which his wretched position exposed him; and yet it must not be supposed that our young musician did nothing else but sing and starve: he bethought himself of every expedient to obtain pupils. Now and then some of M. Reiter's friends, knowing Haydn's talent, would recommend him to such and such a person who desired a master for the harp or singing; he would immediately hasten thither, but his clothes were so shabby, and his manner so timid, that he seldom or never obtained even admittance into the house, the servants taking upon themselves to dismiss him, as he looked more like a beggar than a professor.

One day as he was going up-stairs to his attic, he met two ladies, one elderly, and the

other young. He stopped to let them pass ; the young lady was laughing gaily at the moment, but perceiving Haydn's wan and dejected face, the laugh quickly expired on her lips.

Haydn was at this time about seventeen years of age, he was very tall and thin, a sickly paleness disfigured his features, his large blue eyes had a wild expression, and the tattered state of his clothes indicated his extreme poverty.

“ Who is this young man ? What can he be doing ? Can misfortune have so disfigured that noble face ? ” Such were the questions the young lady asked herself. She turned round twice, and saw Haydn motionless, with his eyes fixed upon her ; she blushed as she caught his eye, and then hastening down she entered her carriage and drove off.

When she returned, by a strange fatality, she found him still standing in the same place, with his face buried in his hands ; he never raised his head as she passed, though her dress

touched him, yet he started and heaved a deep sigh.

The young girl, though gay and happy herself, easily perceived that deep grief must be hidden under that resigned and patient demeanour.

With the quick impulse of a kind heart, she detained her companion, and, addressing the young man,—

“Sir ——” said she, anxiously.

He started, and raised his head, and could not conceal a tear from her searching glance.

“Sir,” she rejoined, almost ashamed of her own boldness, “you appear to be unhappy. May I inquire the cause of your sorrow, for if I can assist you in any way, pray say so; or, perhaps, you will kindly give my aunt your arm, and accompany us to our apartments.”

The young man got up; but, instead of offering his arm, he glanced uneasily at his tattered clothes.

"Do not be proud with us," said she, gently.
"You need not be afraid to trust us."

A smile of gratitude beamed on the haggard face of the young artist, who instantly offered his arm to the old lady.

"Do you live far from here?" asked the happy girl.

"At the top of the house."

"And we on the first floor," said she, as they paused on the first flight.

"Are you Mademoiselle Martinez, then?"

"I am the same, sir. May I ask your name also?"

"Joseph Haydn, the son of a poor wheelwright at Rohrau. I came to Vienna under the auspices of the chapel-master, M. Reiter."

"Why, he was my master!" interrupted Mademoiselle Martinez.

"And mine also," said Haydn, blushing.

"And you are ——"

"A musician, mademoiselle."

"Then why do you not give lessons?"

Haydn only answered by a significant glance at his shabby clothes.

"I will be your pupil, monsieur. You shall teach me to sing. Do you agree?" said Mademoiselle Martinez, with an engaging smile.

A gleam of joy suddenly lightened up the expressive face of our young musician.

"Really I do not know if I may," said Haydn, refusing the chair offered to him, and obstinately remaining standing.

"Sir, I am of age—mistress of my own actions," continued Mademoiselle Martinez, "and of my own money. My dear aunt here is much more a friend than a guardian; so you can take me as a pupil without consulting my grandparents. M. Reiter often used to mention one of his pupils, a young man whom he thought a good deal of, named Sepperl."

"Sepperl is the short of Joseph," said Haydn, blushing.

“Then you are Sepperl,” exclaimed Mademoiselle Martinez. “Then we already know each other. You are alone—a stranger——” And here the young girl paused, unable to utter the word “poor,” which had risen to her lips—“friendless in this large city of Vienna. Being a stranger myself, I can feel for your position. Be a brother to me, and pray accept a lodging in my house, and a seat at my table. Come and give me a first lesson.”

That same evening Mademoiselle Martinez introduced him to Metastasio, who lived on the flat immediately above her own apartments.

Thus lived in the same house the greatest lyric poet and the greatest musical composer of the time; but there was this difference, that the poet lived in luxury, loaded with favours from the court, whilst the poor musician had often passed days in bed, having neither wood wherewith to light a fire, nor money to procure any. Now he had a roof to shelter him, and the

certainty of a daily repast, and proper clothes to wear; nevertheless those who met him never suspected for a moment that the clothes he wore were the only ones he possessed, and that the food of which he partook so sparingly was his first and only meal in the day.

One day Mademoiselle Martinez was obliged to leave Vienna suddenly, on urgent private affairs. Metastasio returned to Italy, and Haydn was again left alone and penniless in the great city.

The landlord of the house where he lodged very soon gave him notice to quit, as the apartments were now let to fresh occupants.

Haydn did not allow himself to be told twice to leave; so he instantly tied his scanty wardrobe in a pocket-handkerchief, and departed, not knowing where he should seek shelter for the night.

V.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

ALL day long Haydn wandered, bundle in hand, through the streets of Vienna, till at length, passing through the faubourg of Leopoldstadt, heat, fatigue, hunger, and exhaustion, compelled him to enter a barber's shop. The honest man, taking him for a customer, placed a chair, and hastened to fasten a towel under his chin. The poor youth allowed him to do it, having no longer strength to resist. The barber took the shaving-brush and soap, and was preparing to exercise his calling, when, suddenly stopping short, the soap in one hand, and brush in the other, cried out in surprise, "What can you want with me, sir? Why, you *have* no beard at all." Obtaining no answer, he looked again at his customer, and perceived that he had fainted. The poor know, perhaps, better than

the rich how to feel for those that suffer. The pallid cheeks of the youth told only too plainly that hunger alone had reduced him to this state of weakness. The kind barber hastened to call his wife and daughter, and, with their assistance lavishing upon him every tender care, carried him to bed.

Haydn, thus thrown by chance among such kind friends, gladly consented to lodge at their house until he could find means of turning his musical talent to account. He tried every expedient to gain a little money, knowing the worthy family with whom he lived were themselves but badly off. At eight o'clock in the morning he might be found in the choir of the convent of the Brothers of Charity; at ten o'clock he played the organ in the Count of Haugwitz' chapel; at eleven he sang at high mass in the cathedral. And yet his hard morning's work brought him in only a few pence. But God, who is often pleased to try

our faith, and never fails to recompense those who take courage and rely on His merciful love, soon vouchsafed an answer to his prayers ; for about this time he became intimate with Porpora, the Italian composer, from whom he gained much valuable assistance.

Several compositions of Haydn's now attracted the notice of Prince Esterhazy ; but Nicholas, successor to this prince, did still more for the young composer, he attached him definitely to his person as private chapel-master. The luxury of his new position, far from injuring his talent, only developed its full strength and beauty. Rising at daybreak Haydn's first care was always to dress with exquisite neatness ; like Buffon, who could only study in lace-sleeves, Haydn was unable to do anything unless his toilet was complete. In other respects his modesty equalled his immense talent, he was perfectly free from jealousy, and would please the great artists of his day with his unaffected

earnestness; for instance, he never could pronounce the name of Gluck without the greatest enthusiasm. At the first representation of Mozart's "Don Juan," public opinion was divided, and they referred to Haydn for a decision.

"I am not a worthy judge," said he, with admirable modesty; "all I know is, that Mozart is incontestably the very finest composer in the world."

At the coronation of Leopold II. Mozart directed the performance of "La Clemenza di Tito" at Prague. Haydn was invited to assist, "No, no," said he, "where Mozart appears Haydn cannot venture to show himself." When old age came upon him, his weakness terrified him so much that he refused to see any one; and to all those who called to inquire after his health, he would send a card on which was written "*Meine Kraft ist dahin*" (My strength is exhausted.)

From that time he only once quitted his

retreat at Gumpendorf, and that was to be present at an ovation, which had been prepared for him by some of his noble and wealthy admirers. He was so overwhelmed with excitement and gratitude, that they were obliged to carry him away before the conclusion of the concert, in the very middle of his oratorio of "The Creation," executed by three hundred performers. He died two months afterwards, the 31st May, 1809, at the age of seventy-seven years.

AMÉDÉE NAUMANN,

OR

THE LITTLE PEASANT OF SAXONY.

I.

THE BLACKSMITH.

“AMÉDÉE, have you been to fetch the coals?” screamed out one morning, in the month of August, 1753, Fabri, a locksmith in the village of Blessewitz, near Dresden, to a little peasant-boy of about eight years of age, who was sitting on the door-step, singing sadly a native air, to which he was beating time with a hammer on the nails he was pointing.



NAUMANN

"I am just going, sir," replied the child, and then continued his song.

"Will you answer properly, and not like that, you young vagabond?" replied the locksmith, roughly, "and make more haste, than you are doing now, or else I will make you sing on the other side of your mouth, by giving you a few kisses from my hammer!"

Frightened at this threat, Amédée quickly got up, for he knew only too well from experience that it might soon be put into execution. He was just taking up the basket to go in search of the coals, when he felt a rough hand seize him on the shoulder, and turning round, saw it was the locksmith's wife, who, with raised hand, cried out,—

"What are you doing there, you idle little monkey? You ought to be upstairs rocking the baby whom I have had the greatest trouble in the world to put to sleep. Ah, these peasant children are fit for nothing but to sing."

“What! not come back yet? Look out for your shoulders,” vociferated the husband.

“Not upstairs yet? Take that!” said the woman, giving him a heavy blow on the cheek, which he vainly tried to evade.

“Whom am I to obey?” cried out the poor boy, with the tears in his eyes.

“Me! Me!” exclaimed both husband and wife at the same moment.

“Do try and agree with one another, for I cannot be both upstairs and down at the same time,” said Amédée, trying vainly to free himself from the iron grasp of the locksmith’s wife.

“How dare you argue, you bad boy?” said the latter, giving him a second box on the ears, “Go upstairs this minute, and rock baby, or I will give you another!”

“Let him fetch the coals first, Margaret,” interrupted the locksmith, “and he can go up and rock the baby afterwards.”

"His mother confided him to my charge," replied Margaret, "so he must obey me first."

"His father apprenticed him to me, so he must obey me, or else be thrashed," retorted the locksmith.

"We'll see about that!" added the woman, releasing the child's arm and saying, "Go up directly, and if I hear the baby cry, you may expect such a beating as you never had in your life before!"

"Go and fetch the coals, or you shall know which hand is heaviest, mine or my wife's," said the locksmith.

Amédée, who knew from experience how to appreciate his master's threats, finding himself free, reflected that of the two evils he had much rather be beaten by the woman, so he seized the coal-basket and ran off.

"Won't I give it you for this impudence?" screamed his mistress after him, as she saw her prey escaping.

"Come back quickly, or your back will smart for it!" shouted the locksmith.

Though Amédée was a good way off, this double menace did not fail to reach him, and to quicken his steps, but all of a sudden he recollected that he had forgotten to ask for the money to pay for the coals. What should he do? the coal-merchant had refused to give further credit.

Stopping short, in the middle of the road, with the hot sun shining full on his head, he burst into tears.

"Oh, good and gracious God, have mercy on me!" and his large tearful blue eyes gazed imploringly towards heaven.

The child's piteous expression, his sweet and plaintive voice, the despair stamped on his every feature, the tattered condition of his clothing, excited the pity of a passing stranger.

"What is the matter, poor little boy?" asked he, as he tried to force a piece of money into the child's reluctant hand.

"I did not ask for charity, sir," replied Amédée, drawing back.

"Then I will not offer it," said the stranger; "but you were crying, so I thought it was the best way of consoling you!"

"Yes, I know I am crying," said the child, half-choked with sobs. "Whatever I do I always get beaten for it."

"By your father or your mother?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, sir, fathers and mothers never beat their children!"

"Who is it, then?"

"My master is so dreadfully hard and cross," said the child, only too glad to unburden himself of his troubles. "M. Fabri, the locksmith, who lives in the market-place, is so cruel; and as to his wife, sir, oh, I cannot tell you how bad she is!"

"Then who is your father? and where does he live?"

"My father is a labourer, who lives a long way from here, for it takes a whole night long, with my short legs, to get from master's house to ours, but to come back it takes a good deal longer."

"However it must be exactly the same distance," said the stranger, laughing at this remark.

"So it is, sir, yet I declare to you it does take much longer to come back than to go. For look here, sir, every Saturday at this time of year (for in the winter I have no such luck), at eight o'clock I start home, and I get there at a quarter to five in the morning, and when I go back again I leave home also at eight o'clock, but I never reach master's till seven o'clock, so you see, sir, that the road is much longer going back ——"

"It is very possible, my boy, that in going back you walk more slowly."

"Well, sir, when I am going to see my father

and mother, and brothers and sisters, I hardly feel the distance, yet I keep saying to myself every step, ‘What a long way it is!’ and coming back I get tired directly, and yet, when I reach master’s door, I always say to myself, ‘What! here already?’”

“Poor child! and now tell me why you were crying just now when I met you?”

The child related in the same simple and quaint way the contradictory orders of husband and wife, his own perplexity now that he found he had forgotten the money for the coals, and finished by saying,—

“My father sent me to Monsieur Fabri to learn the trade of a locksmith, but instead of teaching me, the husband makes me run errands, and his wife sends me to rock the baby to sleep, so I learn nothing and am always being beaten. I don’t call this being apprenticed, do you, sir?”

“No, indeed, my boy! but since you have

kind parents, why do you not go home and tell them all this?"

"My father has so many mouths to fill, that one extra would make a great deal of difference to him."

"What is your father's name?"

"Jean Naumann, a labourer at Blessewitz, near Dresden."

The stranger reflected a moment, and then said,—

"I live at Dresden, at the school of the Holy Cross. Go and ask your father to allow you to come to me to-morrow morning. I am Professor Jean Messenius. Do you think you can remember the name?"

"Oh, I think I should, indeed! for except my own father, you are the only man that ever spoke to me kindly in my life!"

"Very well," said the professor; "and if you prove as intelligent as I hope to find you, your education shall cost your family nothing."

“How kind you are, sir!” said Amédée, whose pretty face was now radiant with joy; “but master’s coals, that he is waiting for, and mistress’s baby, which is crying to be rocked?”

“Give me the coal-basket, I will see to all that,” and Jean Messenius took the basket out of the child’s hand, saying, “Then, goodbye till to-morrow, when I shall expect to see you at the school of the Holy Cross;” and the professor started on his way.

“Our clergyman is quite right; when one calls upon God for help, Hé always sends it!” said Amédée, and then, looking furtively round to make sure that no one was watching him, he took a path across the fields, and ran quickly in the direction of his father’s farm.

II.

THE VIOLINIST.

AMÉDÉE'S arrival threw his family into the greatest consternation, until the child had explained how he was beaten every day, either by the locksmith for not executing his errands promptly enough, or else by his wife for not rocking the baby to sleep. When he had related his piteous tale, his father said to him,—

“ You have done quite right, my boy ! but you ought to have complained before ! ”

When the boy then spoke of his meeting with Professor Jean Messenius, of Dresden, his father remarked,—

“ But Dresden is so far off ! ”

“ But if I start very early I shall get there quite as soon as the other pupils ! ”

The next day Amédée rose long before every one else, and putting some provisions into a

little leathern pouch, he set out with light steps and joyful heart to walk the distance between Blessewitz and Dresden.

The doors of the college were opening just as he presented himself there with a crowd of other little boys, who looked at him with astonishment and curiosity.

“Where can that boy come from, with his burnt face and dirty hands?” asked one of the youths, standing near him.

“Partly from the farm, partly from the forge,” replied Amédée, coolly.

“And what have you come here for?”

“Why, for the same purpose you come for yourself!”

“That’s good, now!” remarked one of the pupils, whose dress was very smart. “I can tell you, my friend, that instruction here is not given for nothing!”

“Sunshine is, though!” retorted Amédée so quickly, that all the pupils exclaimed,—

“Bravo!”

How often it is that a ready wit and a well-turned answer find favour everywhere, and the boy's hearty, open manner secured him from further molestation.

Amédée entered with the pupils; until now all had gone smoothly enough, but when all were seated, each at his own desk, the newcomer was obliged to remain in the background, not seeing a vacant place. It was at this moment that Jean Messenius perceived him,—

“This is well,” said the professor to him, “this promptitude speaks well for you;” and he ordered a bench and a desk to be placed for him, while he himself furnished him with the necessary books.

After a few hours the class was dismissed to reassemble again in the afternoon, Amédée, once out of school, felt a momentary embarrassment as to what he should do with himself, but this feeling soon disappeared at the sight of a church.

"I will go to the house of God," he said to himself, and he advanced towards the sacred edifice; but before entering he paused under the portico, thinking quite properly that it would be irreverent to eat his food in the interior, so he sat down outside, and began to eat his scanty lunch with unalloyed pleasure.

"You seem to be very merry," said one of the pupils who had preferred playing in the square to going home to his parents.

"Because I think myself the happiest boy in the world!"

"You are easily pleased then," added the former, contemptuously.

"Perhaps I am," answered Amédée; "but I should be hard to please, indeed, if it were otherwise; I have the kindest of fathers, the most loving of mothers, and brothers and sisters who love me dearly. I am not going any more to Monsieur Fabri's forge; and instead, I am come here to the college at Dresden, where I am to learn

all sorts of grand things, writing, reading, arithmetic, singing, the piano, and then—and then—I don't know what—in fact, all that a fellow can possibly want to know!”

“Stuff!” said the pupil, “you are a greenhorn and a beginner; everything fresh is charming at first, but you will tell a different tale at the first imposition!”

This prospect of punishment did not disconcert Amédée; he thought, and justly too, that he should never require one if he conducted himself well; and, indeed, for the next three years he never once incurred his master's displeasure.

At this time, Amédée, although only eleven years old, was one of the most remarkable boys in the college; music was his favourite occupation, he even devoted the hours of recreation to this study, and the progress he made was astonishing. It is well known that the Germans are naturally musical; they teach their children to sing as soon as they can speak, and it is by no

means uncommon to hear music in the humblest cottages. Every Sunday parents and children pass the whole evening in choral singing on their door-steps.

One Sunday, on a beautiful summer evening, a stranger, who had been tempted to linger till a late hour in the neighbourhood of Blessewitz, stopped before a little cot in surprise at hearing sounds issue from it, which would have been no way out of place in a grand opera house. Several persons were singing, accompanied by a piano played in a masterly style; the stranger entered without hesitation, and begged permission to listen to this extraordinary concert.

“Pray sit down and do so by all means, if you like it,” said the father of this family circle, offering a chair; the stranger accepted it, and what was his surprise when he saw that the performer who played so beautifully on the piano was a little boy with flaxen curls and soft youthful features!

“What time! what a touch! what precision! Surely your son will become a very remarkable musician!” said the stranger to M. Naumann.

“Alas, sir!” said the labourer, “I shall consider myself happy if he should one day be fit to become schoolmaster at Blessewitz, then the children of this village will no longer be obliged to walk every day from Blessewitz to Dresden, which is what my poor boy does night and morning in order to learn to read.”

“Make a schoolmaster of a boy like that! My good friend, that would be a grand mistake,” cried the stranger: “to bury such talent in a small country village would indeed be casting pearls before swine! Who is his singing-master?”

“Nature, sir.”

“And his piano-master?”

“Partly myself, sir, partly his mother, and chiefly nature, as I said before, as the youngster

knows a great deal more about it than either his mother or myself."

Amédée gazed with astonishment, first at the stranger, who was a young and good-looking man, and then at his parents, who seemed enchanted to hear the praises of their son.

"This boy was never meant to be a school-master; he was born an artist and a musician, and that is what you must make of him," said the stranger, decidedly.

"But how, sir?" asked Naumann, with a desponding shake of the head.

"Let me see," said the stranger thoughtfully. "Ah, I have it; since this child attends the College of the Holy Cross, he must know Jean Messenius, who is an old friend of my father and myself. You can ask him who I am, and he will tell you that I belong to the chapel royal of Stockholm. My name is Alberghi; I am in a capital position; and though only twenty-two years old, I am convinced I shall become a celebrated violinist;

and in order to improve myself I am now going to Padua in Italy, where I shall take lessons from the famous Tartini, that world-famed master, who earned from his admiring hearers the title of ‘*Il maestro delle nazioni*’ (Master of nations). So much for myself. Now listen to what I propose doing for your son. Confide him to my care——”

“What! must I leave home again?” interrupted Amédée.

His mother, snatching him to her breast, cried passionately, “Separate me from my son! —never!”

“Now listen, wife,” said Naumann; “and you too, Amédée, and you can decide afterwards. —You were saying, sir,” added the labourer, addressing himself to Alberghi.

“I was saying that if you would trust the boy to me, Monsieur Naumann, I would go on with his singing, and teach him the violin. You give me a rough, unpolished diamond, and, if I

may so express myself, without any value; but I engage to restore him to you a few years hence, a musician of whom Germany will be proud and Italy jealous. What say you, my little friend?"

"I say, sir, that it seems all very grand," replied Amédée.

"Talent leads to fortune," added the young Swede; "and I see here a goodly household of brothers and sisters, not to mention the father and mother, to all of whom a few more comforts would be acceptable."

"Oh, if you can but show me any way of helping my family, I will follow you to the very ends of the earth," said Amédée, with much feeling.

"I will make a musician of you, so far I pledge myself, the rest will depend on yourself."

"Oh, then, you need not be at all uneasy about the rest," answered Amédée warmly.

"But I can never consent to my son's

departure," put in Madame Naumann, whose anxiety was increasing every moment.

"Dear mother, I am going to earn a fortune for you," said Amédée, fondly kissing her.

"And what do I care for a fortune if it take you away from me?" said his mother tenderly; "one of your kisses is worth all the money in the world to me, my darling."

"Now do be reasonable," interrupted her husband, in a tone of authority, but with much emotion. "Let our son go, since this gentleman, who is a friend of the learned Jean Messenius, is willing to take care of him. We ought to love our children for their sakes, and not for our own. However, let Amédée decide for himself; it is his affair."

Then Amédée, with tears in his eyes, advanced to the stranger, saying,—

"Sir, we are very poor, but, as you see, we love each other dearly. My mother cries over my departure already; my father says nothing,

but his heart is sad, I know ; my brothers and sisters will sob bitterly when I leave them. But you have promised to make me a musician, and a clever man ; so, on my part, I promise to love you and obey you as I should my own father. Here is my hand upon it, sir."

The stranger took the little hand kindly in his own, and said, as he pressed it warmly,—

"This is well, my young friend. You shall find in me a second father."

Jean Messenius gave Alberghi the highest praise, both as regarded his private character and his musical talent ; so that the Naumann family began in perfect confidence to prepare for the departure of their son Amédée.

On the appointed day Alberghi ordered his carriage to fetch the child from his father's cottage. He entered it with his pupil ; and as the vehicle rolled through the streets of Blessewitz, the astonished inhabitants said one to another, "It is a grand thing for little Naumann to drive in a carriage in search of fortune."

III.

AMÉDÉE IN ITALY.

ON his arrival in Padua, Amédée despatched a letter to his parents full of confidence and hope. Poor child ! he little thought what kind of life he was going to lead in Italy.

“ Shall I take my lesson to-day ? ” asked he every morning of his protector.

“ Brush my clothes, polish my boots, and prepare my breakfast,” was the only answer the chapel-master ever vouchsafed him.

Then his master would go out, and remain absent till the evening, when his *protégé* would say, while his eyes swam in tears,—

“ Shall I take my lesson now ? ”

“ No ; to-morrow,” harshly replied his tyrant.

“ Ah, well ! let it be to-morrow then,” was the child’s mournful reflection.

But the morrow was the same as to-day, and

Amédée saw with bitter grief the weeks roll by without any prospect of fulfilling the promises made to his parents.

“Am I come to this lovely country,” would he say to himself each evening, as he crept into his lonely bed, “only to be a servant where I should have been a pupil?”

He did not dare, however, to inform his parents of the cruel deception practised on him ; he feared to grieve them, and besides, like every child who possesses an open, affectionate disposition, he always hoped to receive greater kindness and consideration in the course of time.

One evening Alberghi desired the boy to attend him with his violin-case. Amédée obeyed in silence, and they repaired to a magnificent palace, where everything seemed arranged for a grand entertainment. A number of fashionable and gaily-dressed people thronged the court, the gardens were illuminated with brilliant, variegated lamps.

His master took his violin, and entered a splendid saloon, Amédée remaining behind in an ante-chamber.

Soon the concert began, and one of the musicians executed a solo on the violin so beautifully, that Amédée, forgetting all his troubles, rushed precipitately into the concert-room, loudly expressing his admiration. His progress was arrested by a tall footman, who said angrily,—

“Holloa, youngster! how long have lacqueys been allowed to go into the drawing-room without orders?”

“Oh, I forgot myself, sir,” said Amédée, recollecting himself; “but please tell me, sir, the name of the musician who has just been playing?”

“You don’t belong to Padua, I am sure, if you do not recognise Signor Tartini,—il maestro delle nazioni!”

“Am I at Tartini’s?” said Amédée, glancing

into the saloon, and endeavouring to get a peep at the celebrated violinist. "Is it to Tartini, then, that my master goes every day to take lessons?"

"Yes, he does, and a great many others besides, for we have a number of pupils here, and some already famous."

Amédée remained silent, for an idea struck him at the moment.

"I must ask one other question," said Amédée, after a moment's silence. "Does Signor Tartini give lessons to anybody?"

"To all those who pay for them. They do say—though for my part I don't believe it—that if he happens to find a pupil who is remarkably clever, he will not take payment. I doubt it very much, as I know for certain that your master, Signor Alberghi, pays, so does Madame Sermain, and the Signors Hagui, Nardini, Pasqualino, Bini, Ferrari, Carminati, and Capazzi, all pay, and pay well, too."

"I wish I could see him!"

"That's easy enough, he is coming towards you now; he is just bowing to Signor Alberghi."

"What! that fine old man?" asked Amédée, in surprise.

"Did you think he was a young man then? Signor Tartini is sixty-five to-day."

Amédée was standing in deep contemplation before the great artist, when Alberghi tapped him on the shoulder and said,—

"Come along, and carry my violin."

"Yes, sir," and Amédée took up the instrument, but instead of carrying it away, as he was ordered, he slipped it under a table, then following his master, but taking care to keep a tolerable distance behind him, so that when he reached home the door had already closed on Alberghi. He then knocked, and entered in his turn, but to his dismay, found himself in presence of his master, who had not yet gone up-stairs.

"What now? where's my violin?" exclaimed the latter, when he saw Amédée empty-handed.

"I forgot it," stammered forth Amédée.

"You forget everything!" said Alberghi, sharply. "I must have it to-morrow morning before twelve."

"So you shall, sir," replied Amédée, quietly.

"And, by-the-bye," cried his master, "I desire you do not wake me again, as you do every morning, by scraping that violin of yours."

Amédée made no reply.

IV.

TARTINI.

THE next morning Amédée dressed himself, as smartly as he could, combed and curled his beautiful fair hair with almost ludicrous dandyism, put on a clean white collar, and then

offering a short prayer to God for help and courage to accomplish his great desire, he started for Tartini's house.

As he walked along, the young peasant thought over his intended interview, seeking the most persuasive and touching words and accents ; and if anybody had seen him threading the narrow streets of Padua, talking and gesticulating to himself, they would certainly have taken him for an idiot.

He arrived, trembling and breathless, at the door of the great musician.

"Is Signor Tartini at home?" inquired he of the porter.

"Follow the sound of the violin now being played, and you will reach his apartment;" then observing the frightened air of the boy, the porter added, kindly, "My master is alone; go up."

But poor Amédée's heart utterly failed him at the words, "He is alone." The bare idea

that he, a poor ignorant peasant boy, was going to present himself before the greatest violinist in the world, took away his breath, and he stood, as it were, rooted to the ground, the servant burst out laughing at his dismay, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said,—

“Come, get along with you! Why, what a simpleton the child is!”

Like a machine put in motion by some hidden spring, Amédée walked on silently to the door of an apartment before which hung a curtain. Here he stopped short, to listen to the melodious sounds of a violin, which may, perhaps, have been surpassed in power by the enchanted bow of Paganini, but which have certainly never been rivalled in sweetness or delicacy.

Amédée was about to lift the curtain and enter the room unannounced, but a fit of shyness again seized him; frightened and bewildered he leant against the doorway, unable to see

anything, and conscious only of the exquisite music which emanated from behind the curtain and thrilled through his heart and brain.

A lady passed by, and seeing the boy thus wrapt in thought, she could not repress a smile.

“What do you want, little boy?” said she, in a whisper, for she also felt the charm of these magic sounds; Amédée made no answer, he had not even heard her; at last, when the lady touched him gently, the boy screamed as if he had been shot, then, and without raising his eyes, he murmured piteously,—

“Hush! do leave me alone! that music comes from heaven!”

At these words the lady could not help bursting into a hearty peal of laughter, the violin was silent, the curtain was raised, and Amédée found himself suddenly face to face with a handsome old man, and a lady whose countenance already showed signs of age.

“Who on earth is this, Blanche?” asked the old gentleman.

“Orpheus infused life into stones, but you, my dear Tartini, work greater marvels, for you change human beings into stones: only look at this boy!”

“What do you want, my young friend?” asked Tartini, kindly.

“I never shall—dare!” stammered Amédée.

“That’s a pity, for your manner pleases me much, and I am quite willing to grant any favour you may desire of me!”

“Oh, if that were true!” replied Amédée, gaining courage, more from the friendly manner of the old gentleman than from his promises,—“if that were true, sir, you would give me more than life itself; for you would be helping to relieve my parents. Oh, they cried so when I left them: my brothers, my poor little sisters—it is so hard to be away from them all!”

Tartini seated the sobbing child between him-

self and his wife, and questioned him about his family, and the reasons that had brought him to Padua.

Amédée gave a very clear account of himself, dwelling on the grief he had felt that his whole year's residence in Padua should have been wasted in cleaning boots, brushing clothes, and in cooking and running errands for his master.

"Do you wish me, then, to speak to him, and ask him to give you the lessons he promised?"

"No, it is not exactly that."

"I do not understand you, then: what is it you want of me?"

"What I want is," repeated Amédée, with desperate resolution, "is this, to be present when you give lessons to your pupils, to sit in that corner there; I won't move,—I won't stir a finger, only listen, that's all. Oh, you are never going to say no, sir; if you do it will kill me!"

"I am very willing that you should do as you wish, but that will not be of much use to

you, my poor boy, you must have some preliminary instruction ; can you handle the bow at all ?”

“ Oh, yes, I learnt that all by myself,” answered Amédée, eagerly.

“ By yourself ?” repeated Tartini and his wife in the same breath.

“ I was obliged to do it, because my master never taught me anything.”

“ Hem ! I should like to hear what you can do.”

Tartini then placed his own violin in the hands of the child, who, touched to the heart by so much kindness and by such an honour, which he was quite able to appreciate, instantly began to play with such a light and artistic touch, that Tartini exclaimed, “ You will be my best pupil, Amédée Naumann. This is your first lesson. Who composed that music you have just played ?”

“ I did,” replied Amédée with so truthful, and

yet so complacent a tone that the old lady exclaimed laughing, "*You did!*"

"I did indeed, madame, it is very bad, I know; but what would you have? There is no harm surely in praying the devil to do as much for me as he did for Signor Tartini."

"Oh, yes!" said Tartini, laughing, "you mean my Devil's Sonata: now do you really believe that the devil taught me that?"

"I have always heard so, sir."

"Now listen," continued Tartini, very seriously; "I should be very sorry that so remarkable a child as you appear to be should share in the common belief of ignorant people. I dreamt of the devil certainly: but I will tell you what the dream was.

"In the year 1712, when I was twenty-one years old, Veraine of Florence, my master, rival, and friend, used to tell me so often that in order to play or to compose well, one must have seen the devil, that one night I dreamed that

this evil being actually appeared to me ; I made a compact with him : the devil, in fact, became subject to my will. Everything succeeded to the utmost extent of my desire, my wishes were even anticipated by this new slave of my will. I fancied, still dreaming, that I gave him my violin, that I might see whether he could play anything worth hearing. What was my surprise to hear him execute a sonata, so original, so superior, so artistic, that nothing so far as I could imagine had ever been composed like it. Astonishment and delight positively suspended my breath, and I awoke overwhelmed by the violence of my feelings. I instantly seized my violin in the hope of remembering some portion of the wonderful melodies which I had just heard ; but it was impossible : the piece I composed, however, on that occasion was the very best I had ever written. I called it the *Sonate du Diable*, although it was very far inferior to that which had so curiously affected me, and I should have

broken my violin in despair and given up music altogether had I dared to deprive myself of the enjoyment which it procures me."

After this recital Tartini, still vividly impressed by these recollections of his early days, remained for a moment silent, and then dismissed his new pupil by a gesture.

Amédée Naumann remained eight years longer in Italy. It was owing to this long residence there in his early youth, that he acquired the perfect knowledge of Italian composition, which distinguished his later productions. His reputation increased yearly, and Gustavus III. made him splendid offers in the hopes of attracting him to his court. Amédée Naumann could boast of an honour which no musical composer had ever before enjoyed: a king was his poet laureate, for the Swedish monarch wrote with his own hand the poetry of "*Gustavus Vasa*," which Naumann set to music.

He returned to Saxony, his native land; one

day while walking at Dresden in the Elector's Park, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and died on the 25th March, 1801, at the age of fifty-six years.

AMÉDÉE WOLFGANG MOZART,

OR

THE LITTLE WIZARD.

I.

THE PRAYER TO SAINT JOHN NEPOMUCENIUS.

ONE fine morning in the month of April, 1762, two children, a little girl of eight years old, and a boy, two years younger, were descending the vine-clad sides of Kosohéez, at the foot of which the rapid and beautiful Mordun river flowed noisily along, and then lost itself in the ancient forests of Bohemia.

Instead of running along with the happy carelessness of childhood these two young crea-



MOZART

tures holding each other by the hand, walked slowly along with downcast eyes and clouded features, a thoughtful gravity unsuited to their age subduing the graceful and arch playfulness, which seemed of rights to belong to them.

Their appearance indicated poverty rather than comfort; and although the colour of the little girl's frock was faded, though the boy's clothes were ragged, and patches of some different material were neatly stitched in at the elbows and knees, it was evident, nevertheless, from the coquettish arrangement of their carefully combed locks, and the delicate cleanliness of their hands and faces, that a careful and anxious mother attended to their wants. They held a large piece of bread in their hands, and every now and then their eyes looked longingly at it, but still they never touched it. When they had reached the bottom of the hill, and were about to wander under the shade of the

green forest-trees, the little boy broke the silence and said, "Did you notice, sister, mother's manner when she gave us our breakfast this morning, and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but dry bread?'"

"Yes, brother, she was crying," answered the little girl; "I saw her tears, and her look which seemed to say, There is nothing but bread in the house, so you must be thankful for that. But why do you cry, Wolfgang?" added Frederika, bursting into tears herself.

"I cry because you cry," replied Wolfgang, bursting into tears in his turn, "and also because I have nothing but dry bread for breakfast!"

"Poor little fellow!" said Frederika, kissing away the tears from her brother's eyes, "I hope you may never have greater griefs; but come now, eat your bread!"

"I am not hungry!"

"Oh you greedy boy, if there were some grapes on it you would not require pressing."

"Indeed, sister, I am no longer hungry!"

The little girl drew her brother to her, and pushing back his hair from his forehead, said,—

"I will give you a kiss, and then tell you what I have been thinking of this morning, only I fear you are too young to give me any advice!"

"Too young! are you so very big yourself?" said Wolfgang, in a tone of comic indignation.

"You must own I am bigger than you!"

"By a few inches perhaps,—that's a great deal to be proud of!"

"Besides I am older!"

"Just a few months only."

"By some years, sir. But come, don't let us be angry. Let us count," said Frederika, gently. "I was born the 30th of January, 1754."

"And I the 27th of January, 1756," interrupted Wolfgang.

"That makes two years."

"All but three days."

“Very well, let it be so, two years all but three days; but let us return to what I was going to say. It was about trying to help our parents.”

“Oh, *do* speak then, sister; what shall we do?”

“That’s just the very thing I was thinking about. What can we do? What can we do?”

“Perhaps if we were to pray to God, He would give us an idea,” said Wolfgang.

“So we will, brother; let us pray this very moment; we will kneel under this tree. We can see heaven through the boughs. God will see us, perhaps!”

“And He will hear us also! Mamma told me He heard and listened to all children who prayed for their parents.”

“Oh! then He will be sure to hear us favourably,” said Frederika, clasping her hands.

Wolfgang knelt at the side of his sister, and placing the piece of bread on the ground so that his hands might be free, said,—

“ Shall we pray, sister, to our Lady of Loretto, or to our great saint, Nepomucenus ? ”

“ First, to the great saint, John Nepomucenus ! ”

“ Then begin, sister, and I will repeat after you ! ”

The little girl began to pray aloud to the Saint of Bohemia, the boy repeating after her ; and they both prayed so heartily, and with such earnestness, that they never perceived an elderly man of noble and distinguished appearance standing at some distance from the tree at the foot of which they were kneeling.

II.

ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENIUS' AMBASSADOR.

“ Good Saint John Nepomucenus, give Frederika and me the means of helping and of being

useful to our parents," continued the little boy after his sister had finished.

"We have said our prayer, now what shall we do?" said Frederika, rising from her knees.

"I have found the means of helping our parents," said Wolfgang, getting up also.

"So soon?"

"Yes, it came into my head whilst we were praying."

"Did St. John Nepomucenus whisper it into your ear?"

"I do not know whether it was St. John or the good God, but these are the means I have thought of. I can play pretty well on the piano, and I might even say that I do not compose badly, only mamma has told me so often not to be vain; and though you have not the same talent as I have for the piano, yet you do not play at all badly for your age."

"Do you see that dirty little child?" interrupted Frederika.

“Do not interrupt me, Frederika, or else I shall forget all about my idea. Well, we have both rather pretty faces, particularly you, my sister: well, some fine morning we will set out, hand in hand, as we did just now, and we will go a long way off, and we will stop at all the fine houses we pass on the road, and go in, and you, Frederika, shall begin to sing, then some one will come out and say, ‘Oh what pretty children!’ they will make us go in, and will ask us to sit down and eat,—but instead of that I will go to the piano——”

“If there should be one,” interrupted the little girl.

“As if there were not pianos everywhere in these days, but you bother me with your interruptions;—I was saying, I shall go to the piano, get up on the music-stool, and I will play; I will play so that everybody will be enchanted, then all the people will kiss us and want to give us sugar-plums and toys, and offer you fine

clothes and ribbons, but we will not take anything, and I will say, 'Pay in money if you please, so that I may take it to father and mother.'"

"You are as wise as an owl, I declare," said Frederika, dancing about and throwing her arms around Wolfgang's neck. "Give me a kiss."

"Besides, this is not all," replied Wolfgang, complacently, allowing the sisterly embrace; "so just listen, and let me finish my idea. The king will hear us spoken of, he will send for us, I shall put on my best clothes, and you your smartest dress, and we will go together to the king's palace; we shall be shown into a grand drawing-room, where there will be some beautiful ladies,—so beautiful that none were ever seen like them before, and gentlemen in embroidered coats, the furniture all golden, and a piano,—such a piano! the case made of pure gold, the pedals of silver, the notes of pearls, and diamonds

sparkling everywhere; we will play,—the court will be so charmed; every one will surround us, and will kiss us; the king will come and ask me what I should like, I will answer, ‘Whatever it pleases your majesty!’ he will give me a castle, and I will give it to my father and mother!”

A loud laugh here interrupted the little boy’s grand ideas. Wolfgang, frightened, looked at his sister, and then turning round perceived a stranger, who, during the whole of the children’s conversation, had been hidden behind a tree, and had heard every word of it. The stranger, finding he was discovered, advanced towards them, and with the greatest difficulty keeping his countenance, he said to Wolfgang,—

“Do not be frightened, children, I will not hurt you; I am come to do you good, the great Nepomucenius sends me to you!”

At these words the brother and sister exchanged looks with each other, and commenced

scrutinising the pretended emissary of the tutelar saint of Bohemia.

This scrutiny seemed to satisfy them, for the little boy rushed towards him, and taking him by the hand, said, with the charming familiarity of childhood,—

“That is all right, you will give us all we want then !”

“No, no, not all at once !” replied the stranger, and sitting down on the mossy trunk of a large tree, he placed Wolfgang by his side, and beckoned to the little girl to draw nearer, he then said, “I will promise to grant your wishes on condition that you will tell me the whole truth upon every point that I shall question you upon. I warn you at once that I shall know if you tell me any falsehoods.”

“Sir, I have never told an untruth in my life !” replied Wolfgang, indignantly.

“Well, I shall see ! What is your father’s name ?”

“Leopold Mozart.”

“What is he?”

“Chapel-master; he plays the violin and piano, but best on the violin.”

“Is your mother living?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How many brothers and sisters have you?”

As the little boy did not answer, the little girl said,—

“There were seven of us once, sir, but now we are only two—my brother and myself.”

“And is your father so very poor, my dear child?” asked the stranger.

“Oh, yes, very, very poor indeed, sir; look!” said she, holding up the piece of bread, which they had neither of them touched; “this is all the bread there is in the house, and father and mother kept none for themselves. Every morning, when mamma gives us our breakfast, she says, ‘Go and eat it in the fields, my dear children;’ and I know that is only because we

should not see that they go without themselves."

"Poor children!" said the stranger, with visible emotion; "where do you live?"

"Up on that hill, sir; in that little cottage of which you can just see the roof," replied Wolfgang.

"Is it the house which belongs to Dussel?" asked the stranger.

"A musician, the same as father? Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"Poor children!" replied the stranger, wiping away a tear. "Tell me, when I saw you just now praying to the great Nepomucenus, what you were asking for?"

"I was asking him to find me some way of earning money for my parents, so that my brother and myself need not be the only ones in the house who have a breakfast to eat. Wolfgang says he has found the way, but I very much fear ——"

“If Wolfgang speaks the truth, and he is really a good performer on the piano, and yourself likewise, his idea might possibly be carried out, and I will do all I can to help you.”

“My brother is so good a musician that he is not only able to play at sight, but he composes very pretty pieces,—at least, papa thinks so.”

“How old is your brother?”

“Six years ; and I am eight.”

“And is so young a child as this able to compose?” exclaimed the pretended ambassador.

“You seem to be very much surprised at it, sir,” said Wolfgang, laughing ; “but if you doubt me you had better come home with us, and then you will see.”

The stranger pulled out his watch, reflected a moment, and said, in a tone half joking and half serious,—

“My dear children, the great Nepomucenius,

Bohemia's beloved saint, commands me to tell you to go home at once, and to remain there all day, and before night you shall hear from me again. Go!"

The stranger was upon the point of withdrawing, when Wolfgang stopped him by pulling hold of his coat.

"One word more, sir, before you return to heaven,—where, of course, you live, being the friend of the great Nepomucenius ——"

"What are you going to ask, brother?" interrupted Frederika, trying to prevent Wolfgang from continuing, when the latter whispered something in her ear.

"No, no!" exclaimed she, "that will not be right. No, Wolfgang, I will not let you."

"What is it, little woman?" asked the stranger.

"She will not let me ask you to beg the great Nepomucenius to send some dinner to mother," replied Wolfgang so quickly, that Frederika

had no time to prevent him. "He could do so; could he not, sir?"

"Certainly he can; so your mother may expect one. What else do you want? Speak; do not be afraid."

"A coat for papa, who has not been able to go out and give lessons for some days, because his was so shabby."

"What else?"

"Why, a beautiful dress for mamma."

"Anything more?"

"This is quite enough, brother," said Frederika, with the delicacy of feeling inherent in well-brought-up children.

"Be quiet, sister; I must ask for something for you."

"I will not have anything. You are encroaching on the gentleman's kindness."

"Although I quite appreciate your sister's delicacy," said the stranger, "yet I command

you, in the name of the great Nepomucenus, to make known all your wants to me."

"Well, what I want besides is a great palace, and lots of servants, so that mamma need not worry herself with housekeeping any more. This is all, I think."

"But you have asked nothing for yourself."

"Oh, that is not necessary, for if you give my father all he requires, I shall want for nothing."

"Goodbye, you darling child, goodbye; I shall see you again shortly."

Saying these words, the stranger withdrew. He disappeared so quickly behind the thick forest trees that the children were much surprised.

"Do you think he will send us any dinner as he says, Wolfgang?" asked Frederika, taking her brother's hand, and turning homewards.

"I am *certain* he will," answered Wolfgang, in a voice full of assurance.

"For my part, I think the gentleman is making game of us."

"Well, we shall see," replied young Mozart.

III.

THE PROMISES FULFILLED.

As soon as the two children reached home, they were met at the door by a neat, respectable-looking woman still young, who said, sadly enough to them,—

"What! have you neither of you touched your bread?"

"We were not hungry, mother," quickly replied Frederika.

"What has made you lose your appetite?"

"Just fancy, mamma, sister and I have just

seen the great Nepomucenius's ambassador, the saint papa so often tells us about."

"Indeed! let me hear all about it, Master Wolfgang!" said a fresh personage with a good-tempered face, who entered at this moment.

The two children called out,—

"Dear old papa! just picture to yourself a great, big, handsome man, with a beautiful face and the air of a king!" continued Wolfgang.

"What makes you think it was Nepomucenius's ambassador?" asked the chapel-master.

"He told me so."

"What proofs did he give you of it?"

"What proofs? Oh, you will see! He is going to send you a coat, a dress to mamma, something for my sister, and a good dinner for us all."

Monsieur Mozart could not help laughing at this absurd speech of his son and said,—

"And do you believe all this, my boy?"

"Nepomucenius's friend told me, dear old dad!"

“He was laughing at you.”

“Laughing at me! why should he laugh at me? If you had but seen him, you would not speak so: his face was so kind. What should you say if, instead of this poor little house, we should have a palace? Oh, ever since I have seen this gentleman, this little dark room vexes me.”

As the little Mozart said this, he looked disdainfully round him at everything in it; and no wonder, for the room served them for kitchen, dining and drawing-room; on one side was a high and large fire-place with saucepans hooked up at the side; on the opposite side was a piano, over which a violin was hanging from the ceiling: in the middle of the room was an old wooden table with a few straw chairs around it.

“So we are to have a palace among the other things!” said Mozart good-temperedly.

“Yes, papa, and a palace full of servants to

wait upon us. Why, mother, what are you doing?" asked the child, seeing that she had begun to prepare some dinner.

"Why, I am preparing the dinner while waiting for the servants to come."

"Dinner! dinner! why I told you that some dinner is coming, already cooked. Don't you hear me, mother? already cooked, and well cooked, too?"

The father and mother were just going off into a hearty peal of laughter, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

IV.

THE SONATA.

It was a covered cart, and from it came a cook, a scullion, and all the appendages of a good dinner.

“This is sent by the person whom Wolfgang Mozart met in the forest this morning,” said the cook on entering, who then placed on the table, as fast as the scullion took them from the cart, dishes with prepared viands on them, and bottles of the choicest wines, and everything requisite for an excellent dinner.

“Could you tell me, my good friend, who it is that has sent us all these good things?” asked Mozart of the cook.

“I cannot satisfy you,” replied the latter, very respectfully.

The chapel-master insisted.

“Your son knows, sir, who it is that sent us.”

“Yes!” said Wolfgang; “and Frederika knows him also; it is the ambassador and friend of St. John Nepomucenus.”

“For goodness’ sake explain this mystery,” said Mozart, gravely.

The cook replied,—

“Sir, I cannot tell you anything, except that

the dinner is paid for, so that you can eat it without fear. If you wish to know more, beg your son to place himself at the piano, and compose a sonata, and the person will appear ; do not ask me any more questions, for it is impossible for me to answer them."

The dinner being served, the cook and his scullion withdrew, and drove away in the cart, leaving the Mozart family in a state of incredible amazement.

Little Wolfgang soon broke silence, and said,—

"Well, you see, I told you true!"

"I thought the gentleman was only laughing at us, brother, but I believe now it was St. John Nepomucenus's ambassador."

"Come, my dear children, let us sit down to table," said Mozart the elder ; "the generous man who sent us this delicious dinner is neither a saint nor the ambassador of one ; but whoever he may be, we will drink his health, and

though his name is unknown to us, his memory will live for ever in our hearts; we will give him our best wishes in return for his kindness."

My young readers will readily picture to themselves, how very merrily this meal must have passed; the Mozarts had not partaken of so splendid a repast for many a long day. As to the children they had never seen so grand a feast before, and were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, when the neighbouring convent clock struck two: Wolfgang immediately jumped up from his chair.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother of her son.

"To compose a sonata to make the dinner-giver appear!" said Wolfgang, pushing a little footstool towards the piano, and standing on it, as he was so little that his elbows scarcely reached the keys, and began to play.

He played, first of all, a few scales with a

clearness and precision that was quite wonderful in so small a child; warming up gradually the scales were changed into chords; next he began to compose so exquisite and charming an air that the chapel-master and his wife remained dumb with amazement. Then abandoning himself to the fantastic forms of a luxuriant childish fancy, his hands glided carelessly upon the keyboard; his fingers scarcely pressed the notes, yet some vibrating under a master's touch thrilled with melody, while others seemed to acknowledge his caress, by such sweet subdued tones, that tears sprang to the eyes of Mozart's father. Moved beyond expression by the exquisite harmony of Wolfgang's music, every one forgot alike the feast and the stranger whom they had expected to appear with the first chords of the improvised music.

“Come and kiss me, my darling boy!” exclaimed the chapel-master, with the enthusiasm natural to one who shared, in some degree, the

genius of the child. "With God's help, and that of our Blessed Lady of Loretto, and the great saint, John Nepomucenus, you will some day become a great musician, a great composer, and a great man. But how can I get you pushed in the world, I know not; for no one will care to help a poor, little, ignorant, obscure boy. Who will help you to emerge from the obscurity which my poverty places you in? Who will protect you?"

"I will!" exclaimed a voice from outside; it was that of the stranger.

At the sight of him Wolfgang ran and shook him heartily by the hand saying,—

"Here is our holy saint's great friend!"

But no sooner had the chapel-master caught sight of him, than he arose quickly, and with the deepest respect knelt down before him, exclaiming,—

"His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, Francis the First!"

V.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENIUS.

A FEW days after this adventure, Madame Mozart was weeping, and packing up all that was necessary for the departure of her husband and son.

“Do not cry, wife,” said the chapel-master, “for it is God’s providence manifesting itself already in our dear son’s welfare. We are going to the court of Maria Theresa, our beloved empress, who is as clever as she is beautiful. We go there invited by her august husband himself.”

“Yes; but it seems so hard that at the early age of six years he should begin a life of labour and toil,” said the poor woman, choking with sobs.

“I shall be working for you, dearest mother, so my life will be one of pleasure,” exclaimed

Wolfgang, throwing himself on his mother's neck.

An hour afterwards the chapel-master and his son were on their way to Vienna. Their journey offered no remarkable incident.

As soon as they arrived, the emperor requested the pleasure of seeing them the next day. At the same time orders were given to make preparations for a grand concert. All the gentlemen and ladies were invited to hear the wonderful child.

The next day Mozart went out to pay some visits to some old friends, and on his return he found his son capering about the room.

"I have said my prayers," said he to his father, "and exercised my fingers, and now I am reposing myself."

"Funny sort of repose," remarked his father, laughing.

"Every one takes it as he likes best, father."

The evening came, and Wolfgang was con-

ducted to the imperial palace by his father. The chapel-master was dressed in black; his son was dressed in court costume, in a little coat of violet cloth, over a watered silk waist-coat of the same shade, rose-coloured small clothes, white silk stockings, and buckles on his shoes. No young marquis could have looked better.

The master of the ceremonies ushered them into the concert-room. No one had yet arrived.

The first thing Wolfgang noticed was the magnificent piano, before which he was so soon to be seated. His father was conducted to a balcony which looked into the beautiful gardens of the palace, Wolfgang remaining alone in the magnificent and immense concert-room. He seated himself before the piano, and his tiny fingers were running over the keys with wonderful rapidity, when he heard a child's voice say to him,—

“Oh, how well you play! Are you young

Mozart, whom every one has been talking about for the last two days?"

Wolfgang turned round, and saw, standing close beside him, a little girl, about seven years old, beautifully dressed, and of surpassing loveliness.

"How beautiful you are!" was the young Bohemian's sole reply.

"That's what I am told every day, but I don't care to hear it at all," replied the little girl. "Answer me, are you young Mozart?"

"Yes, beautiful young lady."

"And who taught you to play so beautifully on the piano?"

"My father."

"Is not learning tiresome work? You must have worked very hard to be able to play so well; have you not?"

"Yes; and it tires me dreadfully sometimes. But then I always pray to the great Saint John Nepomucenus to give me courage and strength, and he always listens, and grants my prayers."

“Who is this great saint?”

“The Saint of Bohemia!”

“Why do you call him the Saint of Bohemia?”

“Because his statue stands on the bridge of Moldavia, in Prague!”

“But that is no reason,” said the little girl impatiently.

“I know his history,” said Wolfgang, “and if you like I will tell it to you.”

“Oh, yes, do tell me all about him!”

“Listen then. A long time ago,—a very long time indeed, there lived at Nepomucenus a vicar of the Archbishop of Prague, who was very good,—oh so good, and who gave so much away in charity, that he had nothing left for himself, so that often he was obliged to go to bed without any supper, as in the morning he had given his dinner to the poor. His name was John Welfin, and he was a very holy man. Well! one day the Archbishop of Prague came to Nepomucenus, and confessed to his vicar; the

next day Wincellaus, who was then king, sent for the vicar.

“‘I command you,’ said the king, ‘to tell me what the Archbishop’s confession was that he made you yesterday!’

“‘I cannot tell you, sire,’ replied the vicar, very respectfully, ‘for confession is sacred.’

“‘But I insist upon it!’ said the king, angrily.

“‘I am very sorry, sire, but I cannot tell you,’ again answered John Welfin.

“Then the king immediately put himself into a great passion; he threatened to have the vicar put to death in an ignominious manner if he did not betray the Archbishop’s confession.

“‘Neither gold nor silver, nor threats nor tortures, will make me speak,’ replied the vicar; ‘confession is sacred, I repeat again.’

“The king, finding he could not obtain anything from him, ordered him to be put to death: so poor John Welfin was led by some ruffians to the bridge of Moldau, where, notwithstanding

his tears and entreaties, he was thrown into the river, which was particularly deep in that place. People say his body was never found, because, instead of sinking to the bottom, it was carried up into heaven by an angel ; and John Welfin, who was a poor man on earth, is now a saint in heaven, the patron of Bohemia, and he has well merited his happiness."

As Wolfgang finished his story, he heard a great rustling of silk dresses, &c., and looking around him, he was surprised to see that the room, which was so empty but a few minutes back, was now filled with beautiful dames and noblemen. He got up with blushing cheeks and nervous agitation.

"Do you not recollect me?" asked a gentleman, approaching him.

"You are the Emperor!" answered Wolfgang, staring at him.

"And here is the Empress Maria Theresa," added the king, leading young Mozart towards

a lady of about forty-five years old, but still in the prime of beauty: she received the child with the greatest affability.

Young Mozart was then conducted to the piano, before which he placed himself, and smiling at all those who were standing around him, he began to play. He showed such facility of touch, that his little fingers seemed to play with the keys, passing from a lively air to a melancholy one, with the most beautiful harmonies. The illustrious audience were so wonder-struck and delighted with his extraordinary talent, that they absolutely shouted with joy.

“Wolfgang knows the keyboard so thoroughly that he could play with his eyes shut,” remarked his father.

“Cover up the piano, and you shall see,” said Wolfgang.

And he really did play with the greatest accuracy and precision though the notes were covered up. When he stopped out of breath

and tired, large drops of perspiration bedewed his poor little face, and the empress signed to him to approach her.

Wolfgang jumped from the music-stool to obey her majesty's signal, but whether from not being accustomed to walk on the polished flooring, or whether from nervousness and emotion, he made a false step and fell.

The little girl, whom we mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, screamed, and rushed to help him up.

"Are you hurt?" she asked him, in so sweet and gentle a voice, that Wolfgang replied,—

"You are more beautiful than you were even just now. Will you marry me?"

The little girl burst into a merry laugh, and answered,—

"That can never be, dear boy."

"Why not? we are about the same age."

"But you are only a poor little musician."

"But I will become a great one."

“And I am Marie Antoinette, archduchess of Austria.”

“What of that? I will marry you just the same,” replied Wolfgang, to the great amusement of all the noble assemblage, who were unaccustomed to such simplicity.

Alas, my young readers! this very same little girl that Mozart had, in his childish simplicity, chosen as his wife, had a fearful destiny to accomplish. Years after, the very same day that Mozart, the great composer, was publicly crowned by the Viennese,—that very same day this young girl, who had become queen of France and wife of Louis XVI., was insulted by an infuriated people, and two years later she mounted the scaffold.

Strange and mysterious fate, now hidden from human eyes, and of which no one could foresee the end, nor guess its aim.

But let us return to our young hero. The empress, charmed with his intelligence and

amiable disposition, allowed him to associate in the games of the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette, who was one year older than he was.

Wolfgang was only eight years old when he appeared at the Court of Versailles in 1763 ; he played on the organ in the royal chapel, and it was said his playing was equal to that of any of the great masters.

At this period he composed two sonatas which he dedicated to the royal princesses. In 1768, Mozart returned to Vienna, where he composed a comic opera called "La Finta Semplice." At fourteen he produced his "Mithridate," which had a run of twenty consecutive representations.

In 1776, Mozart went to Paris a second time, when "Alceste," an opera of Gluck's, was performed. This opera was not successful, and Glück was in the green room receiving condolences from his friends, when a young man rushed into his arms filled with tears.

"Oh, the barbarians! the stony-hearted creatures! What can be done to move them?" cried he.

"Console yourself, young man!" replied Glück; "thirty years hence they will do me justice!"

This young man was no other than Wolfgang Mozart.

Mozart died at thirty-six years of age. It was in composing his famous "Requiem" that he felt his end approaching.

"I am working for my funeral rites!" he observed.

And, indeed, the ardour of composition heightened the fever already in his veins; and at one time his wife, by order of the physicians, was obliged to take away his manuscript; however, he grew better and proceeded with his work, but death came before he had brought it to completion.

The "Agnus Dei," which now closes the "Re-

quiem," was like the dying song of the swan. It breathes the deep religious fervour tinged with melancholy which filled the soul of the expiring musician. A few hours before he died Mozart glanced once more at the "Requiem," the mass for the dead, and said,—

"Was I not right when I told you that I was composing my own death-song?"

Mozart departed this life on the 7th of December, 1791.

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