



## LITERATURE.

## GIVE ME MUSIC.

Give me music, glorious music;  
Let its airy sweetness swell  
Till my soul and all my senses  
Are enthralled within its spell!  
'Tis a thing of wondrous power,  
For it danceth in each vein,  
Till it paints the cheek with crimson,  
And brings paleness back again.

Hark! with what a wild tornado  
It leaps forth upon the air:  
With its trumpet voice of bravens,  
It provokes the soul to dare,  
And my wildest aspirations  
All come rushing on again,  
Till a thousand burning wishes  
Hold their revel in my brain!

But 'tis softer—growing softer;  
I could almost melt in tears,  
And I see as in a vision,  
The sweet home of early years;  
The glad birds are blithely singing  
On the balmy summer air.

And deep eyes are gazing on me,  
As I bend in childhood's prayer;  
Then a silent, firm hand pressing,  
And a mournful, sad adieu,  
And the magic scene dissolveth  
Like a mist upon my view.

Softly still that plaintive music,  
And a thrill runs through my frame,  
For it skirts upon the margin  
Of the deepest, darkest pain.  
Death! death! doth cast its shadow,  
O'er the clearest, brightest skies;  
Oh! spare me, gentle music,  
Ere the tears o'erflow mine eyes!

Bold and strong it swells and echoes,  
And my heart is all alive,  
'Midst the busy paths of life  
To encounter, dare and strive.  
Give me music, glorious music!  
Let it come in varied streams;  
Oh! life is radiant, beautiful,  
In such enchanting dreams!

THE DISCLAIMER;  
A TALE OF ROME.

BY R. T. TUCKERMAN.

I KNOW of few situations more favourable to the indulgence of a habit, doubtless of unquestionable utility in these utilitarian days, although sanctioned by the example of no less a personage than Geoffrey Crayon, the habit of day-dreaming, than that of a traveller when cosily enclosed within the narrow limits of Italian *vetturo*. If the coach is old, the steeds superannuated, and the *vetturino* utterly devoid of Jehu ambition, as is ordinarily the case—if the road abound in long winding declivities—if the passengers be taciturn, and the quiet sunny atmosphere of early Autumn prevail, such a combination of circumstances will produce upon his mental mood somewhat the effect of lateral sunbeams shining through richly colored windows, upon the marble floor of a cathedral. The images of Memory and Hope will appear magnified, and lit up into soothing beauty, as revealed by the mellow light of musing. At least, such was my experience during the afternoon of a long day, the evening of which we designed to pass under shelter of the seven hills whence the thunders of ancient eloquence and war were so lavishly fulminated.

Aroused by the exclamation of a Tuscan friar, my next neighbour, who had mistaken a semi-circular cloud floating in the far horizon, for the dome of St. Peter's, I began to note the state of things around. Our humble locomotive was creeping up a hill formidable only from its length, and the customary murmur of paupers at the windows was blending with the rumbling of the carriage and the monotonous cheerings of the *vetturino*. Suddenly a face peered in at the window, so singular and startling in its features and expression, as to convey an impression never to be forgotten. The beggar throng seemed to have been awed into a retreat by the stranger's appearance; so that the idea, that he was of the same fraternity, was banished as soon as suggested. Grasping the knob of the coach door, and leaning over till his long dark beard rested on the window sill, he gazed with stern mournfulness upon us, and muttered, in a subdued, quiet tone, alternately in German and Italian, 'I didn't do it,' till our vehicle reached the summit of the mountain, when at the renewed

speed of the horses, he stopped, waived his hand, looked after us a moment, and was entirely lost to view.

While we were tarrying at the gate, to obtain the requisite signatures to our passports, a fine-looking old gentleman, one of the occupants of the cabriolet, perceiving my thoughts were still upon the remarkable intrusion we had recently experienced, seemed disposed, to converse on the subject.

"Was not that a head for Salvator's pencil?" he asked.

"Ay, think ye he could not unfold a tale meet for Dante's Inferno?" inquired the friar.

The old man seemed somewhat offended, and turned away without replying.

"Can you tell me ought of this man?" I asked.

"Signor," he replied, "perhaps I can. We shall doubtless meet, ere many days, at the Caffè or on the Pincian."

He was interrupted by the officer who returned us our passports, and in a moment after we were rattling on the fountain in the Piazza del Popolo, most of us absorbed in the thousand varying emotions with which the stranger for the first time enters the Eternal City.

Whoever would effectually banish the disagreeable impression which the first view of the ruins of the Forum, when seen by the garish light of day, almost invariably induces, should early avail himself of a moonlight evening, to renew his visit. The wood merchants, lounged among their cattle and diminutive carts—the score of antique excavators, and the groups of improvidents are then no longer visible, and the scene exhibits something of the dignity which we spontaneously associate with Roman ruins. At such a season I had perambulated, more than once, the space between the Arch of Titus and the Temple of Peace, and began to wonder that no other sojourner had been tempted by the auspicious light to roam thither—for the moon was nearly full, and the atmosphere remarkably clear, when, happening to glance toward the Coliseum, I saw a stately figure emerge from the pile, as if to answer my conjecture. There are circumstances under which the sight of a human being—simply as such—in an event of profound interest. Thus it was on this occasion; and I stepped from the shadow of the ruin near which I was standing, that the stranger might be aware of my presence. Immediately his steps were directed toward me, and while yet at some distance, the voice in which his salutation was uttered, convinced me that my aged *campagnonda* voyage was approaching. In a few moments we were seated upon a bench which some labourers had left among the leaves, muffled in our cloaks; and thus the old man spoke in answer to my entreaties for his promised tale.

"It is a curious study signor, to trace the inklings of superstition where the general character is vivacious or its elements intense. And it is, perhaps, impossible for an unimaginative mind to understand the deep interest which urges some men daringly to touch the sensitive and latent chords of the human in order to call forth their mystic music. Yet with Carl Werner, the love of thus experimenting was a passion. Not that he lacked susceptibility; on the contrary, the very refinement of his feelings led him to speculate upon the deeper and more intricate characteristic of his race. Deeply imbued with the transcendental spirit which distinguishes the intellectual men of his country, his curiosity was essentially ideal. Several years ago he arrived in Rome, and was soon domesticated in the family of Christoforo Verdi, whose suit of apartments were directly above a range of studios in one of the most extensive buildings in the Via Condotta. His rooms, as you must be aware, if you have many acquaintances among the German residents here, were at this time a great resort for Northern artists. Bernice Verdi, his only child, was one of those beings who seemed destined to pass through life without being justly apprehended even by their intimates. There was a peculiar want of correspondence between her ordinary manner and real disposition. She was playful rather than serious, and yet between a winning sportiveness of demeanor, strange and deep elements of feeling and fancy were glowing. Between Carl and Bernice there grew a strong sympathy; and yet the sentiment could not be called love. Indeed her habitual treatment of her father's young friend was what the world would call coquettish. She was ever railing him on his peculiarities, and he was ever acting the philosopher rather than the beau. But the truth was she deeply revered Carl, and was drawn toward him by his very isolation and kindness; and he saw farther into her character than any one else, and was sensible of an interest such as the consciousness of his insight alone, would naturally inspire. Bernice was nervous and excitable in her temperament, and susceptible to the awful in romance beyond any being I ever knew. Carl wielded this influence with the freedom and power of an imaginative German. She felt his sway, and, like other acknowledged victims in the social universe, strove, perhaps unwittingly, by an assumed appearance to keep out of sight reality.

"Carl came to Rome professedly as an artist; but the views, the motives, the very spirit of the man were as totally unlike those which influence and characterize the multitude of students of painting and sculpture who frequented this region, as his physiognomy; and that, you are aware, is sufficiently remarkable. One trait, which I observed at once, was sufficient to distinguish him from the herd. So wide and seemingly impassible, in his mind was the chasm between conception and execution, that his genius, inventive and active as it was, appeared completely thwarted and bewildered. The few results of his exercise with which I am acquainted, were called forth by the appeal of friendship; and these were altogether insufficient to rescue the young German from the charge of idleness and apathy brought against him, sometimes with no little asperity, by some members of his fraternity. But Carl duly received his remittances, discharged his obligations, contributed his moiety toward convivial enjoyments of his compatriots, and molested no one; and, therefore, he was permitted to enjoy his eccentricities in comparative peace. One or two letters were, indeed, forwarded by a pretentious acquaintance to his nearest relative, suggesting the expediency of incarcerating him

in an insane asylum; but as no notice was taken of the epistle, it is presumed they shared the common fate of voluntary advice, and were treated with perfect indifference, silent indignation, or contempt. The conduct which induced such a procedure was in truth, such as an ordinary observer would naturally ascribe to mental aberration; and strictly speaking, it might have been thus accounted for philosophically. Carl passed the greater part of every night amid these ruins; his speculations on the obelisks treasures of the Vatican, and even on the opera performances, were as intelligible to most persons as they were intrinsically peculiar. But the chief peculiarity was that to which I have alluded—a disposition to play upon the minds of his fellow-beings, by addressing the hopes and fears through the medium of imagination. I could not now relate the thousand anecdotes I have heard in illustration of the force of this propensity in him. The single, fatal instance, of the effect of which I was personally to witness, will suffice.

"One evening, while Carl and several of his brother artists were enjoying their coffee at Christoforo's, the conversation turned upon portrait painting, and finally upon the attempts of artists to portray themselves. Bernice—who just before had related a dream, in which several of the old portraits in the Barberian Palace seemed to her suddenly endowed with life, and to converse on some of the political interests of their times—railed Carl as being the only one of the *coterie* who had not attempted his own likeness.

"Confess Werner," said she, "that the fear of not doing justice to thy notable phiz has deterred thee from any endeavour to prepare even a sketch for thy friends in Leipsic. I doubt if thou wouldst allow Titian and Raphael, should they re-appear, to share the honor of depicting thee." Carl made no reply save by composedly sipping his favourite beverage; and when the laugh had subsided, the subject was forgotten in the discussion of some other topic.

"One fine afternoon, a few days after this interview, Carl and Bernice incidentally met on the dark stairway. It was not usual for the former to go forth at that hour, and the latter was in a conversable humour. By way of beginning a colloquy, she begged the loan of a particular drawing. Werner as usual expressed his readiness to oblige her, and hurried on; but after descending a few steps he turned round, as if a sudden and important thought had struck him.

"Bernice," said he, "go not to my room for the sketch; I will bring it thee in an hour."

Having thus spoken, he hastened away, the iron shod heels of his boots ringing on the stone stairs, till he reached the street door—then returning, with a noiseless tread, to his studio, he so arranged the window curtains as to exclude all light except the chattering rays that gleamed through the upper panes, and shot obliquely across the room, leaving the side which was hung with paintings in shadow. Here he had previously stationed an easel, upon which rested a fresh and richly draped portrait, while from its edge, masses of green cloth fell in folds to the floor, so that nothing but the projecting top and slanting position of the machine rendered it cognizable. To cut out, with a sharp penknife, the head from the picture, and insert his own living head in its place, to comb the hair and whiskers outward upon the canvass so as to render it impossible to distinguish the actual from the portrait, to fix his dark, deep eye upon a distant point, and compose into death-like quietude the lines of his expressive countenance,—all this with Carl was but the work of a moment.

"Meantime Bernice might be heard restlessly pacing the narrow bounds of her little *boudoir* overhead, her mind occupied precisely as Werner had anticipated.

"What can he be about?" she musingly inquired; "now what if we have laughed him into taking his own portrait?" A capital joke, truly to broach at supper to-night! What, the independent, self-sufficient Werner who lives in the clouds, spurred into unwonted action by the ridicule of us—common mortals? Ha! ha! There can be no harm in taking a single peep into his sanctum. By this time he is on the other side of the river, or in the villa Borghese. And with these reflections, Bernice ran down, and stole gently into the apartment of the very mysterious artist.

"Her eye fell directly upon the countenance of Werner.

"Conceited as ever!" she exclaimed, regarding the elegant drapery depicted upon the canvas; "and the likeness, poh! that's no better than it should be; the brow is too ample, the eye too expressive; that scornful play of the lip, though, is right. Well, I suppose this flattered, wooden-looking portrait must be lauded as the best product of the pencil since Vandyke's time, and all because of the industrious, affable and gifted Carl Werner of Leipsic!"

As Bernice uttered the last sentence, in a tone of irony, she fixed her gaze upon the eyes of the portrait. The echo of her words seemed marvellously prolonged, and just as it died away, the solemn chant of a priestly tram, about to administer the last sacrament to the dying inhabitant of the next dwelling, stole mournfully up from the street. The latent superstition of Bernice was awakened. Her gaze became more steadfast. She thought, she dreamed, nay, she felt that those eyes were reading her soul as they full oft had done; the electric fluid which only living eyes can communicate was perceptibly radiated; the very lips seemed wreathing into a menacing smile, and the lines of the forehead working as she had seen them in his thoughtful moods. She would have given worlds to have withdrawn her gaze; but the allusion was too complete. She knelt down from very feebleness and awe, and folding her arms fervently upon her bosom, as if to still its audible throbbings, she gazed on like a fascinated bird. Cold dew distilled upon her brow; the fever of her blood dried it away, and its surface was calm, cold and unmoistened, like newly-chisled marble.

"Her emotions, individually intense as they ever were, in their now concentrated energy were momentarily growing more unendurable. She leaned forward in an agony