

villa without the city, and for a time remained secluded within its walls. It was at this crisis that the Englishman I have before mentioned arrived in Rome. My lady, who mingled little with the gaieties of the city, had not beheld him; but she could not have been unacquainted with him by report, as every tongue was loud in his praises. A rumour of his successes with other dames had reached my lord; nay, I have reason to believe that he had been thwarted by the handsome Englishman in some other quarter, and he sedulously prevented their meeting. An interview, however, did take place between them, and in an unexpected manner. It was the custom then, as now, upon particular occasions, to drive, during the heats of summer, within the Piazza Navona, which is flooded with water. One evening the marchesa drove thither: she was unattended except by myself. Our carriage happened to be stationed near that of the young Englishman.

'The marchesa was beautiful, no doubt?' I said, interrupting him.

'Most beautiful!' and so your countryman seemed to think, for he was lost in admiration of her. I am not much versed in the language of the eyes, but his were too eloquent and expressive not to be understood. I watched my mistress narrowly. It was evident from her glowing cheek, though her eyes were cast down, that she was not insensible to his regards. She turned to play with her dog, a lovely little greyhound, which was in the carriage beside her, and patted it carelessly with the glove which she held in her hand. The animal snatched the glove from her grasp, and, as he bounded backwards, fell over the carriage side. My lady uttered a scream at the sight, and I was preparing to extricate the struggling dog, when the Englishman plunged into the water. In an instant he had restored her favourite to the marchesa, and received her warmest acknowledgments. From that moment an intimacy commenced which was destined to produce the most fatal consequences to both parties.

'Did you betray them?' I asked, somewhat impatiently.

'I was then the blind tool of the marchesa. I did so,' replied the old man, 'I told him all the particulars of the interview. He heard me in silence, but grew ashy pale with suppressed rage. Bidding me redouble my vigilance, he left me. My lady was scarcely now ever out of my sight; when one evening, a few days after what had occurred, she walked forth alone upon the garden-terrace of the villa. Her guitar was in her hand, and her favourite dog by her side. I was at a little distance, but wholly unperceived. She struck a few plaintive chords upon her instrument, and then, resting her chin upon her white and rounded arm, seemed lost in tender reverie. Would you had seen her, signor, as I beheld her then, or as one other beheld her! you would acknowledge that you had never met with her equal in beauty. Her raven hair fell in thick tresses over her shoulders of dazzling whiteness and the most perfect proportion. Her deep dark eyes were thrown languidly on the ground, and her radiant features were charged with an expression of profound and pensive passion.

'In this musing attitude she continued for some minutes, when she was aroused by the gambols of her dog, who bore in his mouth a glove which he had found. As she took it from him, a letter dropped upon the floor. Had a serpent glided from its folds, it could not have startled her more. She gazed upon the paper, offended but irresolute. Yes, she was irresolute; and you may conjecture the rest. She paused; and by that pause was lost. With a shrinking grasp she stooped to raise the letter.

Her cheeks, which had grown deathly pale, again kindled with blushes as she perused it. She hesitated—cast a bewildering look towards the mansion—placed the note within her bosom—and plunged into the orange-bower.

'Her lover awaited her there?'

'He did. I saw them meet. I heard his frenzied words—his passionate entreaties. He urged her to fly—she resisted. He grew more urgent—more impassioned. She uttered a faint cry, and I stood before them. The Englishman's hand was at my throat, and his sword at my breast, with the swiftness of thought; and but for the screams of my mistress, that instant must have been my last. At her desire he relinquished his hold of me; but her cries had reached other ears, and the marchese arrived to avenge his injured honour. He paused not to inquire the nature of the offence; but, sword in hand, assailed the Englishman, bidding me remove his lady. The clash of their steel was drowned by her shrieks as I bore her away; but I knew the strife was desperate. Before I gained the house my lady had fainted; and, committing her to the charge of other attendants, I returned to the terrace. I met my master slowly walking homewards. His sword was gone—his brow was bent—he shunned my sight. I knew what had happened, and did not approach him. He sought his wife. What passed in that interview was never disclosed, but it may be guessed at from its result. That night the marchesa left her husband's halls—never to return. Next morn I visited the terrace where she had received the token. The glove was still upon the ground. I picked it up and carried it to the marchese, detailing the whole occurrence to him. He took it, and vowed as he took it that his vengeance should never rest satisfied till that glove had been steeped in her blood.

'And he kept his vow?' I asked shudderingly.

'Many months elapsed ere its accomplishment. Italian vengeance is slow but sure. To all outward appearance, he had forgotten his faithless wife. He had even formed a

friendship with her lover, which he did the more effectually to blind his ultimate designs. Meanwhile, time rolled on, and the marchesa gave birth to a child—the offspring of her seducer!'

'Great God!' I exclaimed, 'was that child a boy?'

'It was—but listen to me. My tale draws to a close. One night, during the absence of the Englishman, by secret means we entered the palazzo where the marchesa resided. We wandered from room to room till we came to her chamber. She was sleeping with her infant by her side. The sight maddened the Marchese. He would have stricken the child, but I held back his hand. He relented. He bade me make fast the door. He approached the bed. I heard a rustle—a scream. A white figure sprang from out the couch. In an instant the light was extinguished—there was a blow—another—and all was over. I threw open the door. The marchese came forth. The corridor in which we stood was flooded with moonlight. A glove was in his hand—it was dripping with blood. His oath was fulfilled—his vengeance complete—no, not complete, for the Englishman yet lived.'

'What became of him?' I enquired.

'Ask me not,' replied the old man; 'you were at the Chiesa Santa Maria Maggiore this morning. If those stones could speak, they might tell a fearful tale.'

'And that was the reason you did not dare uncloze your eyes within those holy precincts?—a film of blood floated between you and heaven.'

The old man shuddered, but replied not.

'And the child?' I asked after a pause; 'what of their wretched offspring?'

'It was conveyed to England by a friend of its dead father. If he were alive, that boy would be about your own age, signor.'

'Indeed!' I said, a horrible suspicion flashing across my mind.

'After the Englishman's death,' continued Christofano, 'my master began to treat me with a coldness and suspicion which increased daily. I was a burden to him, and he resolved to rid himself of me. I spared him the trouble—quitted home—sought the mountains of the Abruzzi—and thence was dowered to the fastnesses of Calabria, and became—no matter what. Here I am, Heaven's appointed minister of vengeance. The marchese dies to-night!'

'To-night! old man,' I echoed, horror-stricken. 'Add not crime to crime. If he has been guilty of the foul offence you have named, let him be dealt with according to the offended laws of the country. Do not pervert the purposes of justice.'

'Justice!' echoed Christofano, scornfully.

'Ay, justice. You are poor and powerless, but means may be found to aid you. I will assist the rightful course of vengeance.'

You shall assist it. I have sworn he shall die before dawn, and the hand to strike the blow shall be yours.'

'Mine—never!'

'Your own life will be the penalty of your obstinacy, if you still refuse; nor will your refusal save him. By the Mother of Heaven, he dies! and by your hand. You saw how he was struck by your resemblance to the young Englishman this morning in the chiesa. It is wonderful! I know not who or what you are; but to me you are an instrument of vengeance, and as such I shall use you. The blow dealt by you will seem the work of retribution; and I care not if you strike twice, and make my heart your second mark.'

Ere I could reply, he called to his comrades, and in a few moments we were speeding across the campagna.

We arrived at a high wall: the old man conducted us to a postern gate, which he opened. We entered a garden filled with orange-trees, the perfume of which loaded the midnight air. We heard the splash of a fountain at a distance, and the thrilling notes of a night-tingle amongst some taller trees. The moon hung like a lamp over the belvedere of the proud villa. We strode along a wide terrace edged by a marble balustrade. The old man pointed to an open summer house terminating the walk, and gave me a significant look, but he spoke not. A window thrown open admitted us to the house. We were within a hall crowded with statues, and traversed noiselessly its marble floors. Passing through several chambers, we then mounted to a corridor, and entered an apartment which formed the ante-room to another beyond it. Placing his finger upon his lips, and making a sign to his comrades, Christofano opened a door and disappeared. There was a breathless pause for a few minutes, during which I listened intently, but caught only a faint sound of the snapping of a lock.

Presently the old man returned.

'He sleeps,' he said, in a low, deep tone to me,—sleeps as his victim slept—sleeps without a dream of remorse; and he shall awaken, as she awoke, to despair. Come into his chamber!'

We obeyed. The door was made fast within side.

The curtains of the couch were withdrawn, and the moonlight streamed full upon the face of the sleeper. He was hushed in profound repose. No visions seemed to haunt his peaceful slumbers. Could guilt sleep so soundly? I half doubted the old man's story.

Placing us within the shadow of the canopy, Christofano approached the bed. A stiletto glittered in his hand. 'Awake!' he cried, in a voice of thunder.

The sleeper started at the summons.

I watched his countenance. He read Christofano's errand in his eye. But he quailed not.

'Cowardly assassin!' he cried; 'you have well consulted your own safety in stealing on my sleep.'

'And who taught me the lesson?' fiercely interrupted the old man. 'Am I the first that have stolen on midnight slumber? Gaze upon this? When and how did it acquire its dye?' and he held forth a glove, which looked blackened and stained in the moonlight.

The marchese groaned aloud.

'My cabinet broken open!' at length he exclaimed—'villain! how dared you do this? But why do I rave? I know with whom I have to deal.' Uttering these words, he sprang from his couch with the intention of grappling with the old man; but Christofano retreated, and at that instant the bigands who rushed to his aid thrust me forward. I was face to face with the marchese.

The apparition of the murdered man could not have staggered him more. His limbs were stiffened by the shock, and he remained in an attitude of freezing terror.

'Is he come for vengeance?' he ejaculated.

'He is!' cried Christofano. 'Give him the weapon! and a stiletto was thrust into my hand. But I heeded not the steel. I tore open my bosom—a small diamond cross was within the folds.'

'Do you recollect this?' I demanded of the marchese.

'It was my wife's!' he shrieked in amazement.

'It was upon the infant's bosom as he slept by her side on that fatal night,' said Christofano. 'I saw it sparkle there.'

'That infant was myself—that wife my mother!' I cried.

'The murderer stands before you! Strike!' exclaimed Christofano.

I raised the dagger. The marchese stirred not—I could not strike.

'Do you hesitate?' angrily exclaimed Christofano.

'He has not the courage,' returned the younger Calabrian. 'You reproached me this morning with want of filial duty. Behold how a son can avenge his father.' And he plunged his stiletto within the bosom of the marchese.

'Your father is not yet avenged, young man!' cried Christofano, in a terrible tone. 'You alone can avenge him!'

Ere I could withdraw its point the old man had rushed upon the dagger which I held extended in my grasp.

He fell without a single groan.

From Hogg's Instructor.

HOME.

'THE dearest spot on earth to me

Is home, sweet home;

The fairyland I long to see,

Is home, sweet home.'

There, where first my breath I drew,

There through childhood up I grew,

There youth's hopes and joys I knew—

At home, sweet home.

There's something ever charming there,

At home, sweet home;

In storm or calm, supremely fair

Is home, sweet home.

Lovely scenes in beauty dress'd

May be loved by others best:

Dear to me, above all the rest

Is home, sweet home.

There my loving parents live,

At home, sweet home;

What a charm this truth doth give

To home, sweet home!

There my gentle sisters grace

With their presence that loved place;

There too smiles a brother's face

At home, sweet home.

Oft my ardent wishes rise

For home, sweet home—

Looking still, with lover's eyes,

On home, sweet home.

Oh, how little do I care

For the world so gay and fair,

When its pleasures I compare

With home, sweet home!

Oft on fancy's wings I fly

To home, sweet home,

And gaze again with raptur'd eye

On home, sweet home.

Retiring from the world of men,

In mind I homeward turn, and then

Life's sunny days live o'er again.

At home, sweet home.

Here, though happy, oft I sigh

For home, sweet home—

Bound by nature's strongest tie

To home, sweet home,

Small and homely though it be,

It seems a world itself to me:

There's no place I e'er can see

Like home, sweet home.

Since memory's purest pleasures spring

From home, sweet home.

Ne'er may my life dishonour bring

On home, sweet home.

Through each vicissitude below—

Where'er I dwell, where'er I go—

Still may a blessed influence flow

From home, sweet home.

There's a place, but not on earth,

Dearer e'en than home—

Happier than my place of birth,

More beautiful than home.

'Tis the land of spirits blest,

Where saints from sin and sorrow rest—

The Christian's last—The Christian's best—

The Christian's heavenly home.

Oh, may I truly look to heaven

As my far better home;

And may a foretaste now be given

Of that bright, sinless home!

There, dearest friends, soon may we be,

A whole, unbroken family,

To share throughout eternity

Heaven's holy, happy home!

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

From the Halifax Times.

THE QUEBEC AND HALIFAX RAILROAD.

A writer in the Montreal papers under the signature H., who is in favour of the scheme of a Railroad from Montreal to Portland, in advocating that line, advances some assertions to the prejudice of the Quebec and Halifax railroad, in comparison with it, which ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed.

He infers from the report of the proceedings of a meeting of the scrip holders of the Portland line, held recently in London, that they are averse to the undertaking, and is led to the belief that one of the causes of their apathy is the conviction that the contemplated Railroad from Halifax to Quebec will go into operation, and that in the prospect of two rival lines to the sea they may have been induced to consider that to Portland a hopeless and unprofitable investment. The superior advantages which a line to Halifax would have over one to Portland, for military, commercial, and emigrational purposes, must be so apparent, that we do not wonder at some such thoughts gaining an ascendancy in their minds, and causing those who had been willing to embark in the Portland scheme, before they had heard of the Halifax and Quebec and Halifax Railway, to withdraw from the former. But the writer, by way of disabusing them of their new impressions, assumes from the fact that the British Government abandoned the project of a Railway from Quebec to St. Andrew's, in favour of a military road to connect the provinces, that it will not engage in the construction of the Quebec and Halifax line, or indeed of any Railway, but will confine its intentions to the construction of a common military road.

Now it is the applicability of a railway from Quebec to Halifax as a military road, which will give it that estimation in the view of the Government, that will lead the latter to take a great interest in the enterprise; and no argument ought to be drawn from the relinquishment of the project of a railroad to St. Andrew's, because that line would not connect the provinces, and would be in effect but of little service for military purposes, being disconnected almost as much as is Quebec at present, from Halifax, which latter place is the principal point of connection between all parts of British America and the Mother country.

That the writer is a mere partizan of the Montreal and Portland line of railway, and writes in entire ignorance of the geography of the country between Halifax and Quebec, is evident—for he asserts that the inhabitants of Lower Canada acquainted with the description of the country between Halifax and Quebec well know that the report of the persons about to be engaged in the Survey, cannot but be unfavorable to the further prosecution of the undertaking. This is a prejudging the question without any data. It is contrary to all the received opinions of the inhabitants of Lower Canada, as they have been expressed at their public meetings; these without exception, being in favor of the practicability of the line so far as the boundary, beyond which (even if so far) we venture to assert, there are but few inhabitants of Lower Canada, who know anything of the country. It would be as well, however, for all parties, to wait for the report of the surveyors, any opinion of the practicability of the line, before they have completed their labours, being premature; though we