

ONE NIGHT IN VENICE.

BY CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.



"THE GONDOLA BESIDE THE TERRACE PAUSING."

"In Love's fair palace dost thou lie embowered,
O Idol of my heart!
By my wish shadowed, by my thought endowered,
From all life's grief apart,
And in my soul outshining sun of morning,
The evening's fairest star:
Ah! than the lily 'neath the moon of heaven
Thou'rt lovelier, lovelier far!"

"I see him gliding to my shaded window;
My eyes are closed in sleep;
Yet in my dream, through all its dusk phantasma,
I see his shadow creep!
The rose vines closing with the kiss of even
Betray his coming now,
Outcasting perfume to his footsteps' crushing
That, rising, bathes my brow.
O fond! O dear one! while my dreams enthrall me
They change to fervent prayer:
I cast a blessing to the air to call thee,
To meet and clasp thee there!"

"The sighing wind, it seemeth, hath been nigh her;
It stirreth soft and fleet
In flying toward me, as a dove unfettered,
With murmurs silvery sweet.
The marble statues in my lady's chamber
Are scarce so white as she,
As sleep-entranced, as angel-watched, she sigheth—
Sigheth, I know, for me!
A white swan o'er a lucid lakelet stealing
Hath motion like her own—
The tender gliding of a new-created
Pure orb that ne'er hath shone.
Ah! might I see her, see her as she lieth
With loosened, waving hair:
So fair by day, she, sleeping, softly dreaming,
Must seem by night more fair.
O strength of Love! O heart that throbs to faintness!
Could I bend o'er her now,
While in her sleep she stirs and starts and listens,
Love's joy upon her brow—
While Hebe calls me with her cup uplifted,
And Psyche parts her veil,
And laughing Ino, with the poppy-crowning,
No more seems still and pale!"

"He stealeth, stealeth to the curtained window;
His song sighs low and deep;
The thrilling sound of his impassioned chanting
Like incense seems to creep;
The gondola beside the terrace pausing,
I seem—I seem to see!
But ah! the picture of my fair, dead mother
Looks fearingly on me!
She beckons swiftly with her jeweled fingers,
With face of pale surprise,
As, leaning o'er me, by my couch she lingers,
Tremulously she sighs;
While rising, rising to my chamber window,
I see the vision now:
The silvery lute across his crimson doublet,
The moonlight on his brow!"

But Hebe drops her cup, her wine outspilling,
And Psyche wails and weeps,
And startled Ino, with a cry upspringing,
No more her laughter keeps.

The crimson vest is dank with deep outpouring
Of life's pure, fervid stream,
Dark'ning the lute, whose sound so sweet upsoaring
Shattered the maiden's dream.

"Nay, nay! no vengeance! Ere my life outwelleth
Swear all shall secret be!
Bid my page cast, lest this sad sight betray thee,
My body to the sea.
That I die for thee in my manhood's summer
Is no reproach, my own!
I came unbidden to thy maiden chamber;
I die and make no moan.
Oh, kiss me! kiss me! kiss me in my dying!
O joy so deep—so fleet!
O cup of Passion! of thy fearful draining
The very dregs are sweet!"

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



CHAPTER XII.

IT became necessary as George Voss sat at supper with his father and Madame Voss that he should fix the time of his return to Colmar, and he did so for the early morning of the next day but one. He had told Madame Faragon that he expected to stay at Granpere but one night. He felt, however, after his arrival that it might be difficult for him to get away on the following day, and therefore he told them that he would sleep two nights at the Lion d'Or, and then start early so as to reach the Colmar inn by mid-day. "I suppose you find the old lady rath-

er fidgety, George," said Michel Voss, in high good humor. George found it easier to talk about Madame Faragon and the hotel at Colmar than he did of things at Granpere, and therefore became communicative as to his own affairs. Michel too preferred the subject of the new doings at the house on the other side of the Vosges. His wife had given him a slight hint, doing her best, like a good wife and discreet manager, to prevent ill humor and hard words. "He feels a little sore, you know. I was always sure there was something. But it was wise of him to come and see her, and it will go off in this way." Michel swore that George had no right to be sore, and that if his son did not take pride in such a family arrangement as this, he should no longer be son of his. But he allowed himself to be counseled by his wife, and soon talked himself into a pleasant mood, discussing Madame Faragon, and the horses belonging to the Hôtel de la Poste, and Colmar affairs in general. There was a certain important ground for satisfaction between them. Every body agreed that George Voss had shown himself to be a steady man of business in the affairs of the inn at Colmar.

Marie Bromar in the mean while went on with her usual occupation round the room, but now and again came and stood at her uncle's elbow, joining in the conversation, and asking a question or two about Madame Faragon. There was, perhaps, something of the guile of the serpent joined to her dove-like softness. She asked questions and listened to answers, not that in her present state of mind she could bring herself to take a deep interest in the affairs of Madame Faragon's hotel, but because it suited her that