will see to that."

## FEAST OF LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Beauty was gathered to grace the board Where the ruby wave of the wine was poured; Ciasps of brilliants and bands of bloom, Warmth and luster and soft perfume; Passionate music, low toned and sweet, Impationt and quick like a heart's thrill'd beat, Or proud and sad, like the gush of song When the chord it touches is deep and strong: Passionate music, at times it crept In a quivering whisper, again it leapt Like a cry of joy from a heart long bowed, Or a lightning shaft from a sable cloud: Beauty and music-perfume and light, Circled the hours of the festive night.

There were brows of beauty and forms of power; Tonos whose gush was a music dower; Proud chiseled lips, and the deep, dark eyes That drink the warmth of Italian skies: The gay, the gifted, the bright, the fair Of Italy's nobles were gathered there. And the fairest one of that wild gay band, With the darkest eye and the snowlest hand, Stood by the lord of the highest rank, And tasted the wine ere the noble drank-A bright boy page, with a lip whose curve Seemed scarcely fitted to sue or serve.

III. Winei winel it flows like a crimson stream, Through the crystal cups till its ruby gleam Shadows a blush on the fairest hand, That raises the draught from its marble stand. The hours speed on and the music's tone Speaks of the gay and the bright alone. Sudden it cesses; a voice is heard, Giear as the note of a forest bird; The form of the singer they do not see, And it seems to them like a melody. Living and speaking without control, A beating heart or a breathing soul: They pause and listen, that careless throng Hearkens the tone of the bright, wild song:

ctLife! life! beautiful life! Warm in the heart; Why should a whisper of serrow come Where thou art? What can we gain by a struggle with fate More than thou dost give? We trample thy blossems and learn too late, 'Tis a beautiful thing to live. es Life! life! beautiful life!

Pluck we thy flowers, Whatever the coming moments bring, This is ours. Then taste we the wine with a lip as bright,

Take what the hour doth give, Hold only one thought in our hearts to-night-'Tis a beautiful thing to live,"

The laugh rang out as the song was still'd; The golden flagons were drained and filled; And a flame stole into the boy's dark eye, Who kissed the cups as they bore them by. His fair hand touches the harp's bright string. His lord hath spoken, the page shall sing:

colite is lovely! life is glorious! And its aim is high; Byery breath should lift us nearer, Nearer to the sky. But when duties are completed, Each before its hour goes by, Pain's last thrill is thus defeated, 'Tis a glorious thing to die.

ccLife is lovely, life is glorious! Every quivering breath, Mvery action, tho' victorious, Brings us nearer death. But the life that's nobly given For a purpose great and high, Wears a laurel braid in heaven-"Tis a glorious thing to die."

With a quick, fierce peal, and an angry clang. Again the tone of the music rang, Abrupt and wild, from the hidden band, While the chords yet thrilled to the boy's soft hand. The gayest of revelers there grew still; Their lips were burning; their hands were chill; And they shuddering heard, thro' the music's swell, The boy page whisper, "I am not well." Loud and savage, then sad and low-From a sneering laugh to a tone of woe-The music speaks; now 'tis loud and strong, And londer and flercer the voice of song:

> VIII. "Ye die unshriven! Before the morn; Die unforgivent The mock of scorn; The ear of my vengeance Shall drink your last sigh. And the lip of my triumph Shall laugh in reply; One thread unbroken, One feverish breath, Your sentence is spoken-Your doom is death!50

They have started up with a fearful cra-With a deep wild terror doth eve meet eye. "Jesu Marie!" what a fearful thought On pain's sharp wings to their senses brought; And they spurn the wine with a frenzied ire; Their hands are ice, and their lips are fire! The gorgeous curtains are torn apart,

Tents Hand

L. C. LITTERFEREN.

And they look with a stupor of brain and heart On the mantle of blackness above them spreads They hear the chant for the dying-dead. They see monks moving-wax tap rs gleam-But each life-pulse stands like a turbid stream, Till a form in velvet of sable dye, With a forehead bound by a jeweled tie, Is looking upon them with eyes severe, An I they, shuddering, whisper, "Lucrezia here?" The page seems fainting, but tries to stand, And eagerly reaches his small, fair hand, And murmurs a name that she does not hear, Or scorned to note, if it reached her ear.

"Ye have paid me well, ye are mine-all minel Te have sold your lives for a draught of wine; Was it sweet? - ye drank with a gracious gust; Good night, ye will slumber in peace, I trust. But, ere we part, taste again the wine; Your pledges were honored, 'Revenge' is mine." The page comes forward—the woman turns— What a fearful light in his dark eye burns-"Urban!" she shricks, with a sickening fear, cePrince of the Borgia, what brings thee here?"

XI. He dashes her back with his freezing hands, And his eye's proud light, as he, reeling, stands, Seems to look from a far, far height, Down on her spirit of sin and night. "I called thee, Mether," he turned away And strove to steady his white lip's play; "I called thee 'Mother,' let that name be For ever cancelled and lost to thee. Thou hast asked me, woman, what brought me here? I'll tell thee; listen-nay, come not near. I came, unknowing the way I trod, To tell thee that vengeance belongs to God. Remember this, when the hour draws nigh That freezes thy bosom and dims thine eye. But, oh! may that moment of torture be The sweetest one that is left to thee. My curse is this-it is dire and fell-May thy heart's fierce passions become thy hell; Mayst thou, shuddering, shrink from their savage tone And fear to dwell with thyself alone." coCurse not thy mother!" "Fiend, woman, kushi The name of Mother should make thee blush. I have no Motherf and thou no son. Seeker for vengeance, thy work is done."

XII. He sank to his knee, and he bowed his head; Around him were banqueters dying and dead. She came towards him and strove to speak. But he spurned her back with an effort weak, She classed his form-it was toy mould, But he seemed to shrink when his heart was cold. S. B. CARMICHAEL.

## THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

"Though He slay may yet will I trust in Him."

of Chamouny, in Savoy, and went to Paris to ten.

bim and died.

Rene promised; the paster blessed him, and Chaise, and bury it. they parted.

left from a full purse given him by a kind cross. All this time he was hidden behind a it towards a corner. He caught it, and quick gentleman who happened, just as they were large monument, and, as soon as they were as light slipped it under the straw in his cart, burying his grandmother, to be passing with gone, he went to the cross and examined care- while at the same time he found a chance to his little daughter through the valley; a small fully the whole ne ghborhood, that he might whisper: ring, given him as a keepsake by Fleurette, certainly know the spot again. That done, he 'It's safe! I'll take good care of it." the gentleman's little daughter; a recipe for went back to his straw, thanked the good God A look thanked him; and the police drew ink, by which his grandfather had made quite for having kept him from those dreadful men, the poor, frightened child from the coach, and a little fortune; the two blessings, and the and went asleep. good wishes of all his neighbors, Rene started In the morning he was awakened by a At this moment a policeman seized Rene,

through the streets; and, between the two, he he would have staid there to be caught. little house. First, though, he must find a closely, but Rene had his own plans, and the officer, but his exclamation: lodgiug-place; but in so large a city as Paris refused to answer a single question until they there must be plenty of them.

He soon entered the great city and sat down "Robespierrel" they all exclaimed, turning The frightened policeman begged his pardon putting it again in his pocket, a pert-looking | would stand on your shoulders?" should show him a nice lodging-place. Rene this time all the power of the state was in days, and then to the guillotine. did not like his looks, and refused his offer so the hands of Robespierre, a perfect monster of Rene went home with an aching heart, for

him.

while, without a sou to pay for it?

him all his adventures. At sight of the ment and sense he had shown. monkey, a crowd gathered around them. dance.

around your cap,"

He dia, and a shower fell into it of sous and As soon as he was dismissed, Rene ran back partnership.

plans.

his abode with Father Lafort.

tin case or kettle with a faucet, made a good was forced to admire his honesty, and confess supply of ink, and every day might be heard that he was right. crying through the streets:

Buy! buy!

every night at ten o'clock, and Father Lafort where he said it was, and four men captured, often warned him not to stay out later, or he who were then in prison, and he wished him would have to sleep in the street. But Rene to go and see if he recognized them. He gave cared less for that in the warm nights than him a card, on which he had written, "Give for the uneasiness it would give the old the bearer free passage in and out of the pri-

One evening, on his way home, he met the Bene went, and in a few minutes returned, boy who had stolen his ten francs and boldly and reported that they were the very men. stopped him and demanded them back. At Robespierre again thanked him, and to'd him first the boy would not admit that he knew that he had rendered the state a most imporhim, then refused to repay. Rene said no more, tant service, and must name his reward. To but gave his ink-case to a bystander, seized the his surprise, the boy refused everything but boy, and gave him such a sound drubbing that the value of his ink-can. he roared for mercy and gave him his whole When Robespierre insisted upon more, he purse.

"Keep it all," cried the mob.

"No," replied Rene; "only my own." And counting out the ten francs, he other want. returned the rest to the astonished boy saying:

as you are."

This encounter, though, kept him so long ask. that the clock struck ten before he could reach At last he let him go, giving him an order to home; so he must find some place to sleep. select the best cart, dog and case he could find, Near him was an old open building or shed, at the public expense and an assurance that if attached to a public warehouse, the superin- ever he wanted a powerful friend, or bad a tendent of which was one of his best custom- favor to ask, he might rely upon him. Rene ers. It was full of straw, and into this he ran off delighted, and soon possessed himself crept and soon fell asleep. Suddenly he of cart, case, and a beautiful dog which he was awakened by a noise which he sup- called Sultan. He was several times on the posed, at first, was made by rats but, when point of throwing away his admission-card to Like many o'hers of his countrymen, Rene it was repeated, he knew hat no rat could the prison, but concluded, at last, to keep it Michelot left his beauti!ul home in the valley make a sound like that, and he began to lis- as a memento.

just buried his grandmother, his last surviving the shed, and through that the noise came. his dog and cart got on admirably. Robes-He heard voices, and knew that no one had pierre was a good customer. "Promise me," said the grandmother, as the any business there at that time of night, so he One day, on his way home, he saw a great sobbing boy stood beside her bed, "promise crept softly up to peep. Fourstrong men were crowd, and drove up Sultan to learn the cause. me that you will keep God always before your trying to force open a large iron chest. Rene The police were around an elegant coach, eyes, and never, knowingly, do what would watched their motions, carefully noted the drawn by four splendid horses, within which names they called each other, and listened to was a sweet but deadly pale little girl, and the Rene promised; the grandmother blessed all that was said. It was useless to give an driver of which proved to be her noble father alarm, for there was no help near, and they in disguise. It was said he was an "aristo-"Promise me, my son," said the old pastor, might kill him; so he formed his own plan. crat," and that he had been seized; but a little as the boy was leaving his house, "that you First filling their bosoms and pockets with the dispute among the police gave him a momenwill pray to God for all you want, trust him money they found in the chest, they sat down tary chance, and he would have escaped if the in all difficulties, and try to serve him al- to consult where they should hide it, and fi- wheel of his carriage had not caught, and nally agreed to go to the graveyard of Pere la turned the vehicle over.

should take him to Robespierre.

After some coaxing the stranger pretended "an aristocrat"-were deadly crimes in his of Chamouny. to yield, put his arm around Rene's shoulder, eyes, and the streets of Paris ran with the blood Father Lafort almost danced with joy, and butchered.

enough; but where should he lodge mean- anybody else, to Robespierre he was taken. The great man was not up yet, and Rene had "No matter," thought Rene, "the good God to wait some time. When he did come, he was quite vexed at finding that it was a small Upon the steps of an elegant Church sat an boy who had disturbed him; but, when Rene old soldier with one wooden leg, begging. began to tell his story, he became greatly in-Rene sat down too, and began to chat, telling terested, and praised him highly for the judg-

Poor Rene was much afraid that he would Rene began to whistle and the monkey to have to go to prison, but Robespierre assured him that no one should touch him, made his "Now," whispered the old man, "pass servants give him an excellent breakfast, and bade him return to him in three days.

other little coins; even the old man, too, got a for his ink-case, but not a trace of it was to be share. Delighted at this, the old soldier, who found. However, he felt sure that Robespierre said his name was Lafort, proposed to Rene a would repay him, and so hurried home to the old man to tell his adventure.

The boy hesitated, for he felt above spending | Father Lafort had been very uneasy all night his life in begging while he had health and about him, and was just setting out to look him strength to work. Lafort said he was right up. He was horrified to hear that he had been there, but it would be a good thing if he would to Robespierre, astonished at Rene's report of join him until he had raised enough for the ink his kindness to him, and counseled the boy to materials, and then they could form other demand a good large reward for his information, for he would never have another such This Rene readily agreed to, and took up chance of making his fortune. He seemed vexed and angry when Rene declared that he A few weeks only were needed for earning should ask or take nothin but the value of his another ten francs, and Rene procured a large ink-can, for he had only done his duty; but he

The third morning Rene went again to "Ink! Rayen-black ink! Cheap as dirt! Robespierre, and was most graciously received. The Dictator (so he was called) told him that The house where they lodged was locked a search had been made, the money found son," and signed his name.

begged that he would give him the privilege of supplying all the ink used by him and his clerks, and then declared that he had not an-

Laughing immoderately at Rene's idea of reward, he at last got out of him that he would "If I took more, I should be as great a thief like a little cart and a large dog to carry round his ink, but he thought it rather too much to

Father Lafort scolded him for his moderate seek his fortune. He was an orphan, and had A window opened from the warehouse into demands, but Rene would not listen, and with

Rene heard him mutter, "They may take Rene followed on, and saw them bury the us, but they shall not get all!" and saw him With a small monkey, ten francs that were money at the foot of a peculiar-looking iron draw from his bosom a large casket, and throw

were dragging them off.

great noise, and found himself surrounded by and demanded the casket, declaring that be He was well, strong, active and hopeful, and a mob and in the hands of a police officer, who had seen him catch it, and whispered to the amused himself as he went along by forming charged him with being one of the robbers. man-who, it seems, was the Count Montbris. his plans for the future. With his ten francs Rene frankly confessed that he knew all Rene turned it off for some time, but, finding he would buy materials for a good supply of about the robbery, but told the man be was no way of escape, bethought bimself of his ink; then carry it about as he led his monkey very silly to think if he had a hand in it, that prison-card, and immediately produced it, telling the man he had better be careful, or he had no doubt he should make enough to go The policeman saw there was much reason would tell his friend Robespierre. The man home, and buy a nice bit of land, and build a in his remark, and began to question him pretty thought he was trying to fool him, and called

"Let the young devil go; he's Robespierre's petl" soon produced a change.

on a retired door-step to count his money and pale at the very name. "Boy, you are mad earnestly, and begged him to say nothing to be sure that all was safe. Just as he was or a fool! How long, think you, your head Robespierre. Delighted by Rene's promise, he | readily answered all his questions, and told lad of his own age came up, observed that he Now all this happened just after that terri- him that the Count and his child would be "looked like a stranger" and asked if he ble event called the French revolution, and at taken to the prison called La Force for three.

sharply that the lad turned off as if quite of- wickedness. His word was law; and if any he was sure he had seen these persons before, one offended him, he was at once sent to pri- though he could not tell where. He and Father "Stop," thought Rene; "I'm breaking my son, and from there carried to a place where Lafort opened the casket, and found an impromise. The good God says, 'Do as you'd stood the guilletine -so called from its inventor mense treasure in diamonds, pearls and gold, be done by;" and he ran after the lad, begged -by which his head was cut off. To be good together with the title-deeds of a splendid esand levely, and to be rich-as he called it, tate in Savoy, only six miles from the village

and they walked on. Presently something of the best people of France. Every morning began to congratulate Rene on the immense parted them. Rene turned to speak to him, a cart was sent to the prison to carry off to fortune that had fallen into his hands; but but he was gone and the ten francs gone with the guillotine those who were that day to be Rene did not understand what he meant by such conduct.

Poor Rene was in trouble. Wel', he must No wonder the police were astonished at "Mean?" said the old so'dier. "I mean the give up the ink until the monkey could earn Rene's demand; but, as he refused to answer Count and his child have but three days to