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The Daily Crescent.

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The Beggar of San Marc.

A VENETIAN STORY.—BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

With the lightness and grace of a bird upon the wing, a gondola cleft the limpid waters of the Giudecca, and darting swiftly through lun'frets of the same beautiful craft, gliding to the assoie of the gondoliers, swept up the width of the Piazetta San Marc; and two gentlemen debarking from it, mingled with the motley throng which crowded the marble pavement of the square. Thoughtless their way through the gaudy multitude, they passed on to the Church of San Marc. Their entered beneath the porch over which stand the four famed horses of Lysippus, once the pride of Constantinople, seeming as if curbed by some invisible power to restrain their fiery leap upon the rich pavement below, and so entitled to the cover, from which they might command a view of the Winds magnificent scene.

It was the sunset hour. Sunset in Venice, of which poets have sung, and painters, with pencils dipped in it water, in the glowing beauty of the clouds, have attempted to portray! The long sweep of the canals, and the broad avenues lent by their thousand eyes, broke in golden flakes under the rich glow of sunset. The "Queen of Beauty," with its walled palaces, the green moss of the Lord and the wide Adriatic beyond, on which the white sails of the galleys, like sea gulls, dipped to the gentle breeze, the cloud-like shape of Italy afar, the Alps, in sunset glory, a glorious train waiting the glorious—every which lingering seemed to illumine them behoon, Venice herself, with her splendid palaces and towers, her glittering spires, and the graceful arches of her bridges, face clothed in filigree gold, making those islands of the sea into one magic scene; you—all combined to render the scene a delicacy for rapture, and the two strangers—Americans—for none else shed speechless with a glorious ecstasy.

"Was ever seen a scene more beautiful than this?" at length one of them exclaimed; "and yet is it impossible to view it, for a moment, without a feeling of melancholy; for the sorely has devoted upon this magnificent city, 'thronged upon her hundred isles.' Her palaces, her churches, her superb towers and towers are gradually crumbling into ruin, and, ere many years, seaborne, with its pomp, drawn from the slimy canals and lagoons, will drive home her inhabitants!"

"Ho,
'With the Rialto, Shylock and the Moor,
And Venice, sacred to your memories,
The very sound of the name—Venice—the very
For the sweet sounds of Shakspeare and Otway
Have rendered Venice immortalizable.
So sang as the world stands, Shylock and the Moor
Will here hold sway."

"Look yonder, Irving," continued the first speaker, "see what a glow rests on the Rhetian Alps, which, even as we gaze, fades in beauty.

"Like Venice, beneath you would say, Winthrop," said Irving. "Is not that the Armenian Isle we see to the right? Is not that the Armenian? And yonder the lofty dome of the Adriatic heaves in this golden light, as if conscious of her wedded greatness—though, ah!

"'The Bucentaur' lies moldering near me!'"

"So many pageant memories crowd around this enchanted spot," said Winthrop, "that we might linger here for hours, and still wish to lash again. But we must not forget that we have promised to accompany Mary to the opera."

"True; and yet I would gladly tarry here and view this beautiful scene in the chastened moonlight. But I am ready; we shall soon reach our hotel."

So saying, the two gentlemen left the campanile, and descending the flights of marble stairs, stood upon the mosaic pavement, which seemed but a reflection of the brilliant roof above, for on both, the fadeless hues of lapis lazuli, agate and jasper, united in patterns of glittering mosaic. Lost in contemplation, they proceed of through these aisles, so splendidly lined and canopied, adorned on either side with columns of porphyry, and emerged once more upon the open square, when the attention of Charles Irving was arrested by the figure of an old man, leaning against one of the pillars. Although his cap held not before him denoted a mendicant, yet there was such an air of dignity about him as seemed to belie his vocation. Not Coriolanus, on the heartbreaking of his enemy, wore a more noble look, as with his cloak half-falling from his shoulders, yet held in graceful folds over one arm, his silver locks, his furrowed brow, and his long white beard resting on his breast, he thus solicited charity. Irving dropped a small coin in the cap, and passed on in silence.

By this time the square of San Marc was thronged with Venetians, Austrian soldiers, and Albanians, promenading the spacious area, or gathered about the brilliantly illuminated cafes, while from the gondolas which swept to the piazetta to disbark or receive their freights of beauty and pleasure, the voice of the gondolier mingled with the notes of the guitar.

"Winthrop, did you observe that old man who just now demanded our charity?" said Irving.

"I did not. Beggars are so common here, that the eyes of Argus would fail to detect them all," was the reply.

"This was no common beggar, I am convinced. I know not why it is, but I cannot entertain him from my thoughts. I fear I did wrong to not to have spoken with him, or at least I should not have insulted his pride by the miserable dole of a doubtful."

"In the words of Byron, he was perhaps some hoddy patrician begging his bitter bread!" said Winthrop.

"I fear so," said Irving. "Ah, who can tell the struggle of this old man's heart; the suffering unmanned and pliant, he has endured, ere yielding to this trifling security. Among these lofty palaces, whose ones, perhaps, his ancestors proudly rolled, he, the descendant, born to command, now stalks a beggar and an alien beneath their crumbling arches. I tell you, Winthrop, that Darius chained to his victor's car, suffered no greater humiliation than the pride of a highborn, noble spirit, thus reduced by poverty! I must once more seek the old man and repair my error."

"Not to-night, Irving. Come, here is our gondola; come, or we shall be too late."

"Push off—don't wait for me, I will join you in ten an hour, or meet you at the opera," he answered.

"No, Charles, if you are determined to go, I will go with you. I have no idea of trusting you alone, to the chance of a solitaire in your bread," said Winthrop.

"Nonsense, Winthrop; go home to Mary, who, I dare say, from our long absence, has been imagining us for the last half hour victims to some 'Bandit of Venice.' I will soon be with you."

The suggestion that by longer delay he might cause undue anxiety to his young wife, decided at once the argument. Winthrop sprang into the gondola, and waving his hand to his friend, was borne swiftly over the changed waters in the direction of his hotel.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Irving rapidly retraced his steps, and once more entered the church, whose vastness had become more dim and solemn in the evening shadows which were gathering up her splendors in their stealthy arms. And there stood the old man still, his noble head bowed upon his breast, and his attitude one of deep mental misery. Although so urgent to relieve, yet Irving hesitated in what manner to make his presence known to the object of his kindness; and the longer he paused, still more difficult it seemed.

"He surely will not remain here much longer; I will observe his movements, and perhaps a more favorable opportunity may offer to address him;" and, with this conclusion, Irving retired a few steps, and gliding behind a column, where he was himself unseen, still continued to watch the old man.

The church was now nearly deserted; a few persons only were strolling listlessly up and down the long aisles, and here and there a solitary worshiper was seen upon his knees, or prostrate on his face before the image of some saint.

Not many moments had Irving thus concealed himself, when the graceful figure of a young girl, like a shadow, noiselessly flitted by him, and glided to the spot where the old man stood so heedless of all that was passing around him. Stealing one arm around his neck, in low tones she seemed to speak words of tender affection. The old man raised his head, a faint smile for an instant broke through the cloud of despair which was settled on his brow, he looked on the young girl sadly, but fondly, and then, without speaking, he motioned her to leave him, and sank again, into the same desponding attitude from which her presence had momentarily aroused him.

"Come home, dear father, you have left me a long time! I have been so weary without you; come, father!" said the young girl in the soft musical Venetian tongue.

"Home, Isola! we have no home!" was the bitter reply.

"Leon on me, father; the twilight deepens, and the cool evening breeze upon the Rialto will refresh you; come father."

The old man clasped his hands, and raising them above his head, he groaned aloud, then, suddenly dashing his cap upon the pavement, he stamped upon it passionately, exclaiming:

"Senseless tool of my shame, I could rend you in pieces, and strike off the accursed hand which held you to receive a beggar's mite!"

"Father! dear father!" cried Isola in terror, and placing her hand gently upon his arm.

"Call me no longer father, Isola, for I have disgraced you. Yes, Isola, I—I, a Foscarino, have this day stooped to a deed that shames the noble blood that courses through your veins! Leave me, Isola; let the darkness hide my shame; let me not go forth a beggar. Ay, Isola, a beggar where as princes my fathers trod! Go."

"Alone, father, alone! Holy Virgin, you mean not—it is not—where the Piazza and the Rialto are already thronged with the gayety of Venice. You would not surely have me go forth alone! Oh no; come, dear father, let us go together."

But the old man waved his hand and turned from her.

Then Isola fell on her knees before him, and throwing back the light scarf or veil, which had concealed her features, looked up beseechingly into his face.

It was still light enough for Irving to note that the upturned countenance of the young Venetian was one of great beauty; and indeed, the shadows which fell so softly around her, served but to enhance her loveliness in his eyes. More than ever interested by the scene, he scarcely dared to breathe, lest his presence might be betrayed.

Clasping the withered hand of the old man, she pressed it tenderly to her lips; and then, as she knelt there at his feet, once more besought him in her sweet, thrilling tones to leave the church and accompany her. As the eyes of her father caught the imploring expression of her features, his countenance lost its sternness, he placed his hand upon her beautiful head.

"Isola, my fair, my lovely child, image of your sainted mother, you have subdued me! No, I will not forsake you! May God forgive the rash act I meditated in my desperation! Come, my daughter, we will return to our desolate home. Perish pride, perish all vain remembrance of the past! Let all but paternal love and duty be forgotten—come, Isola!"

Isola drew the cloak of the old man more closely about his shoulders, lifted his cap from the pavement, and placed it gently upon his white head—every action, every movement, revealing some new grace; and then hand in hand the old man and his child went forth together, followed at a little distance by Irving, who, forgetful of all engagements, sought only to learn the history of the two beings in whom he had become so much interested.

CHAPTER III.

In a spacious apartment, whose arched windows overlooked the sunlit waters of the Grand Canal at Venice, and immediately adjacent to the Rialto, one party of American travelers were at breakfast. The walls and the ceilings were beautifully frescoed, and supported by pillars richly gilt and carved; the furniture, although faded and worn, still bore evident marks of its former elegance, when those now mouldering in the tomb, whose portraits hung tarnished and neglected against the walls, moved through those splendid rooms in life and beauty. The Hotel R——— was once the proud palace of a Venetian noble.

"My dear Charles, you lost a very great pleasure. I assure you, in not hearing the prima donna last evening," said Mary Winthrop, addressing Irving; "never did I listen to tones more thrillingly sweet! And pray where were you? Rosalie came home with some romantic story about an old beggar at San Marc; but ah, brother, I doubt him; confess now—was it not some charming Signora, who, with her dark fathomless eyes, thus wiled you away from us?"

"Ah, true, Charles," said Winthrop, "what became of you? And did you find the old man again who called forth such a burst of eloquence from you? You should have heard him, Mary! We must have you on the floor of Congress yet."

Irving bowed to this compliment, and answered:

"Yes, I found him standing where we had left him; and I have gathered enough from a conversation which I overheard between the old man and his daughter to convince me that my suspicions were correct; he was no common beggar."

"His daughter! ah ha! Charles, I said so!" interrupted Mary, laughing.

"Well, Mary, I will not deny that although greatly interested in the old man before his lovely child appeared upon the scene, I was still more so after I had seen her."

"Young and beautiful, of course!"

"Young, I am certain," answered Irving; "for a voice so musical and sweet, could come from none but youthful lips; and, I think also, most beautiful. Her form was grace itself, and as seen in the dim light of the church, her countenance appeared to me one of exceeding loveliness."

"You quite interest me, Charles," said Mrs. Winthrop. "If you have finished your breakfast, we will go on the balcony, and while I finish my sketch, you can repeat to me your adventures."

"My adventures, I am sorry to say, are soon told, and leave a very unsatisfactory ending, at least to me," replied Irving.

He then related what transpired between the old man and Isola at San Marc, with which the reader is already acquainted, and then commenced:

"I do not remember, my dear sister, that my feelings were ever more wrought upon than at the distress of that venerable old man, and the tender affection of his child. I felt irresistibly compelled to follow them, forgetful both of my engagements, and of the anxiety my long absence might cause you. I left the church as they did, and kept my way a few paces behind them. After leaving the Piazza San Marc, the old man and his daughter, keeping as remote as possible from the crowd, passed along the narrow *calles* and the numerous small bridges which traverse this strange city, and emerged at length upon the Rialto. Here their steps became slower, and the young girl loosed the veil which she had hitherto held closely about her face, as if to inhale the cool evening wind; and I also, fearful of being observed, slackened my pace, keeping within the shadow of the arches. It happened, unfortunately, that just before we reached the commencement of the bridge, a party of gay masquers issued from one of the *cafes*, and with loud songs and hideous laughter, came directly toward us, separating themselves in such a way as to fill up the whole passage. They had all evidently drank a little too much of their favorite wine. I saw Isola hastily conceal her features, and cling more closely to the arm of her father, who, drawing himself proudly up, stood still to let the revellers pass. I involuntarily hastened my footsteps, and, unperceived, stood on the other side of the young girl.

"Ha! ha! *mon belle!* don't hide your bright eyes. Come, a zechin for a peep, my pretty Signorina!" exclaimed a cavalier, rudely attempting to draw aside her veil.

"In a moment a blow from the old man had prostrated him."

"O Charles, you frighten me!" exclaimed Mary, catching his arm.

"A scene of wild tumult followed," proceed Irving, "in which, of course, I bore my part, in defence of the old man and his helpless child. The noise attracted the notice of the police, and in a few moments we were surrounded by a body of the American guard. As briefly as possible, I explained the facts to the commander, who, learning I was an American, courteously allowed me to pass; but on looking for those whom I wished should share the privilege with me, they had unaccountably disappeared. Imagine my chagrin and regret. With those winding streets or alleys leading from the Rialto, I was wholly unacquainted, and of course could not pursue my search; indeed, I was obliged to procure a guide to conduct me back to the hotel."

"Thank heaven, my dear brother, your adventure ended thus safely; I shudder to think of the danger you incurred!" cried Mary.

"Yes, I think you have escaped narrowly," added her husband, "a broil with a party of hot-headed inebriate Venetians, is no such trifling matter. I advise you to be more wary in future, nor be led by any such foolish impulse, to run after old men and pretty girls, at least, so long as we remain in Venice."

"Thank you, Winthrop, but to tell you the truth, I am very much disposed to pursue the adventure," replied Irving.

"Nonsense, Charles! why, there is not one chance in a thousand that you will ever meet the old patrician again."

"Well, I will even take that one chance, small as it is," answered Irving. "I will haunt San Marc's by day, and the Rialto by night, and something assures me I shall be successful."

"And something assures me that you are a very headstrong, foolish fellow!" said Mary. "I confess what you have told me has greatly moved my sympathies for the old man and his daughter, but not enough so, my dear brother, for me to consent that you should expose yourself a second time to so much danger. Come, I must lay my commands upon you; this morning, you remember, we proposed visiting the Ducal Palace, and this afternoon, I think, the Armenian Isle."

"I will accompany you to the Palace, Mary, but this afternoon I must claim my liberty," said Irving. "At what hour do we go?"

"At eleven."

"Very well, I will be with you."

As her brother left the balcony, Mary said:

"My dear Robert, what can we do to end this romance Charles has engaged in? I am fearful something will befall him."

"You cannot stop him, Mary; he is too headstrong for that. Let him alone, he will soon tire of his fruitless search," was the reply.

CHAPTER IV.

While this scene was taking place in the Hotel R———, a very different one, and yet nearly connected with it, was enacting in another quarter of the city.

Stretched upon a low pallet, in one corner of a small, sliding apartment, was the old beggar of San Marc. Blinds were closed; but, if sleeping, the contraction of his brow still denoted suffering. Kneeling by his side was Isola, tenderly bathing his temples, and murmuring words soothing her gentle bosom, and if there were, in large, liquid drops, resting upon her long, brown eyelashes. She was very pale, and her features, lovely in their mirth, seemed as if sharpened by famine. Her luxurious golden tresses, gathered in a knot upon the top of her beautifully turned head, were as a crown of virgin innocence to the fair girl, while her dress, although of the most humble material, was yet arranged with a natural ease and grace, to which no studied form of fashion could have lent a charm.

Crouching at her side was a small, tame gazelle, its graceful head resting upon its slender fore-feet, and its large brown eyes, with an expression of almost human affection, fixed upon the pale countenance of its master.

On a little table which stood near the bed, were several wax figures, modeled in the most life-like and perfect symmetry, also, clusters of fruit and flowers, of the same facile material; true in form and color to the very perfection of nature. At the head of the bed was suspended an ebony crucifix, at the foot a picture of the Virgin; am were these last the only things which impaired an air of holiness to this meage apartment, for old age and maiden purity were there and hallowed it. In the window stood a little vase, in which one solitary flower was blooming. It looked sickly and pining, as it were, for a purer atmosphere, although so carefully and tenderly cherished by Isola. Poor Isola! it had been watered by her tears, and her sighs had fanned its opening petals.

This window, the only one, looked down upon the dark, sluggish waters of a lagune, upon the opposite bank of which was a long row of dilapidated buildings, from which old beds and tattered garments protruded through the pointed windows, and half-naked children were paddling in the slimy waters. In strange contrast to the poverty of the apartment I have described, was the long flight of arch marble steps, supported by heavily carved pillars, leading down to the lagune from the very house, and parading themselves as it were, directly before the window.

For some time no sound broke the stillness of this little room. The old man remained quiet, and at length, overcome with weariness, the head of Isola sank upon the couch, and sleep, like a gentle mother, enfolded her. The splash of oars and the near rippling of the water, suddenly aroused the gazelle, who had remained motionless, watching the slumbers of her mistress, and appearing to understand, as if animated with human instinct, how grateful a few moments' repose would prove to her.

Beneath the window a gondola softly glided, and mooring his light craft, the gondolier springing quickly up the steps, gently opened the door and entered the apartment. Slight as was the noise he made, it woke Isola.

"Hush! Virgin, I thank thee!" she exclaimed; "Ah, Giuseppe, I feared you might not come to-day—my poor father!"

"Holy mother! what has happened, Signorina! what ails the Signore?" cried the gondolier, hastily approaching the bed, and gazing anxiously upon the old man.

"Alas, Giuseppe, I fear my father is very ill. Last night in crossing the Rialto, we were met by a party of rude men, and exasperated by an insult offered to me, my father struck one of them a blow—"

"*Diavolo!* insult you, Signorina, the ruffians—would they could taste my stiletto!" exclaimed Giuseppe, setting his teeth and half drawing the weapon from his bosom.

"They attacked my father," continued Isola," as regardless of his old age, as they were reckless of the sacred feeling which dictated the blow, and heaven knows what would have become of us, had it not been for a stranger, who interfered in our behalf, and with noble generosity defended us. Ah, Giuseppe, I shudder now to think what might have been the fate, but for his timely assistance. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the arrival of the police put an end to the affray; but I could not even stop to pour out my thanks to this generous stranger, for my father drew me hastily away from the spot. It was with difficulty we reached home, my father seemed so weak and exhausted, and then, Giuseppe, he sank into the same state in which you now see him. I fear he has received some severe internal injury. What shall I do, without money, without friends; must I see my dear father die for want of proper care and nourishment?" exclaimed Isola, bursting into tears.

"Courage, Signorina, it may not be so bad as that," answered the gondolier, striving to conceal his emotion. "Thank the Virgin, Giuseppe has a few zecats still—here they are, Signorina; now tell me what I can do for you."

"Giuseppe, you have a wife and children," answered Isola, "I cannot take that which is theirs—only if you could bring hither a physician, perhaps he could help my poor father. Oh, my poor father, if he should die, Giuseppe, if he should die!"

"Don't weep, Signorina," said Giuseppe, wiping a tear away from one eye; "I will instantly go in search of one—I will bring a little wine, too, for the Signore, it may revive him."

"Wine! do you know, Giuseppe, cried Isola, catching his arm, "that for two days we have not tasted food?"

"Holy Mother!"

"And that, driven to despair, my poor father yesterday, for my sake, begged alms in the public walks of Venice."

"Blessed Virgin! what do I hear, and I, wretch that I am, have both eaten and drank while my noble lord was starving," cried Giuseppe, beating his breast.

"This morning," cried Isola, "I stole out with these little wax figures, which I sat up all night to finish, hoping to sell them, that I might procure a little food for my dear father, when he should awake; for in the affray last night, even the sum which charity had bestowed upon us, was lost; but not one would buy, I could not beg, Giuseppe, alas! My poor little gazella, she must not starve, take her; perhaps some one will buy her, who can take better care of her than her unfortunate mistress, but they cannot love her more; my poor Ninette!" And as Isola threw her arms around the neck of the little animal, which rested its head fondly against her cheek, and with its soft tongue licked the small hand of its mistress.

"Sell Ninette! now the saints forbid!" exclaimed Giuseppe. "No, Signorina," exclaimed Giuseppe. "No, Signorina, I will take the little creature home to the children, and feed her well, bless your heart, I would sooner sell my own little Lino. No, no, I will keep her for you until the Signore is better."

"Will he be better? Tell me, Giuseppe, do you think he will live?" cried Isola, catching eagerly at the hope, which these few last words of the gondolier inspired.

"Signorina, God is good; my honored master may live, but—"

"Giuseppe, if my father dies, pray God to take his child also."

"Ah, who knows what a skillful physician may do for him? Courage, Signorina, I will fetch one in less than twenty minutes, and some food too, for you, my poor young lady—sinner that I am, that have already broken my fast, and drank my flagon of stout Falernian."

"And the gazella, poor Ninette: will you take her with you, Giuseppe?" said Isola.

"I will return for her, Signorina." So saying, the honest gondolier hastened from the apartment, and the next moment, the rapid splash of oars announced Isola, that the assistance she so much desired for her father, would soon be procured.

CHAPTER V.

In the meantime our American party having visited the Ducal palace, it was proposed by Winthrop, as there was yet time before dinner, to row across the Lido, whose shady groves and rich green sward offered so inspiring a contrast to the steady marble domes, and pavements of Venice, and Mary, hoping by that means to keep Irving with them, gladly acceded to the proposition. It was a lovely day for such an excursion, and our friends glided luxuriously across the Giudecca, reclining on the velvet cushions of a gondola, whose tasteful drapery swept the silver surface of the waves, and listening to the music of the gondoliers as they sang verses from their own Tasso, to which charming melody, the light rippling of the water formed a pleasing accompaniment. Beautiful as was the scene, it had little charm for Irving. Away from those bright waters and the brighter Italian sky, his thoughts wandered to the gloomy aisles of San Marc, and the image of the gondolier was lost in the memory of the sweet and touching tones of the beggar's daughter. Silent, therefore, he sat, as the gondola kept its easy motion, more than ever regretting that he had not pursued the search, or that he had yielded up the morning to his sisters.

They had nearly reached the middle of the canal when a gondola was seen swiftly approaching, and as it neared the one in which our party were seated, the gondoliers poised their oars a moment and exchanged a gay salute.

"Ha! fair spring, by the mass, thou hast an old passenger there; where are you going with so choice a freight?" cried one.

"Choice indeed, Matheo," replied Giuseppe, "for this pretty little gazella belongs to the loveliest Signorina in Venice.

"Well, *buono viaggio*," cried the first speaker, as he once more sank to the oar. But Mary, attracted by the beauty of the little animal, entreated the gondoliers to stay their movements, and permit the little pet to approach nearer.

"What a perfect little creature, what tender eyes! Do you remember, Charles, the little fawn we had at home, when we were children? Ah, I wish this pretty little gazella was mine," she exclaimed.

"Perhaps we can buy it, Mary; will you sell the gazella, *amico?*" said Winthrop, addressing Giuseppe.

"Sell Ninette, Signore! ah, no, not for fifty zecchins—though God knows the money is needed enough; for when now the poor sick Signore may be dying, and my beloved Signorina is nearly starving!"

"How—what a tale of distress is this!—of whom are you speaking?" inquired Irving.

"Of a noble Venetian gentleman, Signore," replied the gondolier, respectfully. "You are foreigners, but I can tell you there are many such in Venice, now begging their bread, whose ancestors swayed the Republic!"

"Yes, Venice—true, true, Giuseppe!" exclaimed another gondolier.

"Ah, my beautiful lady," continued Giuseppe, turning to Mary, "could you but see the poor Signore, you would pity her; she knows her old father cannot much longer survive his sorrows—for the physician has just told her so—and then she will be cast friendless and alone upon the world! Ah, she is an angel, Signore. She could not see her little favorite starve, and so she bade me sell it." "And yet you refuse to part with it," said Winthrop.

"No, Signore. I will keep her at home as a plaything for my little ones. Better days may come to my young lady; and would not Giuseppe feel like a knave to know that he could not lend back Ninette to her young mistress?"

Irving, who had listened with deep interest to the words of the gondolier, now suddenly exclaimed:

"Where is she? Conduct me to her. If too late to save the father, something may be done to comfort the poor daughter!"

"Ah, *grazie, grazie*—thanks, thanks, Signore, may the Holy Virgin bless you for this deed!" cried Giuseppe.

"Let us all go," said Mary, her eyes filling with tears, "poor girl, my heart aches for her! O, row quickly, my friends, let us not lose a moment."

With soothing gentle care, the gondoliers now followed in the wake of Giuseppe, who, joyfully turning his gondola, left the Giudecca and sped on towards the dark lagune, among whose decayed palaces dwelt in misery the old man and his child.

As they reached the foot of the stairs, loud cries and shrieks met their ears.

"Holy mother! the poor Signorina—what has happened?" cried Giuseppe, as with a bound he cleared the steps, and pushed open the door, followed closely by Irving, who, in his eagerness, had left his companions far behind.

It was all over. In the cold embrace of death the old man rested calmly. His sorrows were ended and the heavenly smile which lingered upon his features, told of the joys which greeted the soul's advent to another and a brighter world.

Poor Isola!

Alone, and heart broken, had she met the trying hour—alone had she wired the death-dew from her father's brow—alone had she received the last sigh; and then, no longer able to restrain the utterance of that grief, which, in fear of disturbing her beloved parent she had so nobly controlled, with a shriek of despair she threw herself upon the inflexible body, and winding her arms about it, gave way to her wretchedness.

It was at this moment that Giuseppe and Irving burst in. It needed but a glance to assure the latter his presentiments were right, and that in the dead and living before him, he had found the beggar of San Marc, and his lovely daughter.

CHAPTER VI.

Six months from the date of the last scene I have described, a happy circle were seated in a balcony overlooking the waters of the glorious Hudson, laving in the silvered brightness of a June moon; and up and down its graceful sweep, until lost within the dark shadows of the Highlands, white sails, like snowy clouds, flew before the gentle wind—the same gentle wind which, bearing upon its wings the sweet fragrance of countless blossoms, whispered to the heart of one of the party—the fair Isola—of the far distant home of her childhood, under the bright skies of Italy.

Her speaking features betrayed the momentary sadness which those tender reminiscences earnest her; and Irving, with the watchful eyes of love reading the clear page, softly whispered:

"Why so sad to-night, dearest Isola? The eve of our marriage must not find a shadow upon that beloved brow; to me the very heavens seem to smile, as I think that to-morrow, dear one, will make you mine."

"Forgive me," she replied, raising her eyes tenderly to him; "there is something in the scene which touches my soul like notes of music we have listened to in other days—I was thinking of my father, Charles. Ah! from those realms of bliss above does he smile upon the happiness of his child! Oh, Charles, when I contrast the sad scenes which marked the last year of my poor father's life with those which now surround me, so replete with happiness, I seem to be the spirit of some blissful dream!"

"And a dream, my dear Isola, from which let it be my care no rude storm shall arouse you," replied Irving. "In the joys of the present, let the bitter past be buried—joys which to me would have never been, but for those sorrows which first awoke my sympathy and my love! Yes, Isola, I loved you from the first moment I saw you in your sadness, kneeling at the feet of your father, upon the pavement of San Marc, and shall ever bless the hour when, at an by an interest which I then could not explain, I sound you in that moment of your desolateness and woe, when death had left you an orphan!"

"And I, too, Charles, must bless that preservering, yet generous spirit of yours, which has given me so dear a sister!" said Mary Winthrop, embracing Isola.

"I acknowledge, Irving, that I thought you a romantic, headstrong youth," continued Winthrop; "but when I see before me the lovely prize which rewarded your zealous pursuit, I also must be thankful that this very perseverance of yours rendered my ridicule and my advice alike powerless, and has given to our home and hearts one whom it will ever be our pride and happiness to love and cherish." [Savain's Magazo.]

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, DAHLIAS, etc.—An assortment of the most superb and new sorts, one of the above, in name, received portions. Also, Hyacinth and Garden BELL GLASSES; Chinese Sets; Fruits Assorting Baskets; Scented Jonquils; London Soft Peas, etc. etc. at F. D. GAYE'S New Seed Store, Crossman street. n8 1wos

Official.

Ordinances and Resolutions of Second Municipality Council.

No. 3008.

Resolved, That the Treasurer pay the following sums on the warrant of the Mayor, viz.:

To John L. Lewis, Sheriff, for expenses conveying election returns of 6th September, 1850, to Baton Rouge, and attendance at polls, etc., one hundred dollars and fifty-six cents.

To New Orleans Bee, for publishing election notices, 1st September, 1850, in French and English, one hundred and ninety-four dollars.

To the Courier, for publishing election notices, in September, 1850, in French and English, one hundred and thirty-six dollars.

To Philip Kammer, for refreshments furnished at the polls of First Ward, in September election, thirty dollars.

To W. m. Wick, for rent of room for holding election in First Ward, in September, ten dollars.

To John Henderson, for refreshments at Second Ward polls, during election, in September, thirty dollars.

To R. Hamilton, for fitting up polls in Second Ward, at election in September, ten dollars.

To M. Quinlan, for refreshments furnished, and for fitting up polls in Third Ward, at election, in September, forty dollars.

To M. Linde, for refreshments at Fourth Ward polls, at election in September, thirty dollars.

To R. Turner, for fitting up Fourth Ward polls, at election in September, and for nails used on gunwales, eleven dollars and fifty cents.

To Arcade Hotel, for refreshments furnished at Fifth Ward polls, during elections of July and September, 1850, sixty dollars.

To C. Thompson, for cleaning out room for elections of April and September, 1850, in Fifth Ward, ten dollars.

To H. Sinaker, for fitting up polls in Fifth Ward, in September, five dollars.

To F. Young, for refreshments at Sixth Ward Polls, in September, twenty-four dollar and twenty-five cents.

To J. Prior, for fitting up polls at Sixth Ward, in September, five dollars.

To C. O. Brien, for fitting up polls at Seventh Ward, in September, ten dollars.

To Jos. Cohn, for advertisements in the German Gazette, sixteen dollars.

To S. L. Beelman, for extra services as Lieutenant, during employment of C. Perrie, in August and September, twelve dollars and fifty cents.

To T. O. Stark, for material copy, five dollars.

To A. G. Blanchard, for services as District Surveyor on Commons street shell road, eighty-five dollars.

To M. Ryan, for repairing one plank bridge, supports to sides of Howard street plank road, three hundred dollars.

To F. Tucker, for removing dead animals, eleven dollars.

To Water Works Company, for introducing lead pipes into gas house, etc., one hundred and twenty-five dollars and forty-five cents.

To T. P. Clay, for brokerage on purchase of ice for market house, etc., twenty-five dollars.

To C. Funk, for sundries furnished Municipal Officers, eight dollars.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3009.

Resolved, That the Mayor be authorized and requested to sell at public auction, after giving ten days notice in the official paper of the Municipality, the contract for the furnishing and delivery, in Tchoupitoulas street, between Louisa and Benjamin streets, from 600 to 700 yards square block stone, for the completion of the Square block, paving on Tchoupitoulas street.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3010.

Resolved, That the Mayor be, and he is hereby, authorized and requested to sell at public auction, after having advertised ten days in the usual notice, the annual repairs of the St. Mary's, Vegetable and Poydras Markets. The work to be done by the 20th of December, 1850, in accordance with the specifications on file in the Surveyor's office, and to be paid for, as it progresses, in cash, one-fourth of the whole amount due being reserved until the whole work is completed, and security in the amount of the contract to be given, to the satisfaction of the Council, to ensure the keeping the market in good order during the year 1851.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3011.

Resolved, That the Surveyor is hereby authorized to contract, in accordance with the adjudication by the Mayor on the 11th inst., with E. Noyes as principal, and J. F. Smith and J. N. Walmsgat, as securities, for the building of a school-house on the property of the Municipality, at the corner of Perdido and Richard streets, for the sum of nine thousand four hundred dollars; and with John Paul, as principal, and J. W. Boon, as security, for the building of a school-house, on the property of the Municipality, on Prytania street, between Euterpe and Thalia streets, for the sum of eight thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars. The buildings to be erected in conformity to the plans and specifications on file in the office of the Surveyor, and to his satisfaction, and to be completed within five months from date of the contracts. Payments to be made as the work progresses, by notes, at six and twelve months, bearing interest at ten per cent.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3012.

Resolved, That the Captain of the Watch is hereby authorized to purchase or have made twenty-five caps for the Night Watch.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3013.

Resolved, That the Mayor is hereby authorized and requested to purchase from Erasme Legouzes, in behalf of this Municipality, a certain lot of ground on the east side of Baronne street, between Hesia and Gimel streets, for the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars, for the purpose of erecting a Watch-house thereon, said lot measuring about 48 feet front on Baronne street, by about 100 feet in depth, and payable one-third cash and the balance in equal payments at 6, 12, and 18 months in notes of the Municipality, which the Treasurer and Comptroller are hereby authorized to issue—provided that the title to said property shall be examined and approved by the Municipality.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3014.

Resolved, That the Police Committee are hereby authorized to employ an architect to draw plans and specifications for the erection of a watchhouse on Baronne street, and to superintend the erection of the same, under the supervision of the Police Committee.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3015.

Resolved, That James Gallagher be, and he is hereby, reinstated and placed on duty, and that the Treasurer be ordered to pay him for the time of his suspension, with the exception of one week, as a punishment for language used in the Recorder's Court.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3016.

Resolved, That permission is hereby granted to Joseph Lallande, to emancipate his slave Malinda or Marinda, a mulattress, aged about 45 years, and her children, Mary Frances Jane, aged 10, and Benjamin, 7 years, with permission to remain in the State, when he has given the usual bond and security to the satisfaction of the Recorder.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

No. 3017.

Resolved, That permission is hereby granted to John Pearce, to emancipate his slave Emily or Milly, black, and over 30 years of age, and her children, Elizabeth and Richard; and that said slaves be permitted to remain in the State, when the said Pearce has given the usual bond and security, to be approved by the Recorder.

Passed Oct. 29, 1850. J. H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved Nov. 4, 1850. A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

Direct Importation.

☞ Now opening at the Store of ☞

P. MALLARD, 67 *Royal street.*

☞ The subscriber having just returned from Europe, is enabled to offer to his