[illegible] PROVIDENCE.

[illegible] to visit a very hospitable acquaintance, on account of the portrait painter's [illegible] in such a region, he may grant the [illegible] some opportunities, and, then hastily [illegible] a cottage for a year or two, very [illegible] and visited the house till [illegible] Whitelea, to seek [illegible] to shine on pastoral [illegible] Cousin [illegible] of C———, by that [illegible] the prudent the pastors of the good father [illegible] expected by the demands upon [illegible] While in a certain fashion, he had [illegible] of art olive to the place, [illegible] of art, in return, had kept him [illegible] Cousin all the week, you dear [illegible] time to connect every family [illegible] Philadelphia, and would want him no more yet [illegible] and Conrad saw that if he could [illegible] turn his hand to something else, and, in [illegible] of gentle and kindness, work with [illegible] hoe, or quill, make shoes, [illegible] till the ground, or cast up accounts, he should shortly be hardly put to it to keep himself going.—He had made and [illegible] a pretty tolerable little purse during his short season of patronage, and determined to turn that to account in seeking, in other [illegible] a continuation of connection.—His father and mother were both dead, and [illegible] he had no near relatives [illegible] Therefore, there was no tie, save [illegible] to bind him to his native [illegible] "No tie?" sighed Conrad, "no tie at all."

It was Monday evening, and the next day Tuesday, was to behold his departure. His [illegible] was paid, his traps were all packed up [illegible] and he had nothing to think [illegible] but evening [illegible] he should proceed.—He walked out, for the last time, into the little garden behind the modest house in which he had spent pensive and somewhat *fretful* days, which cannot, without some soul emotions of some sort, leave, perhaps forever, a spot in which the stream of life has flowed peacefully and pleasantly for many years, and where only little vexations, [illegible] and troubles have been [illegible] Even a [illegible] cannot depart from his dwelling without a pang, although he goes after years of miserable solitude, to rejoin the [illegible] family. It was the month of August, and the glory of the summer was becoming softened and softened. The nights were gradually growing longer, and the days shorter, the leaves were [illegible] the woods and groves were beginning to show the autumn hue, the sun sink behind the hills earlier and earlier day by day, and the blood harvest moon reigned through and the sweet and fragrant night. Conrad felt the influence of the season, and, though he had for some time contemplated his departure from his home with all the cheerfulness which the spirit of adventure imparts to young men, he now, as the time arrived, felt inclined to weep over the separation.—He was indulging in reveries of a mournful complexion, when he observed his landlady leave the house, and, entering the garden, bustle towards him in great hurry. Assured by the manner of the worthy old lady that he was wanted, and urgently, by some one or other, he rose from the rustic seat on which he had been sitting, and went to meet her. A gentleman had called to see him in a chaise, and was waiting in the parlor in a state of impatience and excitement which Mrs Farrell had never seen the like of.—Wondering who the visitor could be, Conrad hastened into the parlor. He found there an elderly individual, of gentlemanly appearance, who was walking to and fro restlessly, and whose countenance and demeanor bore affecting evidences of agitation and sorrow. He approached Conrad quickly.

"You are a portrait painter, Mr Merlin?"

"Yes, sir."

"The only one, I believe, in this vicinity?"

"Yes."

"I am anxious," continued the gentleman, speaking in a low tone, and with a tremulous earnestness that rendered his speech peculiarly emphatic—"I am anxious to have painted the portrait of one who is—who was—very dear to me, immediately—*immediately* for a few hours may make such a performance impossible. May I beg that you will submit to some sacrifice of convenience—that you will be good enough to set aside your arrangements for a day or two to execute this work? Do so, and you will find that you have lost nothing."

"Without entertaining any consideration of that sort, sir," answered Conrad, deeply touched by the manner of his visitor, which betokened recent and heavy affliction, "my best abilities, such as they are, are immediately at your service."

"Many thanks," answered the gentleman, pressing his hand warmly. "Had you declined, I know not what I should have done; for there is no other of the profession in this neighborhood, and there is no time to seek further. Come, for heaven's sake, let us hasten."

Conrad immediately gave the necessary intimation to his landlady; his easel, pallet and painting box were quickly placed in the phaeton; the gentleman and himself took their places inside; and the coachman drove off at as great a pace as a pair of good horses could command.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, after a silent and rapid ride of some ten miles, the phaeton stopped before the gates of a park-like demesne. The coachman shouted, when a lad, who appeared to have been waiting near the spot, ran and opened the gates, and they resumed their way thro' a beautiful drive—the carefully kept sward, the vegetable trees, and the light and elegant lodges on either side, testifying that they were within the boundaries of an estate of some pretensions. Half a mile brought them to the portal of a sombre and venerable mansion, which rose up darkly and majestically in front of the extensive plantation of forest-like appearance. Facing it was a large, level lawn, having in the center the pedestal and the sun-dial so frequently found on such situations.

A footman in livery came forth, and taking Conrad's easel and apparatus, carried them into the house. The young artist, who had always lived and moved among humble people, was surprised and abashed to find himself suddenly brought into contact with wealth and its accompaniments, and began to fear that more might be expected of him than he would be able to accomplish. The occasion must be urgent indeed, thought he, seriously, which should induce wealthy people to have recourse to him—a poor, self-taught, obscure artist—merely because he happened to be the nearest at hand. However, to draw back was impossible; and, although grief is always repellent, there was still an amount of kindness and consideration in the demeanor of his new employer that reassured him. Besides, he knew that, let his picture be as crude and amateur-like as any one might please to consider it, he had still the undoubted talent of being able to catch a likeness—indeed, his ability to do this had never once failed him. This reflection gave him some consolation, and he resolved to undertake cheerfully whatever was required of him, and do his best.

When they had entered the house, the [illegible] door was softly closed, and the gentleman, whose name (they have now to use Christ-[illegible]) was Harrenburn, conducted Conrad through the hall, and upon ascending an elegant staircase, [illegible] story, leading to a spacious apartment, the front portions of the house were added. The wide entrance hall was hastily [illegible] with white and black marble; the staircase was large enough for a procession of guests; the broad embrasures were gaily [illegible] with thick, rich carpet; fine pictures, in handsome frames, decorated the walls; and wherever they happened to be [illegible] open on opening doors, [illegible] the room which they [illegible] To the poor painter, [illegible] of opulence and taste contrasted [illegible] of the fabulous short-[illegible] The house gave evidence of the most [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] Conrad was by no means a [illegible] man of a romantic or sentimental [illegible] If it is not to be wondered at [illegible] the sensations which produced a [illegible] effect upon his mind. The form and features he was now endeavoring to portray were certainly the most beautiful he had as yet attempted his art upon—indeed, without exception, the most beautiful he had ever looked on. The melancholy spectacle of youth and life in the first glow of life's brightest season, and when surrounded by everything that wealth and education can contribute towards rendering existence brilliant and delightful, can never fail to excite deep and solemn emotion. As the artist labored to give a faithful representation of the sweetly serene face, the raven hair, the marble forehead, the delicately arched brow, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, and thro' how well such a noble beauty seemed to suit one who was fit to die—a pure, spotless, bright being—he had more than once to pause in his work while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Few experiences chasten the heart so powerfully as the sight of the early dead—those who live among us a short while, happy and good, loving and beloved, and then are suddenly taken away, ere the rough journey of life is well begun, leaving us to tread on through the perilous and difficult way by ourselves; no more sweet words for us, no more songs, no more companionship, no more loving counsel and assistance—nothing now, save the remembrance of beauty and purity departed.—How potent is that remembrance against the assaults of evil thoughts! How impressive the thoughts of virtue in the shroud!

With one or two necessary intervals, Conrad worked throughout the day, and until the declining light warned him to desist. The next morning he resumed his pallet, and in about four or five hours brought his task to a conclusion, taking, in addition to the painting he was commissioned to make, a small crayon sketch for himself. It was his wish to preserve some memento of what he regarded as the most remarkable of his experiences, and likewise to possess a counterfeit presentment of a face, the beauty of which he had never seen equalled.—Mr Harrenburn expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which Conrad had acquitted himself—he only saw the painting, of course; and taking him into his study, bade him persevere in his art, and gave him fifty guineas—a sum which almost bereft the young man of his senses, it seemed so vast, and came so unexpectedly, after all his misgivings, especially in the presence of one who, to judge from the taste he had exhibited in his collection, must be no ordinary connoisseur.

It is difficult to describe the remarkable influence which this adventure exercised upon the young artist. His susceptible mind received an impression from this single association with a scene of death on the one hand, and an appreciating patron on the other, which affected the whole of his future life. He returned to C———, bade adieu to his landlady and friends, and, placing himself and his luggage upon the London coach, proceeded to the metropolis.—Here, after looking about him for some time, and taking pains to study the various masters in his art, he made a respectful application to one who stood among the highest in repute, and whose works had pleased his own taste and fancy better than any he had seen. After much earnest pleading, and offering very nearly all the little wealth he possessed, he was accepted as a pupil, to receive a course of ten lessons. With great assiduity he followed the instructions of the master, and learned the mysteries of coloring, and a great number of artistic niceties, all tending to advance him towards perfection of execution. He was really possessed of natural talents of a high order, and in the development of these he now evinced great acuteness, as well as industry. His master, an artist who had made a reputation years before, and who had won high patronage, and earned for himself a large fortune, thus being beyond the reach of any feeling of professional jealousy, was much delighted with Conrad's progress; was proud to have discovered and taught an artist of really superior talent; and generously returning to him the money he had lately received with so much mistrust, and even nausea—for a raw pupil is the horror of *cognoscenti*—he forthwith established him as his protege. Thanks to his introduction, Conrad shortly received a commission of importance, and had the honor of painting the portrait of one of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy. He exerted all his powers in the work, and was rewarded with success; the portrait caused a sense sensation, and was as a *chef d'œuvre*. Thus auspiciously wooed, Fortune opened her arms, and gave him a place among her own favored children. The first success was succeeded by others—commission followed commission, and, to be brief, after four years of incessant engagements and unwearied industry, he found himself owner of a high reputation and a moderate independence.

During all this time, and throughout the dazzling progress of his fortunes, the crayon sketch of poor Miss Harrenburn was preserved and prized, and carried wherever he went with never-failing care and solicitude. Satisfied by indelible associations, it was to him a sacred amulet—a charm against evil thoughts—a stimulant to virtue and purity—this picture of the young lady lying dead, gone gently to the last account in the midst of her beauty and untainted goodness. Its influence made him a pure-minded, humble, kind and charitable man. Living quietly and frugally, he constantly devoted a large proportion of his extensive earnings to the relief of the miseries of the unfortunate; and such traits did not pass without due recognition. Few who knew him spoke of his great talents without bearing testimony to the beauty of his moral character.

But everything may be carried to excess; even the best feelings may be cherished to an inordinate degree. Many of the noblest characters the world has produced, have overreached their intentions and sunk into fanaticism. Conrad, in the fourth year of his success, was fast merging from a purist into an ascetic. He began to weary of the world, and to desire to live apart from it, employing his life, and the fortune he had already accumulated, solely in works of charity and beneficence. While in this state of mind, he determined to proceed on a continental tour. After spending some time in France, where many an Hotel Dieu was benefitted by his bounty, he traveled into Switzerland. At Chamounix he made a stay of some days, residing in the cottage of an herbalist named Wegner, in preference to using the hotels so well known to tourists.

One evening he had walked some distance along the road toward Mount Blanc, and, in a tranquil and contemplative mood had paused to watch the various effects of sunset. He leaned against a tree by the roadside, at the corner of a path which led from the highway to a private residence.—Again it was August, exactly four years since he had quitted C———, exactly four years since the most singular event of his life had occurred. He was thinking of it, recalling every circumstance connected with the strange adventure, and, for reality gave it, not that, disturbing by a fancy which appeared very painful, when the occasion, it might have been.

Conrad, now, dropped, bareheaded, and the pensively half musing, more comfortable his position, continued leaning against the tree, and gazing, with a fixed, abstracted look, in the direction of the Chamounix valley. The sun was by no means a strong one, of a romantic or sentimental character, yet, if it not to be wondered at [illegible] impression should produce a lasting