

at every epoch. It may be deemed impossible now-a-days.

Is it not consoling to think that the most skillful and the best paid writer of our generation is likewise the proudest of them all?

NOT FORGOTTEN.

I left her:—loth was I to go—
She was my promised wife—
The pledge, long sought, had made its mark
In joy upon my life.
'Twas like the Bow of Promise placed
By God's hand, high above,
To me a sign of storms all passed—
A covenant of love!

A weight of sadness crushed us
When the hour of parting came;
A dark and drear foreboding fell—
A dread without a name.
It seemed a living Presence
Threat'ning stood between us two,
And we felt its blighting shadow,
As we said our last adieu.

What was it trembled at our hearts—
That caused our cheeks to pale?
A shudder, such as thrill those souls
Who hear the Banshee's wail!
Still, firm in faith of our great love,
We saw the Shadow fade.
I kissed the roses back again
Ere the last words were said.

I know we counted hour by hour,
And kept the tally true;
Had I but known—I would have held
The moments as they flew,
And spun them into long, long years,
Each year an Age, if then
I but might clasp my living love,
Close to my heart again.

I lingered in my distant home
Three weary years or more;
The laggard post, with leaden feet,
Sweet welcome greetings bore.
But then there came a lapse—no word,
No token from her hand—
And then, between my love and me,
I felt the shadow stand!

It was a gaunt and formless shape,
I viewed it with hushed breath,
I felt its cold hand on my heart,
And each pulse-throb said—Death.
There was no pause, no stop, no rest,
No wait for time nor tide—
I felt my loved one could not die
Without me by her side.

I dared not stay that gentle soul
On its blest, heavenly way;
I cared not for the blasted life
That must be mine alway.
I knew that halting 'tween the two,
God's grace and human love,
The soul of my soul fluttered,
Ere it took its flight above.

So I pressed on, ever onward,
Never dust clung to my feet,
Till I walked with lying calmness
Up the well-remembered street.
I passed the door, unconscious,
I stood beside her bed—
I knelt adown and took her hand—
Alas! my love was dead!

I bent to kiss her pallid brow
Which gave no sign—not one,
With sorrow beating at my heart,
Which grief had turned to stone.
Then broke the pent-up agony—
As some fierce dammed-up stream—
And burst the fetters from my mind
Which had been all a-dream.

The bitter sobs broke from my lips,
The hot tears coursed adown—
O God! there culminated all
Of woe the earth has known.
It mattered not that I had felt
The woe that was to come,
That moment flashed the truth to me,
And brought the sorrow home.

Home to my breaking heart, while I
Rained tears upon her cheek
And uttered wild and frantic prayers—
If she would only speak—
If from this death trance she would give
A token or a sign;
One look, one sigh, one pressure faint
Of her cold hand in mine!

And then there passed across her face
A transient flush of life,
In which Soul combatting with Death,
Rose victor in the strife.
The closed eyelids slowly oped,
But with a gaze distraught,
As though the soul sublimed from clay,
Its heaven with longing sought.

And then a change—O fading cheek!
Life's flush for ever gone!
One glance of love she beamed on me,
One glance—one—only one!
But in that glance the single love
Of all her stainless life
Was centered—then the calm of death
Usurped Earth's passion strife.

Sublimely beautiful, my love,
Thy face comes back to me,
With God's own holy halo round
Its frail mortality.
With God's grand impress on thy brow
That look comes back again,
And thanks from my long widowed heart
Rise up in fervent strain.

Rise upward, in a psalm glad
That in that last fond look
Thy love revealed itself to me
As in a written book.
Whose words, in golden letters stamped,
This blessed solace gave—
That love unsullied in its truth,
Can triumph o'er the grave.

HENRY C. WATSON.

BELLINI.

BY ARTHUR POUJEN.

Translated from the French by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

I.

"It is prejudice to believe that genius ought to die early. I believe that the space between thirty and thirty-five years has been assigned as the age most fatal to genius. How many times I have joked and teased poor Bellini on this subject, in predicting that in his quality of genius, he ought to die soon, as he had attained the critical age! Strange! notwithstanding our tone of gaiety, this prophecy caused him an involuntary disquiet: he called me his *jettatore*, and never failed to make the sign of the cross. He had such a strong desire to live! The word death excited in him a delirium of aversion; he did not wish to hear death spoken of; he was as afraid of it as a child who fears to sleep in the dark. He was a good and amiable child, a little self-sufficient at times, but one only had to threaten him with his approaching death to make his voice modest and supplicating, and see him make with raised fingers the sign of disenchantment from the *jettatore*. Poor Bellini!

"You were then personally acquainted with him? Was he handsome?"

"He was not ugly. We men can do little more than to answer affirmatively such a question upon one of our sex. A figure lithe and swaying, movements graceful and almost coquettish; always dressed faultlessly; regular features, florid complexion, blonde hair, almost golden, worn in light curls, a noble forehead, high, very high, straight nose, pale blue eyes, a well proportioned mouth, and round chin. His features showed something vague and without character, although they sometimes changed into an expression of bitter-sweet sadness. This sadness replaced *esprit* in Bellini's face; but it was a sadness without depth, the light of which vacillated without poetry in the eyes, and trembled upon the lips without passion. The young maestro seemed to wish to display in all his person this soft and effeminate grief. His hair was curled with a sentimentality so dreamy, his garments fitted with a languor so supple around his slender figure; he carried his Spanish cane with an air so idyllic that he always reminded me of those shepherds that we have seen mincing in Pastorals, with ribboned crook and breeches of rose colored taffeta. His gait was so feminine, so elegiac, so ethereal! His entire person had an air of sentimental foppishness. He had much success with the women, but I doubt if he ever inspired any great passion. For me, his appearance had something pleasantly annoying, the reason of which I could account for in his bad French. Although Bellini had lived in France several years, he spoke the French language as badly as they speak it in England. I ought not to qualify this language by bad: bad is here too good. It is necessary to say: frightful enough to make one's hair stand on end! When in the same *salon* with Bellini, his proximity always inspired a certain anxiety, intermingled with a feeling of awe which repulsed and attracted at the same time. His involuntary puns were often of an amusing nature, and brought to mind the chateau of his compatriot, the Prince of Pallagonie, which Goethe in his "Travels in Italy," represents as a museum of strange extravagances and monstrosities. And