In the cool of the Evening the Party embarked in Montoni's Gondola, & rowed out upon the Sea, the red glow of Sun set still touched the waves, and lingered in the West, where the melancholy gleam seemed slowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper Aër began to twinkle with Stars. — Emily sat, given up to pensive and sweet emotions, the smoothness of the Water over which she glided, — its reflected Images, — a new Heaven and trembling Stars below the waves, with shadowy outlines of Towers, and Porticos, conspired with the stillness of the hour, interrupted only by the passing wave, or the notes of distant Music, to raise those emotions to enthusiasm. — As she listened to the measured sound of the Oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her softened mind return'd to the memory of St. Aubert, and to Valencourt, and tears stole to her eyes. the rays of the Moon, strengthening, as the shadows deepened, soon after threw a silvery gleam upon her countenance, which was partly shaded by a thin black Veil, and touch'd it with inimitable softness, hers was the contour of a Madona with the sensibility of a Magdalen; and the pensive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her Cheek confirmed the expression of the Character. — the last strain of Music now died in the Air, for the Gondola was far upon the Waves and the Party was determined to have Music of their own. — the Count Morano who sat next to Emily, and who had been observing her for sometime in silence, snatched up a Lute, and struck the Chords with the finger of Harmony herself, while his Voice (a fine Tenor) accompanied them in a Rondeau full of tender sadness, and with full powers of Expression, the Count sung the following:

**RONDEAU.**

Soft as yon silver ray that sleeps upon the Ocean's trembling tide,
Soft as the Air that lightly sweeps yon Sail that swells in state-ly pride

Soft as the Surges stealing note.

that dies along the distant Shore or

war-bled Strain that sinks remote, so soft the Sigh-
True as the Soul to Music's sway true as the Soul to Music's sway or Music to Venetian Sea. Soft as the silver beams that sleep upon the Ocean's breast. So soft so true fond love shall weep so soft so true with thee shall rest with thee shall rest.