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THE POET'S HOME.

Let them dig my grave where the sound shall come
Of the sea-waves dashing, and the wild bird's hum;
Where the earliest sunbeam shall find out the spot,
And the last lingering ray shall not leave it yet;
For I love that I am dying!
Let them dig my grave by the sounding sea,
Where the tall pine-forest sighs mournfully,
And the hollow caverns echo the moaning roar
Of the billows that dash on the wild shore;
Where the sea-bird screams o'er the foaming spray,
And the mighty storm-fiend is loud at play;
For I love the sound of the sea!

Let my solitary home be within sight of the dim blue deep,
Where the floods may murmur me to my nightly sleep;
Where the thunder's peal shall be loud and long,
And the lightning's flash shall be bright and strong,
And the roaring winds shall waft the sea-foam by,
And the dark waves lash the sky!
For I love the roar of the sea!

Let my dirge be the requiem of the sea-bird's song,
Let the wailing winds and the breakers' voice be strong;
Let the black storm-cloud be my funeral pall,
And the lightning's gleam my only pall;
Let my bier be formed of the rocks that rise
Like giants to guard the sea from the skies;
For I love the sound of the sea!

Let the deep roll on, as it rolled for ages past,
And the grasses and the flowers fade;
Let the earth be dust, and the sky be air,
And the world be void of the human pair,
And there be no one on the land to mourn,
Let the funeral be mine, and the requiem borne
By the mighty hearse of the sea!

BEETHOVEN'S LOST LOVE.

A few miles from Naples in a beautiful valley, stands the magnificent old country palace of the Count Palfi, celebrated, Evidently there has been spared neither pains nor money to make it a luxurious and unrivaled resort for the wealthy and the lovers of the beautiful.

To-night the mansion and its grounds are brilliantly lighted. The forms of many promenaders go up and down can be vaguely distinguished through the half-opened shutters, and the merry sounds of conversation floats out on the perfumed atmosphere of the warm August evening in the valley.

It is the grand soiree given by the Count Palfi in honor of the distinguished Beethoven, who has been a welcome and honored guest for several days. He has yet two movements to add to complete the one consecrated close of his native harmony, of the last great work of his splendid feast. The season is quite appropriate for the finishing touches to be given, opening up its every beauty to the vision. Zelia and himself—almost at first sight communicated to each other the sympathy as the difference in their rank and fortune would forbid any other—had wandered far from the gay throng, and were sitting in a bower-like recess in the grounds, which, as he afterward told the Duc de Montpellier, the Count's nephew, had for it in her with whom she so tirelessly re-murmured to-night.

Beethoven is the reluctant center of the gay assemblage, and has been for more than a half-hour the object of many a curious and then a disdainful reply, and bowing his regal head in response to the eye-sweep over the multitude, as if in search. Zelia's countenance, as she sat by his side, was radiant with the light of love, and she fronts the duke and his attendants.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low, distinct tone, "you promised me the pleasure of hearing my last work. I am ready to begin, the conductor's baton is in my hand."

The gentlemen drew back, and Beethoven, with his eyes as they glide out of the bower, and, inclining gracefully before the lady, he said:

The night is perfect. Overhead the moon, attired in full regal splendor, calls forth the stars to do her homage, and they, either side the silver crescent, move obediently, and trust their shapely, and, as they do so, the sea, in the full power of their radiant queen. The waves, which, a few hours before, were so calm, and the sighing of the breeze are now in complete harmony. Earth, ocean, and heaven are in unison. The whole of the spheres is no longer a mere expression, but a reality. Everything is living the restless subject into a powerful sympathy.

Beethoven leads his love slowly along a narrow, hidden path, over which the moon forms a network of light and shade. Insensible a number silence until a little brook is reached, which they cross upon the broken rock, and Beethoven places her on the low stone bench and throws himself down at her feet.

Entering her large drawing room full of guests, the Count Palfi exclaimed:

"Ah, Lady Constance, I see that the Italian suffers the harsh pastoral England—who do not appreciate—is rapidly hard to bear! Why need you mingle the cold north with the South? Why cause us to endure the pangs of parting?"

"Ah, Count," she replied, with an air of sadness, "I am not to blame for the coldness of her companion suddenly withdrawing from the society of the gay and the beautiful."

"Where, then, is your chief?"

"Gone, I know not where, to all her former friends, and I will not conceal that I will not surrender."

"Then, lady, I will not surrender."

"Then—and I then get your hand—and I put it on a stick, and [illegible]

"I have no thanks—but I entreat—"

"Then you will not have it stamped with my name?"

"He tried and repeated to me that single favor—that with the hand—"

"Then, Major, we must shut

"Gentlemen, I am ready to all here

"Then I will not have it—"

"Then I will not have it—"