

## THE PASSIONATE VIOLINIST:

### A Story of Love, Music and Adventure.

The youth looked upon his father with a grateful smile, and then those three, bound together by one strong bond of love, sat down to the tempting board, on which Pauline had heaped the richest products of her garden, reserved especially for this last supper to be partaken with her son. It was a pleasant meal, pleasant yet sad, for farewells between those fond parents and that only child were to be uttered with the coming morn, and though cheerful words were spoken, yet at the thought of the approaching parting a shadow would oftentimes flit over the father's brow, or sadden the moist eye of the mother, as they rested on the youthful face of her darling.

Giuseppe, too, felt his soul heavy within him, and as he met the loving glances of those who had watched with never wearying love his childhood and his youth, as he looked for the last time on every dear and familiar object around him—on friends and home, on scenes of beauty that had never palled upon his eye, and which were linked with the exquisite harmonies upon which his soul had fed—harmonies in which he was no more to indulge—nay, which he was henceforth to renounce for a severe and hated science; he could scarcely constrain himself to appear cheerful and unembarrassed till the repast was ended. But he did so, and by the strong power of affection summoned bright smiles to his lips, and gay words to his tongue, while his heart, beneath its outward disguise, was about ready to burst with its overcharged emotion.

Seizing the first favorable moment to retire from the table, he took his violin, and bending over it to hide the unbidden moisture that dimmed his eyes, he broke forth, after a short prelude, into a strain exceeding every former effort of his skill. So clear and exquisite were the tones he elicited, so eloquent their expression, so varied and so sweet the sounds that the very soul of Pauline, and even that of the sterner Pietro, hung entranced upon the melody. It was, indeed, a thrilling and impassioned burst of genius, in which the ardent youth had given most eloquent utterance to the deep feelings which no language could express, and his flushed cheek, his kindling and uplifted eye, betrayed the enthusiasm which rendered him capable of producing and enjoying such celestial harmony.

When he ceased Pietro pointed in silence to the moon, whose slender crescent just appeared above the heaving billows, and, unwilling to betray how much he was moved by the music, he turned, and without further word walked from the apartment. But the tender mother threw her arms around her son and kissed him with tears. It was the last time for many months that she should listen to those strains, or that she should sit with her heart's treasure in that favorite place, the scene of their evening gatherings, and grief at the thought overcame all her fortitude. Giuseppe tenderly caressed her, and while he spoke to her with hope of his success, with cheerfulness of his return, he led her gently down the steps, and round by every well loved spot in the garden, back to the house whither his father had preceded them.

The following morning saw Giuseppe at an early hour on his way to Padua, filled with that heart breaking thoughts and sorrowful regrets it were vain to say. After a prosperous journey he reached the far famed city, and was duly established as a student in its renowned university. For a time the novelty of everything that surrounded him, and the duties of the course upon which he had entered, dissipated the ennui which had begun to paralyze him, and softened the chagrin which had arisen from his reluctance to commence a dry and uncongenial study. This reluctance, stimulated by the example of his fellow students, and also by his promise to his father, he resolved to overcome, and he labored most assiduously to do so, but still without, in the least degree, conquering his aversion to the course of mental toil and discipline to which he found himself subjected. Yet manfully he struggled against this aversion, turning resolutely from the art he loved least it should regain more than its wonted dominion over him, and refusing, even during the hours allotted for recreation, to touch his violin, which since he left Pirano, he had but once withdrawn from the case in which, under safe lock and key, it lay ensconced.

Thus, much time, which by its pleasant aid would have passed too rapidly away, hung wearily upon his hands, but yet, though he had formed few acquaintances, he was not without some agreeable resources. For to a mind constituted like his, painting and sculpture, as well as poetry and music, presented attractions of no common kind, and refined and luxurious Padua possessed in her rare collections many exquisite *chef d'œuvres* of art, which were the subjects of his untiring study and delight; statuary from the chisels of the world's great masters, and paintings from the studios of those whose magic pencils stamped the lifeless canvases with the glowing hues of their own immortal genius. Amid such objects the impassioned nature of Giuseppe found food for its deep longings; in contemplating these his imagination quickened, his conceptions became purer, his aspirations loftier, his intellect daily ripened and expanded, and the love of the beautiful and the perfect became an intense desire in his soul.

In harmony with these inward developments, increased his natural passion for music, and soon wherever its sound was heard, whether in the gloom of the vaulted cathedral or beneath the dome of a theatre, there was he seen, a rapt and breathless listener. Daily, his firm resolve to bend his mind to study became weaker; the genius of harmony had again touched his spirit with her potent wand, and by degrees his instrument forsook its case, and responded ravisshingly to his enamored touch. His surpassing skill, rarely as he manifested it in the presence of others, soon gained him reputation among his fellow students, and a single tone of his violin was the signal for crowds to gather in his apartments to listen to his wonderful performance.

Nor was his fame confined to the walls of the university, but went abroad awaking

in numerous circles general interest and curiosity. Many noble amateurs of the city honored him with invitations to their soirées musicales, but he shunned the splendor and publicity of such a *debut*, and turned resolutely from many a stately palace the portals of which were held open by patrician hands for him to enter. Once only, at a small *fete* given by a noble lady whose son was his friend and fellow student, was Giuseppe won to attend and lend his aid to the musical entertainment of the evening, on which occasion he carried away the palm from every other performer.

Nay, such an *eclat* did he then add to his already brilliant reputation that he was afterwards solicited in a courteous letter from the Bishop of Padua, a rich and haughty prelate, to bestow upon his niece, Dona Ianthe, instructions in that divine art in which he so greatly excelled. This proposition, however, Giuseppe respectfully but promptly declined, little aware at the time what a golden opportunity for ripening the seeds of future sweet springing hopes he was casting away by his refusal. Thus day by day, while his aversion to the barren field of jurisprudence, whose first barrier he had scarcely passed, deepened into repugnance, the master passion of his soul obtained more than its wonted supremacy. Yet he did not, irksome as they were, neglect his studies, because the deep sentiment of filial affection which he cherished made him desirous if possible to fulfil the expectations of his parents, but he no longer scrupled to devote those hours allotted for recreation to the enjoyment of his beloved and long neglected instrument.

With renewed delight he again touched its chords, wandering away in solitary places, that undisturbed his spirit might drink in the harmonies which his hand as by a magic touch awakened. One quiet nook there was upon the banks of the Brenta, which he made his favorite haunt, not only on account of its own sequestered loveliness, but because it appeared wholly unfrequented, quite isolated as it were from the world. Spreading trees and interlacing vines enclosed a small area of emerald turf, so smooth and bright one could almost have imagined it had been expressly prepared for the revels of Oberon and his elfin court. It was vocal with the songs of a thousand birds, whose liquid strains blended harmoniously with the flowing waves that sparkled and flashed through the leafy screen as they glided swiftly on their course. In this lovely temple of nature the genius of Giuseppe found new inspirations, and there he tasted a rapture scarcely less intoxicating than that which he had often experienced in the little garden house which overlooked the queenly Adriatic in his native Pirano.

Either one bright and beautiful morning when a holiday gave him freedom from his studies he bent his steps, starting early from his couch to seek the shade and silence for which he languished. His soul, like a finely strung instrument, felt its chords jarred by the rude contacts of daily life, and with sweet and dreamy music floating in his ears, he threw himself upon the green sward, and awoke upon his instrument such sounds as made the wild warblers of the wood suspend their songs to listen. Hour after hour passed on unconsciously, yet there he lay, his delicate touch giving instinctive utterance to the indwelling harmony of his spirit, while his ardent upward eye, piercing the network of over-arching boughs, fixed its gaze upon the cloudless azure of the sky with an intensity and fervor that seemed to ask for inspiration from that fount of glory and of light.

And thus reclining, the melodies of nature blending deliciously with those his art created, a calm languor stole imperceptibly over the young enthusiast's senses and lulled them gently into a deep unbroken slumber. But while thus insensible to surrounding objects the mind within paused not in its ever active and mysterious operations, and a train of wild images passed before it, growing perchance out of the dreamy thoughts and occupation of the preceding hours.

As he slept he fancied himself striving to execute the solo, which as performed by Veracini in the church of St. Giovanni, had so transported him with rapture, and he thought that as its last note died away the devil suddenly appeared before him, and saluting him with reverence, offered to serve him for one year, on condition that during that time he would impart to him his own skill on the violin. Giuseppe readily yielded to this proposition and the compact was finished; but previously to giving his new and strange attendant a first lesson, the youth inquired if he could play at all upon the instrument, upon which Satan modestly replied, "that probably he might be able to pick out a tune, as he had often made the attempt." When brandishing the bow for a moment above the chords, he commenced playing with a bold and rapid stroke, and at once executed a splendid sonata, so strange and wildly beautiful that in the whole course of his life, as Giuseppe often said afterward, he had never heard or imagined anything so exquisite.

He listened in breathless amazement till the unearthly performer ceased and then in violent emotion he awoke. Trembling in every limb, his heart beating tumultuously and the perspiration standing in large drops upon his brow, he looked eagerly around to descry the demon of his dream, if dream it could have been, whose strange impression was stamped so vividly upon his mind. But all was still and calm—the birds had ceased their songs, and sat screening themselves from the noontide heat beneath the softly whispering leaves, which seemed to hold low converse with the murmuring waves that broke in gentle ripples on the grassy shore. No trace of cloven hoof or scorching eye was seen to mar the quiet beauty of the sylvan temple, and with the music of that divine sonata ringing in his ears, he seized the violin and strove to recall the ravishing strains.

Again and again he repeated them, but never attaining the perfection he desired, and many times in despair of success he was on the point of dashing his instrument into a thousand pieces, but still he persevered, and unsatisfied as he was with the resemblance his performance bore to its wonderful original, he yet could not deny to himself that it was more splendid and striking than anything he had ever produced, and in remembrance of the strange and mysterious manner of its communication, he called it the "Sonata del Diavolo," which name it ever after retained.

Time sped on but Giuseppe remained insensible to its lapse, forgetful even that the clear and thrilling tones of his violin, so unlike the low melodies which in this

spot it was his habit to elicit from it, might reach some distant ear and draw unbidden listeners to his retreat, till in the reiterated execution of a difficult bar he was startled by a sonorous "bravo!" and turning quickly round he saw a handsome boy in the dress of a page, holding back the drooping boughs that swept the green turf and regarding him with a face in which curiosity and admiration were ludicrously blended. Giuseppe both indignant and surprised at this unwelcome intrusion turned with a look of haughty inquiry towards the stranger, who retreating a step at the glance, but still grasping the uplifted branch said in an apologetic tone:

"I prithee pardon, signor; but it was thy marvellous music that drew me hither—we have heard it often before, yet knew not whence it came, for this morning thou wert in the air; but this morning thou hast made it so audible that I had only to follow the sound along yon winding path to find thee in this pretty alcove."

"I wished not to be within ear-shot of any, nor dreamed I that in this sequestered spot I could be so," said Giuseppe coldly. "Thou knowest little of thy locality then," answered the page; "since this very spot which thou hast appropriated for thine orchestra forms a part of the private domain belonging to the country palace of his reverence the Lord Bishop of Padua, whose livery I, his unworthy servant, have the honor to wear."

"Is it possible thou speakest truth?" said Giuseppe in a tone of chagrin. "But," he added quickly, "I was an ass to hope for solitude in any place within the environs of Padua. By the mass there is more of undisturbed quiet to be enjoyed in the busy little seaport of Pirano than within a league of this old city, that like a seething cauldron overflows its brim and disturbs the whole neighborhood with its effervescence. But I will away Sir Page before vesper. Am I driven from these lordly domains, and if thy master be chafed by my intrusion thou mayest say to him it was through ignorance that I offended, and that the sin shall not be again repeated;" and with a flushed cheek and impatient hand the sensitive musician shut the instrument in its case and turned to depart.

"Nay, signor, thou art over hasty," said the page earnestly, as letting the green branches fall from his hand he stepped forward into the little area where Giuseppe stood. "My information was not given to oblige thy intrusion, but only to excuse my own upon thy privacy, by giving thee to understand that thou wert in close vicinity to music-loving ears. Thou art ignorant perchance that the lord bishop is a patron of the divine art, and most of his household are skilled on various instruments, so that with such melody as thou dost make, thou wilt be welcome, sit where thou choicest on the domain of his reverence; for it is his pleasure to render honor to all of thy calling who give proof of such excellence as thou hast attained."

"He hath taste then and discernment, and this lordly bishop whom thou dost serve, and so I yield him all due respect," said Giuseppe. "But I am already too much enamored of my art, which it is forbidden me to practice, as I have done of late to the neglect of graver studies; and so, though the good bishop leave me master of this lovely temple, I may not worship in it, but strive to drown in the subtle learning of the schools the voice of that heavenly inspiration which speaks in celestial accents to my soul."

"I trust that wilt not so despise the glorious gift with which thou art endowed, signor," said the page. "Seldom indeed have I heard such enchanting melody as thine, and to-morrow will I bend hitherward my steps, hoping thou wilt not do thyself and others so much wrong as to carry into execution the purpose thou hast just now named."

"I know not," said Giuseppe, "what I may, but only what I should do, for the path of my duty is too plain to be mistaken, and if I would follow it I must avoid this spot, for the tempter dwells here, and while sleeping in the shade yonder he came to me and taught me that entrancing music which attracted thee to listen."

"Thou art mad surely," said the page, glancing round with a look of terror that made Giuseppe smile. "But it matters not to me whether angel of light or prince of darkness taught thee this divine strain—I wear a relic of the true cross," and he devoutly kissed a small silken bag which he plucked from his bosom, "and guarded by its blessed power I will defy both satan and his legions to hear once more that ravishing sonata."

"Thou dost deserve to hear it and thou shalt," said Giuseppe, "since thou hast a soul so capable of enjoying it. Therefore, on the morrow I will be here at sunset and if the shadows of twilight do not make a coward of thee, I will strive to play to thee so well that even the devil himself shall have no cause to be ashamed of his pupil. But now farewell; there are clouds gathering yonder and I must hasten back to the city before the shower falls."

"I will show thee a shorter and a pleasanter path which thou mayest traverse in safety when thou wilt," said the page as Giuseppe was turning from him. "It leads this way and will bring thee through fragrant shrubberies and shaded groves to the very suburb of Padua; as I return to the palace I will point it out to thee so that thou canst not go astray."

Giuseppe readily accepted his guidance, and issuing together from their retreat they struck into a narrow path which became gradually broader as it wound onward through cultivated grounds, whose graceful undulations were beautifully diversified by wood and stream. It terminated at a fairy lake, from whose borders the eye caught a glimpse of the lordly palace, with its marble walls and glistening colonades, gleaming forth from amid the luxuriant foliage in which it was embosomed. From the end of this small sheet of water several paths diverged in different directions, and pointing to one of them the page bade Giuseppe follow it till it brought him to a ruined tower that stood alone on the skirt of a chestnut grove, through which he would shortly pass, and from whence he would descry the city lying immediately before him.

Giuseppe promised to observe his directions, and the sound of a hunting horn being at that moment heard, the page bade

his new friend a hurried farewell, and turning his steps towards the palace, bounded over a hedge of myrtle and disappeared.

Giuseppe lost no time in pursuing the path which Fabian, the page, had pointed out to him, and as he penetrated deeper and deeper into this labyrinthine turnings, at every onward step a new world of beauty was opened to his admiring gaze. To him the fair face of nature was always lovely, and every changeable aspect of her glorious features awakened rapture in his soul. And so he loitered on his pleasant path, chequered with glancing light and shade, pausing often to admire the view, as through some green vista he beheld the marble walls of the palace gleaming among the dark groves of orange and of ilax in which it was embosomed, or caught a glimpse of the blue Brenta, "winding at its own sweet will," between its shady banks, till the ruins of the old abbey appeared suddenly in view, reminding him that he was approaching the termination of his walk.

A single turret rose erect before him, moss grown and crowned with mantling vines, and around its base, covering the broad slope of a green declivity, there stood many a crumbling arch and broken pillar, beautiful in their decay, and indicating by the wide surface over which they were scattered, the extent and importance of the original building, of which they once formed a part. A dilapidated wall defined the limits of the former courtyard, in the centre of which a bright fountain still threw up its ceaseless jet of water, and again, in a diamond shower fell into a granite basin, over whose scalloped edge it trickled with a pleasant sound upon the green herbage below. It was a sweet spot, peeping forth from a grove of ancient chestnuts that nearly encircled it, and filled with breezy sounds, and fragrant odors exhaled from innumerable flowers, fair tenants once of the Brotherhood's well kept garden, but which now, untrained by holy hands, sprang up in wild profusion wherever the idle winds wafted their seeds, wreathing with gay chaplets the old gray columns, and crowning the broken archways with forms and hues of beauty.

Giuseppe's eye drank in with delight the rare loveliness of the scene, spread out like a living panorama before him—glancing joyously on verdant hill and dale, and misty mount, and following the course of the sparkling Brenta as it wound onward through a paradise of beauty, circling in its arms the distant city, that, crowned with dome and turret, rose silent and beautiful, like some rich painting against the glowing background of a lovely sapphire sky. "Twas distance lent enchantment to the view,"—at least so thought Giuseppe, though not in the exact words of the poet, as he remembered the populous and busy life that was ever astir within those walls whose softened outlines, bathed in the glory of that rich Italian sunlight, formed so quiet and beautiful an object in the landscape. He sighed at the thought that his home lay in the midst of those crowded thoroughfares, yet rejoiced still to feel himself alone with nature, whose sweet influence breathed a delicious freshness over his wearied spirit—wearied with its struggle between filial love and duty, and the strength of that absorbing passion which maintained over him such resistless sway.

Leaving against the pedestal of an old sun-dial which, although half buried in flowers, still told upon its disc the rapid flight of time, Giuseppe stood lost in reverie, with his eyes fixed sometimes upon the far-off vaine, and then upon the moss-grown tower, that alone of the ruined pile remained entire, when he fancied he saw a shadow pass before one of the narrow windows that appeared here and there, deep set in the rough massive masonry.

"Can that lonely chamber contain an inhabitant?" he murmured to himself, and with the rapidity of thought his fancy pictured the worn form and venerable features of the anchorite who might there have fixed his abode, when suddenly a white hand parted the ivy that screened the window, and then a face like one of Guido's angels was thrust momentarily forth, a quick glance cast abroad, and the fair head was withdrawn, the thick vines fell heavily down, and immediately the tones of a silver voice were heard carolling, as the songstress descended the winding stairs some stanzas of an old ballad that told the legend of the tower.

The melody itself, so rich and plaintive, would have held the music-loving Giuseppe a spell-bound listener, even had not a natural curiosity to behold the invisible singer prompted him, as the voice every instant came nearer, silently to await her appearance. The old sun-dial stood right facing, and at no great distance from the low postern, through which she must emerge from the tower, and a narrow well-trodden path diverged from it, traversing the ancient garden and court-yard, towards the palace. And there, fixed as a statue, the youth stood, as two females issued from the low arched door, and with light steps threading the path which wound close beside him would have passed on without perceiving him but for an involuntary movement on his part, which suddenly betrayed his presence and attracted their observation towards him.

A quick start betrayed their surprise at this discovery, and with a half suppressed exclamation they paused, when the elder of the two spoke for a moment in a low and earnest tone to her companion, then slightly hesitating, she advanced towards Giuseppe, and said gaily,

"Art thou aware, young stranger, that thou dost incur a heavy penalty by thy trespass on this holy ground, and were the old monks who once trod these walks yet living in their cells, I warrant me thou wouldst not escape without a night's vigil in Father Hugo's haunted tower, and the gift of a silver chalice for the altar to boot."

"Say at thou so, fair lady!" replied Giuseppe in the same strain of light badinage. "Since such are my deserts, then, and the reverend Fathers are not here to read my doom, I submit me in all humility to thy decree, whatever thou in thy wisdom mayest see fit to pronounce."

"We will study to be lenient since thou art so docile," said the lady, "and require of thee in expiation of thy offence, naught save a few brief touches on that marvellous instrument of thine, whose tones, if I mistake not, we have often heard of late—distinct and faint, and unknowing whence they came, have deemed them,

"this is but a poor instrument save in the hands of a master, and that I claim not yet to be, although my aspirations point to the time when I may stand beside Corelli, and share with him an equal meed of merit."

"That time is not far distant," said the lady, "if indeed it be not already arrived—for I have heard Corelli, and beautiful and flowing are his strains, but they want the soul of sweetness and of passion that in thine awakens every listener to rapture."

A bright glow of mingled pride and pleasure flushed the face and forehead of Giuseppe as these words of praise fell from the beautiful lips of the speaker; yet conscious how greatly they exceeded his desert, he said with a gay and ingenuous smile,

"Thy commendations, lady, so far transcend my merits that I must perforce discern the satire which lurks beneath thy honied words, and it teaches me a salutary lesson of humility, which I promise thee shall not be cast away unheeded."

"Now, by my halidom! thou dost wilfully pervert my words," said the lady with pretty pettishness—"for I meant naught like this—neither, I vow dost thou so understand it, since if thou wilt but recall the night of the Marchesa del Monti's *fete*, when thou didst bear away the palm of victory from the first performers of Italy, thou wilt confess that I have ample warrant for my words."

"And thou wast present, lady, on that night," said Giuseppe inquiringly. "I remember now," he continued, as she bowed assent, "I remember now, for how could I forget it, one among that galaxy of beauty which was my inspiration at the moment—one star more glorious than the rest, and now again I hail its light as it sparkles far above me, a cynosure of beauty in the heavens."

As he spoke the young man bent low before her who stood a living personification of ideal beauty in his path, though even while he offered her this homage of admiration, his roving glance strayed from her proud and commanding features to the angel face of the young girl at her side, who in her sweet unconscious loveliness, seemed formed to win all hearts and subdue them by the might of her gentleness.

"Is it in the schools of Padua, young signor, that thou hast learned to coin thy cunning flatteries?" asked the lady, an arch smile curving her ripe lip till it looked like the very bow of Cupid, bent ready for the flight of his most fatal arrows. "If so," she added, "thou art an apt scholar for thy years."

"Too apt, lady," he gaily replied, "to be outdone by one of thy tender sex in fair speech, for where gentle hands lavish gems, he would be an unscrupulous churl to render back aught less sparkling in return."

"It was in repayment then of that which thou didst receive that thou framedst thy flattering speech, and may not therefore be viewed as the spontaneous offering of thy sincerity," said the lady, a shade of chagrin, in spite of the bright smiles that veiled it, becoming suddenly visible on her countenance.

"Nay, by my faith! fair lady, the offering was from my heart—aye from my heart of hearts," said Giuseppe as slightly inclining towards her, he laid his hand with an expressive gesture on his breast; "yet, had I not drawn courage from thy kindness, I confess to thee, I would never have been emboldened to present it."

"Thou wilt prove ere long a learned casuist," said the lady laughing; "but all this time thou forgettest, wilfully I doubt not, the penance we ordained thee, and I so long to hear again thy music! Have I not raved of his sonatas, sweet Ianthe, till thou too art all but dying with impatience to hear them?"

"I trust thou hast, dear aunt," said the beautiful girl whom she addressed, and as she spoke a smile like the first ray of sunrise on a vernal landscape shed its light over her lovely face, giving an irresistible charm to its expression and heightened brilliancy to the exquisite hues of her complexion. Her voice was low and of a reed-like sweetness, and Giuseppe's eye lingered admiringly upon the youthful beauty, the elder lady seemed uneasy, and annoyed that another should divide with her, even the passing homage of the young and graceful student. But before she could entirely regain the attention which her vanity coveted, they were interrupted by the appearance of the page, Fabian, who was seen advancing towards them.

"He brings some message from my uncle," said Ianthe, and she went forward quickly to meet him, but returned almost instantly, followed by the page—

"My lord," he said, "desires the immediate presence of the Countess Bertha, and the Lady Ianthe, as some strangers of distinction have arrived at the palace, to whom he wishes to present them. Moreover, signor," he said addressing Giuseppe, "I am commanded by his reverence to seek thee out, which I was now on my way to do; but having found thee here, I need but deliver my message, which is, that thou present thyself at the palace to-morrow evening, where thou wilt meet many rare performers, among whom, as my lord bishop was pleased to say, the student of Padua would not rank the lowest."

"I am beholden to thy master for his courtesy, sir page," said Giuseppe, "yet marvel on what he grounds his golden opinion of my poor skill, inasmuch as it hath never been tested in his presence."

"But it hath, signor," returned the page—"once at the villa of a noble lady near Padua, and again this morning when he heard thy music and questioned me as to whence it came; so I told him of our rencontre, describing thee and thy mode of playing, and he recognised at once the student minstrel whom he hath long wished to meet, and sent me forth to find thee, with the message which I have but now delivered to thee."

"Truly, I owe thy lord hearty thanks for his good will and kindness," said Giuseppe, "but—"

"Nay, we will have no *but*s in the way of thy obedience to the lord bishop's commands," said the Countess Bertha, breaking gaily in upon the young man's meditated apology. "He brooks not opposition to his will, and ill looks a slight in return for offered kindness. What sayst thou, Ianthe, do I not counsel him wisely?"

"Ay, dost thou, sweet aunt," said the fair girl whom she addressed, and her voice sounded to Giuseppe like the low ariel tones of the wind-harp, when the light-breezes gently touches its strings. "And yet," she added, "with a lovely blush, 'I would not that thou constrain the young stranger over much, since he