

LA RABBIATA.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the German of PAUL HETSE.)

It was not yet sunrise. Around Vesuvius floated a broad grey veil of mist, extending to the left over the city of Naples and shrouding in darkness the little towns which lie on that section of the coast. The sea was tranquil. Upon that line of the bay, however, which is confined within a narrow cove running up under the lofty cliffs of Sorrento, the tranquillity was broken by the early operations of the fishermen who were about to commence their daily labor. Some, with their wives, had hold of ropes and were engaged in hauling boats and nets ashore that had been left in the water over night; others were preparing their skiffs, arranging sails, and dragging oars and masts from behind trellises, which, built deep within the rocky sides of sea-washed caverns, afforded places of security for tackle and fishing implements. Not a soul was idle. Even the old, who could no longer pursue their vocation upon the sea, fell into line with the crowd and tugged away at the nets and the boats, whilst here and there upon the flat roofs of the houses stood old women employed with their spindles, or occupying themselves with their grandchildren, whilst their daughters assisted their husbands.

"Look, Rachel, see our worthy padre!" said one of the old women to a little ten-year old child who stood by her side, twirling a small spindle; "he is getting into the boat. Antonino is going to take him over to Capri. Holy Virgin! How sleepy the dear old man looks!" Here she beckoned with her hand to a cheerful looking little priest, who, having just settled himself down in the boat beneath, was carefully arranging the skirts of his black coat upon its narrow seat. The fishermen on the beach paused awhile, in order to watch the movements of the padre, who, as he recognized them on either side, greeted them with a friendly nod.

"What's he going to Capri for, grandmother?" asked the child. "Have the people there no padre that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't be so silly," answered the old woman; "they have plenty of them—and the most beautiful churches, too, and even a hermit, such as we have not. But a gentle and noble lady lives there who once lived here in Sorrento; and she was very ill here—so ill that the good padre had to visit her often and take the host to her, because she thought she could not last over night. The Blessed Virgin assisted her, however, and she is hearty and well now, and able to bathe in the sea every day. When she went to Capri she presented a great many ducats to the church, and to the poor, and would not go, they say, until the padre had promised to come every little while, so that she might confess to him. Indeed, it is surprising to see how much she thinks of him. How fortunate for us that we have such a padre! He is as gifted as an archbishop, and is asked for by the very highest people of the land. May the Madonna always bless him!" Hereupon she made

another sign to the skiff, which was just about leaving the shore.

"Are we to have good weather, my son?" asked the little priest, looking doubtfully in the direction of Naples.

"The sun is not up yet," replied the lad; "with such a bit of fog as that it will make quick work."

"Row fast, then, so that we may arrive before the heat overtakes us."

Antonino grasped one of the long oars in order to push the boat out into the open sea, when he suddenly stopped and fixed his eyes upon the summit of the precipitous path which leads down from the little town of Sorrento to the margin of the sea. Just visible overhead, was the slender form of a young girl, hastily descending the stone steps, and waving her handkerchief as a signal to the boat. She carried a bundle under one arm, and her appearance betokened great poverty. And yet there was something noble in her bearing, even if it was somewhat unpolished, owing to the naturally graceful poise of her head and neck, and to the braids of her dark hair, which closely encircling her brow, answered the place of a diadem.

"What are we waiting for?" inquired the priest.

"There is somebody above there hailing the boat; some one who wishes to go to Capri—if you do not object, padre. We shall lose no time—it's only a young girl about eighteen."

At this instant the girl stepped from behind the wall which inclosed the winding pathway. "Laurella!" exclaimed the priest; "what has she to do in Capri?"

Antonino shrugged his shoulders. The maid approached with hasty steps and with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Good morning, *la Rabbia!*" shouted several of the young fishermen upon the beach. Further ejaculations would have followed, no doubt, had not the presence of the padre restrained them; and, again, the mute but disdainful way in which the girl received their salute seemed to act as a check upon further impertinence.

"Laurella," said the priest, in his turn; "good day—how do you do? Are you going to accompany me to Capri?"

"If you will give me leave, padre!"

"Ask Antonino there—the boat belongs to him. Every one is master of his own, and God is master of us all."

"There's half-a-carlin," said Laurella, without recognizing the lad; "if I may go for that."

"You can use it better than I can," muttered Antonino. As he said this, and in order to make room, he pushed to one side some baskets of oranges which he was about to take to Capri for sale, that rocky island not producing this fruit in sufficient quantities to supply the demand of its visitors.

"I will not go gratis," rejoined the maid, her black eyebrows contracting into a frown.

"Come, now, child!" interposed the priest; "he is a brave young fellow, and will be none the richer for accepting your little pittance. Step in," said he, reaching out

his hand ; "and place yourself here by my side. Look ! he has spread his jacket for you, so that you may sit comfortably—he did not do as much for me. But it's the way with young folks ! they'll be more thoughtful for a pretty young girl like you than for ten of us priests. Come, come, Tonino, make no excuses ! It's the will of Providence that like should cleave unto like."

Laurella in the meantime, stepping into the boat, and without uttering a word had seated herself, first pushing aside the jacket. Antonino suffered it to remain, and muttered something between his teeth ; he then gave a vigorous thrust against the wharf, and the little craft darted forth rapidly into the gulf.

"What have you in your bundle ?" asked the priest, as the bark glided along over the smooth sea, which now began to reflect the first rays of the morning sun.

"Silk, some thread, and a loaf for my lunch, padre. The silk is for a woman in Capri who weaves ribbons, and the thread is for another."

"And did you spin it all yourself ?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I am not mistaken, you have learned how to weave ribbons, have you not ?"

"Yes ; but as my mother now grows worse and worse daily, I could not be long absent from home ; and as for a loom of our own, we have not the means to purchase one."

"Worse ! grows worse, indeed ! When I saw you at Easter, she was sitting up."

"Spring is always a poor season for her. Since the great storm and the earthquake, she has suffered so much pain as to be compelled to keep her bed ever since."

"Pray to the Madouna constantly, my child, that she may intercede for you—maintain a cheerful and faithful heart, and your prayers will be heard."

After a pause, the priest resumed : "As you descended to the beach, Laurella, I heard them cry out to you, 'Good morning, La Rabbietta !' what does that mean ? It is by no means a pretty name for a Christian maiden, who should always be kindly disposed and humble."

The blood rose into the young girl's brown cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. "They make sport of me because I will neither dance nor sing nor gossip with them, as others do ; they might let me alone—I do not trouble them."

"But you can, nevertheless, be friendly to everybody. People may dance and sing, it is true, who have fewer cares ; at the same time, it is no less a duty for one who is afflicted always to speak kind words."

She turned her face downward, and drew her brows closely together, as if to conceal her black eyes beneath them. For a while they moved along in silence. The sun now appeared over the mountains in full splendor ; above the clouds which still encircled the base of Vesuvius arose its towering peak, and on the plain of Sorrento the white houses glittered in the midst of the green orange-gardens surrounding them.

"Has that artist never shown himself again ? the Neapolitan who wanted you for his wife ?" asked the priest.

She shook her head in the negative.

"He came at one time to paint a picture of you ; why did you refuse to let him do it ?"

"Of what use could it be to him ? There are others more beautiful than I am ; and then—who knows what might have happened ! He might have bewitched me with it, or have perilled my soul, or have brought about my death, as mother said."

"Nonsense !" replied the priest, earnestly. "Don't believe such silly stuff. Are you not always in the keeping of God, without whose will not a hair of thy head can fall ? and shall a mere human being with only a picture be mightier than the living God ? but you might have known that he meant well to you—would he otherwise have asked you in marriage ?"

She remained silent.

"And why did you refuse him ? a braver and a truer man there could not be. He would have provided for you and your mother better than you can yourself, with your little spinning and silk-winding."

"We are poor people," she replied, moodily ; "and now that my mother has been ill so long, I am sure that, at last, we should have become a burden to him. And, besides, I am not fit to be a lady ; if his friends happened to visit him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"What kind of talk is that ! Have I not just told you that he was a true and brave man ? moreover, he would have settled in Sorrento, and—well, another like him will not present himself very soon—or be sent, as it were, direct from heaven to aid you."

"I never will have any man, never !" said she, scornfully, turning away her eyes.

"Have you made a vow, or do you propose to end your days in a convent ?"

She shook her head in reply.

"People are not to blame who reproach you for your ill-nature, even if the name which they call you be not a beautiful one. Remember that you are not alone in the world, and that by your obstinacy you aggravate the illness of your poor mother and embitter the remainder of her days. What satisfactory reason can induce you to reject every honest hand that is extended to you, and which you and your mother might rely on ; answer me, Laurella !"

"I have a good reason," said she, in a low and hesitating voice ; "but I cannot tell it."

"Not tell it ! Not to me ! Not to your confessor, whom you have always trusted, and who means so well by you ! Why not ?"

She bowed her head.

"Come, child, unburden your heart. If you are in the right I will be the first to say so. But you are still young and know very little of the world, and at some future day you might regret that you had sacrificed your happiness for the sake of these childish notions."

She cast a furtive, suspicious glance at the young oarsman, who sat behind them, rowing vigorously; his cap partially concealed his brow, and he was gazing over the side of the boat upon the sea, evidently absorbed in his own reflections. Observing her glance, the padre approached his ear closer to hers.

"You never knew my father," she whispered, her eyes assuming a sad and gloomy expression.

"Your father, if I mistake not, died when you were about ten years old. What has your father—whose soul, I trust, is in Paradise—to do with your obstinacy?"

"You were not acquainted with him, padre; you do not know that he alone is the cause of my mother's illness."

"How is that?"

"He abused her, he beat her, and stamped upon her with his feet. Well do I recollect the nights when he used to come home angry. She would not say a word, but did everything just as he wished it. He struck her—I thought my heart would break! I drew the covering over my head and pretended to be asleep; but I was weeping all night long. And then, when he saw her lying upon the floor, he would change his humor suddenly, and grasp her in his arms and raise her up, and kiss her over and over again, so that she screamed as if he was choking her! My poor mother always forbid me ever to say a word about it. She has suffered so by his ill treatment that, although it is now many long years since he died, she has never known a well hour. If she should chance to die early—Heaven grant she may not!—I know who is accountable for her death."

The little priest gravely shook his head, and seemed to be in doubt as to what extent his penitent was to be justified. He finally spoke: "Forgive him, Laurella, as your mother has forgiven him, and banish that sad picture from your thoughts. Better times are coming for you, my child, when all these troubles will be forgotten."

"Never will I forget that!" she replied, shrinkingly. "And now, padre, you know why I will remain as I am—I will not be submissive to any man who may first abuse, then fondle me at his pleasure. If anybody should attempt to strike me now, or to kiss me, I can protect myself; but my mother dared not protect herself—neither against the blows nor the kisses, because she loved my father. I will never yield my love to any man who might be the cause of my illness and misery."

"You are indeed a child! You talk like one who knows very little about what happens on this earth! Are all men alike—are they all as your poor father was, subject to sudden caprices and gusts of passion; and do they all misuse their wives? Do you not know plenty of honest men and their wives, in this vicinity, who live peacefully and amicably with one another?"

"People have no idea how my father acted toward my mother," she continued; "for she would rather, a thousand times, have died than have spoken of his treatment or have

made complaints—and all because she loved him! If love must shut the mouth when one ought to call for help, and makes one defenceless against fiendish actions such as the very worst of your enemies would do to you, then will I never give my heart to any man!"

"I tell you again you are nothing but a child, and that you talk very blindly. But little parley will you and your heart hold together, when its time comes, whether you will or will not love! The notions that you have crammed into your head now will be of little service to you then!" After a pause, the padre resumed: "And that painter—could you think him capable of treating you harshly?"

"His eyes flashed upon me sometimes just like my father's after he had beaten my mother and seized her again in his arms to make up with her. Well do I know those glances! Any man who could look so might bring himself to beat a wife that did him no harm. Believe me, padre, I know something of this!"

After this she continued silent. The priest was silent also. He bethought himself of many apt sayings for Laurella's benefit, but he was prevented from giving them utterance, by the presence of the young boatman, who, as their conversation drew to a close, began to be somewhat restless. Two hours' rowing brought them to the end of their journey in the little harbor of Capri. Antonino took up the worthy little priest in his arms and bore him ashore through the shallow waves, setting him reverently down upon the sand. Laurella, however, did not wait for him to return to the boat to transport her in the same manner, but gathered her clothes around her, and with her clogs in one hand and her bundle in the other, she plashed nimbly through to the shore.

"I am to remain at Capri all day, Antonino," said the padre; "and you had better not wait for me. Perhaps I may not return until to-morrow. And you, Laurella, when you get back home, greet your mother for me. I will stop at your house yet this week. You mean to return before dark?"

"If I have a chance," replied the maid, pretending to be busy with her dress.

"I have to go back, you know," said Antonino, and, as he thought, in an indifferent tone; "I might wait for you until the *ave maria*; if you are ready by that time, it will be all the same to me."

"Do not fail to come," added the priest. "You should not leave your mother alone over night. Have you far to go?"

"To Anacapri—to a vineyard there."

"And I go to Capri. God bless you, child—and you, my son!"

Laurella kissed his hand, and dropped a farewell which the padre and Antonino were at liberty to share between them. Antonino, however, appropriated none of it to himself; he respectfully touched his cap to the padre, but refrained from looking at Laurella. When they had both turned their backs upon him, he allowed his eyes to wander

after the priest for a moment as he picked his way slowly and tediously over the narrow and rocky path ; he then cast his eyes in the direction of the young girl, who was travelling up the height, holding her hand above her eyes to shade them from the burning rays of the sun. Before she reached that part of the road which disappeared behind its protecting walls, she stopped for an instant to take breath, as well as to enjoy the prospect. At her feet lay the broad coast ; on either side arose the steep rocks ; the blue sea sparkled in the sunlight ;—it was indeed a view that deserved a moment's contemplation ! It so happened that as her wandering eyes fell upon Antonino's bark, they met the look which he had given her ; both made a sudden start as people do who try to veil motives which chance betrays by actions they would fain conceal. The maid, with a sullen countenance, resumed her walk.

It was about one hour after mid-day. Antonino had sat already a couple of hours upon the bench in front of the *osteria*, to which the fishermen commonly resorted. Something must have occupied his thoughts, for every five minutes he sprang up, stepped forth into the sunshine, and carefully surveyed the roads which led down, both right and left, from the two little island towns. "The weather is doubtful," said he, to the inquiring landlady. "It is clear now, but I mistrust the color of the sky and the sea. Just so was it before the last great storm happened, when I had so much trouble in bringing the English family ashore. You recollect it, don't you ?"

"No," replied the woman.

"Well, you will, at all events, remember it now, if any change takes place before night."

"Are there many people your way ?" asked the landlady, after a short interval.

"They are beginning to come ; but so far we have had poor times. If people mean to visit the baths this year, they keep us long awaiting."

"Spring came in late this season," rejoined the landlady ; "and what have you earned—as much as we have here in Capri ?"

"Barely enough to afford one maccheroni twice a week, if there were nothing to rely on but the boat. Carrying a letter to Naples, now and then, or rowing *Signori* out upon the bay to fish—that is about all. But you must know that my uncle, who owns the great orange-gardens, is a wealthy man ; and 'Tonino,' said he, 'so long as I live you shall want for nothing, and when I am gone I have made provision for you.' With this the winter is well over, with God's help."

"Has your uncle any children ?"

"No. He never married. He was many years absent in other countries, and when he returned, he came back with quantities of piastres. He has lately become the proprietor of an extensive fishery, and he has resolved to make me superintendent of it, to see that everything goes right."

"So you are already a made man, Antonino !"

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders. "Every one must carry his own bundle," he replied. He sprang up again, and turned first to the right and then to the left to renew his observations of the weather, although he was conscious that there was but one weather-point of any significance.

"Let me bring you another flask of wine—your uncle can pay for it," said the landlady.

"Only a glass, please—your wine here is fiery stuff. My head is already heated."

"But it doesn't get into the blood," she rejoined ; "you may drink as much as you choose. But there comes my husband : and now you must sit awhile and have a chat with him."

And indeed, with a net suspended upon his shoulder, and a red cap resting upon his curly locks, the comely landlord of the *osteria* approached from the height above. He had been in town to deliver the fish which the noble lady had ordered of him to set before the little priest of Sorrento. Seeing the young boatman he saluted him, and after having given him a cordial welcome, sat down by his side on the bench, and entered into conversation with him. His wife brought out a second flask of wine—this time genuine, undiluted Capri—which they were about to dispose of when the sound of steps upon the shore to the left announced an arrival ; they raised their eyes, and Laurella approached in the direction of the road from Anacapri. She greeted them slightly with a nod, and stood hesitatingly still.

Antonino sprang up. "I must go now," he exclaimed ; "it's a young girl for Sorrento, who came over early this morning with the padre ; she must be back again before night to attend to her poor sick mother."

"Come, come, now, it's a long while yet before dark," said the fisherman. "There's plenty of time to take a glass of wine ; wife, bring another glass !"

"Thank you, I do not want any," said Laurella, remaining a little distance off.

"Come, wife, pour out, she is waiting to be coaxed."

"Let her alone," interposed the lad. "She has a stubborn head ; when she is determined not to have a thing, a saint could not prevent her." Hereupon he took a hasty leave, ran down to the boat, cast off the line, and stood there awaiting the young girl's movements. Laurella once more saluted the hostess of the *osteria*, and then passed on with lingering steps toward the boat ; she cast her eyes about on all sides as if in the hope of discovering a companion ; but the strand was deserted ; the fishermen were either resting themselves or were engaged upon the water with their lines and nets ; a few women and children appeared within their cottage doors, sleeping or spinning, while the visitors to the island, who had come from the mainland in the morning, were postponing their return until the cooler hours of the day. She had not much time to deliberate ; before she was aware of it, Antonino caught

her in his arms and bore her along like a child to the kiff. He then sprang into the boat after her, and with a few strokes of his oar they soon found themselves upon the open sea.

Laurella seated herself in the bow of the boat, and partly turned her back, so that Antonino was able to see but one side of her figure. Her features revealed a more sullen aspect than usual. Her hair adhered closely to the low brow; the delicate, trembling nostril alone indicated the stubborn feeling which possessed her, while the full mouth was kept firmly closed. After they had rowed along over the sea in this silent mood for some time, she began to feel the power of the sun's rays. She brought out her lunch, unwound her handkerchief from it, placed this over her head, and then began to eat the bread which she had provided for her mid-day repast, having eaten nothing at Capri.

Antonino did not long remain an unconcerned spectator. From one of the baskets which, in the morning, had contained the oranges, he drew forth two and handed them to her. "There's something to go with your bread, Laurella—but you needn't think that I kept them back for you—they rolled out into the boat, and I found them as I was putting the empty baskets back."

"Eat them yourself, then; my bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in the heat, and, besides, you have walked far."

"They gave me a glass of water on the island, and that has refreshed me sufficiently."

"Just as you please," he replied, and he let them fall back into the basket.

Renewed silence. The surface of the sea glittered like a polished mirror, and the water was scarcely heard to ripple around the boat's keel. The white gulls, who build their nests on the crags of the rocky coast, flew noiselessly by in quest of their prey.

"You may take the oranges home to your mother," resumed Antonino.

"We have plenty in the house, and when they are gone I can go and buy more."

"Take them to her, with my compliments."

"She does not know you."

"You can tell her who I am."

"I do not know you either."

It was not the first time that she had denied him. A year before, when the artist first came to Sorrento, it happened one Sunday that Antonino, in company with several of his young companions, were playing *boccia* on one corner of the open square nearest the main street. Here the artist first encountered Laurella, who, bearing a water vase upon her head, was passing along unconscious of her attractions. Arrested by the sight of her beauty, the Neapolitan stopped short and gazed after her, though finding himself in the way of the players; a couple of steps farther on and he would have left the field clear. A vigorously driven ball which struck him upon the ankle remind-

ed him that this was not the place to indulge in absent-mindedness. He turned and appeared to expect an apology, but the young boatman who gave the stroke, stood firmly and silently back, so surrounded by his friends that the stranger deemed it advisable to proceed and thus avoid an altercation. The affair excited some talk among the parties concerned, and it was afterward renewed when the artist openly wooed Laurella. "I do not know him, she said, disdainfully, when the painter demanded of her if she rejected him on account of that uncivil fellow. This speech had also reached the common ear. Since that time, whenever she encountered Antonino, she could have had no difficulty in recognizing him.

And now they sat in the boat like the bitterest enemies, and the hearts of both beat violently. Antonino's usually good-natured countenance was flushed with passion; he dashed his oar into the water so as to sprinkle himself with the spray, and his lips frequently quivered as if about to utter fearful words. She acted as if she did not notice him; she assumed an unconcerned expression, leaning for a time over the side of the boat, and allowing the water to glide through her pendent fingers; she then untied her handkerchief and arranged her hair as if she were quite alone. A frown, however, still remained upon her brow, and in vain did she occasionally place her wet hands against her burning cheeks to cool them!

They were now full upon the open sea, and not a white sail was visible far or near. The island had receded in the background; the coast lay remote and trembling in the sunshine; not even a gull disturbed the wide-spread solitude. Antonino gazed about him. A thought seemed to cross his mind. The blood suddenly left his cheeks, and the oar dropped from his hand. Laurella involuntarily turned and fixed her eyes upon him intently, but yet fearlessly.

"This must come to an end!" burst forth Antonino. "It has already lasted too long. I wonder that I am not ruined! You do not know me! Have you not long been aware, when I passed you, like a madman, that my heart was bursting to speak to you? Why must you put on an angry face, and turn your back upon me?"

"What had I to say to you?" said she, coolly. "I saw very well that you wanted to make my acquaintance; but I was not willing to be a subject for people's gossip unnecessarily and for nothing. And as for taking you for a husband, that I would not do—you nor any other man!"

"No other? You will not always say so. Because you rejected the painter. Pah! you were a child then! A day will yet come when you will feel lonely; and then, capricious as you are now, you will accept the first best chance that offers."

"Nobody can foresee the future. Perhaps, I may change my mind;—but what's that to you?"

"What is that to me!" exclaimed Antonino, fiercely, springing up from his seat, and almost upsetting the boat. "What is it to me! You ask this when you well know

how it concerns me. Woe to any man you may take in preference to me!"

"Did I ever promise myself to you? Is it my fault that you have lost your senses? What claim have you upon me?"

"Ah!" exclaimed he, feelingly, "there is no contract—no lawyer has written it down in Latin and sealed it; but this I know, that I have the same claim upon you that I have upon heaven, after having lived the life of a true and honest man. Do you believe that I will calmly see you go to church with another, and let the girls pass by me shrugging their shoulders? do you suppose that I will submit to such mortification?"

"Do what you please. I am not to be frightened with any of your threats. I will do just as I please."

"You shall not talk long in this way," he replied, trembling in every limb. "Am I a man! Must I waste away my life, and let myself be ruined by such a heartless mortal! Know that you are in my power here, and that I can dispose of you as I will."

She gathered herself up, and her eyes flashed like lightning. "Kill me if you dare!" said she, deliberately.

"Things must not be done by halves," he continued, and his voice grew thicker. "There's room for both of us underneath the waves. I cannot help thee, child," and he spoke compassionately, as if in a dream; "but we must go down—both of us together—and now!" he yelled out fiercely, clasping her suddenly with both arms. Antonino instantly recoiled; his right hand streaming with blood—she had bitten it!

"Must I do what you will?" she cried, casting him off with a vigorous thrust. "Let us see if I am in your power!" Saying this, she sprang over the side of the boat and disappeared in the sea. In a few moments she arose to the surface; her clothes clung to her body tightly; her hair, loosened by the waves, hung down heavily over her shoulders; without uttering a sound, she struck her arms out boldly, and swam away directly toward the coast. The suddenness of the act seemed to paralyze Antonino's senses. He stood up, leaning forward, with his eyes fixed upon her form, as if he beheld a vision. He then appeared to collect himself, and, seizing the oars, followed after her with all the strength he could muster, while the bottom of the boat in the meantime became red with the blood that streamed from his wounded hand.

A few strokes of his oar and he was at her side. "In the name of the Holy Virgin!" he cried, "get into the boat. I was, indeed, mad—God knows how I got to be so frantic! My brain burnt as if struck with lightning from heaven. I did not know what I was doing or saying. You need never forgive me, Laurella, only save your life, and get into the boat!"

She kept on swimming as if she had not heard a word.

"You will never be able to reach the shore; it's more than two miles off. Think of your mother, Laurella! If any misfortune happens to you, she will die of grief."

With a glance she measured the distance to the coast, then, without making any reply, swam to the boat, and seized its sides with both hands. He stood up to assist her; his jacket, which lay upon the seat, glided off into the water as the boat careened, on account of the maiden's weight, while she skillfully and quickly swung herself up and clomb into her former seat. When he found that she was safe, Antonino resumed his place at the oars. Laurella wrung her dripping clothes and pressed the water out of her hair, and then let her eyes fall upon the bottom of the boat, where she noticed the blood. She gave a quick glance at the hand which was managing the oar, as if it was not wounded. "There," said she, "take that," reaching him her handkerchief. He shook his head and continued rowing. She finally stood up, stepped forward and bound the cloth tightly over the wound. She then grasped one of the oars, which he could not prevent, and placed herself opposite to him, yet without regarding him, ever keeping her eyes upon the blood-stained oar, and driving the boat onward with powerful strokes. They were both pale and silent. As they drew near the land they passed the fishermen who were engaged in setting their nets for the night. Seeing Antonino, they hailed him, and, as usual, sent an irritating compliment to Laurella, but neither looked up or uttered a word in reply.

The sun was yet high over Procida, when they arrived in the roadstead. Laurella shook out her clothes which had become quite dry upon the sea, and sprang to the land. Standing upon one of the roofs was the same old woman, spinning, who had watched their departure in the morning. "What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called out. "Holy Saviour! the boat is drenched with blood."

"It's nothing, *commare*," replied the lad; "I tore it upon a nail which stuck up too far above the boards. It will be all right to-morrow. The cursed blood has stained the hand, so that it appears much worse than it really is."

"I will come and put some herbs upon it, *comparello*," said she, "wait a moment, and I'll be with you."

"Do not trouble yourself, *commare*. 'Tis all over now, and to-morrow it will be well again and forgotten. I have a healthy skin, and a wound like this soon heals of itself."

"*Addio!*" cried Laurella, and she turned to take the path that led away from the beach.

"Good night!" replied the lad, without turning round. He then collected the things in the boat and the empty baskets, and took his way up the stone steps that led to his cabin.

Antonino was the only occupant of the two rooms in which he now paced to and fro. Through the open window, which was inclosed by wooden shutters, the cool, refreshing breeze streamed in from over the tranquil sea, and the solitude was grateful to him. He stood a long time before the picture of the Holy Virgin, reverently contemplating the halo of silvered-paper stars that adorned it; but it did not occur to him to pray;—what should he pray for now, since nothing

was left to hope for! And it seemed to him as if the day would never end. He longed for night—he was fatigued; the loss of blood had weakened him more than he was conscious of. His hand began to pain him severely, and he sat down upon a stool and loosened the bandage. The blood which had been checked, again burst forth, and around the wound the flesh was much swollen. He bathed it carefully and held it a long time in cooling water. When he drew his hand forth the marks of Laurella's teeth were plainly discernible. "She was right," he said; "I was a brute, and deserved no better. To-morrow I will return her handkerchief through Giuseppe, and then she shall never behold me more." He now washed the handkerchief carefully and spread it out in the sun to dry, first having dressed the wound as well as he was able with his left hand and his teeth. He then cast himself upon the bed and closed his eyes.

The full moon, whose rays fell upon his face, together with the pain in his hand, aroused him out of a partial slumber. He sprang from his bed, and sought some water to cool his throbbing pulse; while thus engaged he was arrested by a voice outside his cabin. "Who's there?" he called out as he moved to the door; he opened it, and Laurella stood before him. She made no reply, but stepped within. Removing a handkerchief, which she had thrown over her head, she stepped forward and placed a small basket upon the table and then drew a long, deep breath.

"You have come for your handkerchief," he said; "you might have spared yourself the trouble, for in the morning, early, I intended to ask Giuseppe to take it to you."

"It is not for the handkerchief," she replied, hurriedly. "I have been upon the mountains to find some herbs that are good to stop bleeding. There!" and she removed the cover from the basket.

"Too much trouble," he said, but with no signs of resentment; "too much trouble! My hand is better now, much better; and even if it were worse it would be no more than I deserve. What brings you here at this hour? If any one should meet you, you know how ready people are to talk—although, indeed, they know not what they talk about."

"I am quite indifferent to everybody," said she, earnestly. "I came to see your hand, and to dress it with the plants I brought, for with the left hand you will not be able to earn anything."

"I tell you 'tis unnecessary."

"Let me see to satisfy myself." Without further parley, she seized the hand which he could not withhold and removed the bandage. When her eyes rested upon the severe swelling "Jesus Maria!" she exclaimed, shrinking back.

"It's a little bit swollen," he said, "but it will go away in one more day and night."

She shook her head: "It will be a week before you will be again upon the water."

"I think I shall be quite ready after to-morrow. But it makes no difference."

In the meantime she had drawn forth his basin and re-washed the wound, which he allowed her to do as if he were a child. She then laid several leaves of the healing plants upon it, which immediately soothed the burning fever, and bound the wound with strips of linen cloth which she had brought with her.

"I thank you," he said, when she had finished. "And now listen; if you would do me yet one more kindness, pray forgive the fit of madness that possessed me this morning, and forget all that I said and did. I cannot account for it. You have never given me cause, indeed you have not! And you shall never hear from or be troubled by me hereafter."

"I have to ask your forgiveness," said she, interrupting him. "I ought to have made explanations to you in a better way, and not have provoked you by my stubbornness. And the wound"—

"It was your last resort, and happened just in time to restore me to my senses; and, as I said, it is of no consequence. Do not speak of forgiveness; you have been of service to me, and for that I thank you sincerely. And now go home to sleep, and there—there is your handkerchief, which you can take with you."

He extended it to her; but she stood still, evident struggling with herself. Finally she spoke.

"You have lost your jacket, too, by my fault,—and I know that the money you got for your oranges was placed in it. I thought of it only as I was on my way home. I am not able to restore the money to you, for we have not enough, and if we had, it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross which the painter left on my table the last time he saw me. Since then I have not looked at it, and I don't want to have it longer by me. If you can dispose of it,—it is well worth a couple of piasters, so mother said at the time he left it,—it would help to repair your loss; and whatever is lacking I will try to earn by spinning at night while mother is sleeping."

"I will not take it," said he, firmly, pushing back the bright little cross which she had drawn forth from her pocket.

"You must take it," she said. "Who knows how long it will be before you may earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and never will I set eyes upon it again?"

"Then cast it into the sea!"

"I make you no present; it is nothing more than what belongs to you—and is yours by right."

"Right! I have no claim on you. And hereafter when you meet me, do not look at me, so as to remind me that you remember how wicked I have been to you. And now, good night; and let it be the last time."

He placed the handkerchief inside the basket, and upon it the cross, and then shut down the cover. When he turned and caught a sight of her face, he started back in

fright. Great heavy drops coursed down her cheeks—she suffered them to have their way.

"Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed, "are you ill? you're trembling from head to foot!"

"'Tis nothing," she replied. "I will go home now," and she tottered to the door. But tears overpowered her. Obligated to stop and rest her brow against the post, she stood there sobbing loud and violently. Before he could reach her, in order to draw her back, she suddenly turned and threw herself upon his neck.

"I cannot—cannot bear it!" she exclaimed, pressing him closely to her breast as when the dying cling to life. "I cannot bear to hear you speak kind words, and go away from you with all this heavy guilt upon my conscience. Beat me! stamp upon me with your feet! curse me! or, if it be true that you still love me, after all the wicked things that I have done to you, take me, keep me, and do what you please with me—do not send me thus away." Violent sobbings again stopped further utterance.

He held her awhile speechless in his arms. "If I still love thee!" exclaimed he, finally. "Holy Mother of God! couldst thou believe that all the blood had left my heart through this little wound? Dost thou not yet feel its throbbings in my breast as if it would rush out upon thee? If you only speak thus to test me, or because you pity me, let it be so, and let all be forgotten. Never shall you believe yourself guilty toward me when you know what I owe to you."

"No," said she, looking up trustingly from his shoulder, and fixing her swimming eyes fondly upon his face; "I love you—and now having said so—I tell you that I have long felt and struggled against my love. I will do so no more! Meeting you in the street, I can no longer pass you by as a stranger. And now will I kiss you," said she, "that you may say to yourself, should you be in doubt, 'She kissed me, and Laurella kisses no man but him whom she would wed.'"

Kissing him the third time, she tore herself away, saying, "Good night, my dearest! sleep now, and let thy hand heal, and go not with me; my care is only for thee."

She thereupon rushed through the door and disappeared in the shadow of the wall. He remained for a long time gazing out of his window upon the quiet sea over which glistened the bright and twinkling stars.

The next time the little padre came out of the confessional after Laurella had knelt to him, he smiled to himself, and said, "Who would have thought that God would have so soon had compassion upon this wonderful heart! I reproach myself that I did not visit that demon pride upon her with more severity! But we are short-sighted mortals, and cannot fathom the ways of Heaven! I bow to the will of God, and trust that he will permit me to live until Laurella's oldest boy can row me over the deep in his father's stead! Ah, ha, ha, la Rabbia!"

A VADE-MECUM OF COLOR.

PART II.

Combinations of three or more Colors.—As in the case of two colors in juxtaposition I place together three or more, without reference to the exact quantity of each; though this, as well as their arrangement, is a very important consideration in a colored design. But as it is not my object here to enter into these questions, which would require full illustrations of each combination, I must confine myself as before to the mention of their general agreement. It is to be borne in mind, that when colors harmonize, it is not sufficient that they should be placed together without regard to proper order, nor should they always be placed in the same relative positions. Thus, the white, or the yellow, or the black, may sometimes be repeated between each as a ground; and others may have one color at one time, and a different one at another, next to them. There are also many cases where two colors, which do not accord well in juxtaposition when no others are put with them, may be made to accord by the introduction of one or two more; and even positive discords may be reconciled by the same means.

I have mentioned, in Part I., some of those colors which arranged in twos, or with one another, offer the most pleasing concords; and I shall now point out some of those which produce the most harmonious combinations with two or more companions.

1. Blue and red (or scarlet or crimson) and yellow (or gold). (See below, *Blue*, A 1 and 2.)
2. Blue and scarlet and purple and yellow (or orange, or gold) and black. (C 5.)
3. Blue and scarlet and yellow (or orange, or gold) with a small quantity of (bright) green. (B 2.)
4. Blue and scarlet and gold and white. (B 5.)
5. Blue and scarlet and white and purple and yellow (or rather gold or orange). (C 2.)
6. Blue and yellow and scarlet and white and black and orange and green. (E 2.)
7. Orange and blue and green and white and black. (C 9.)
8. Crimson (or scarlet) and yellow and blue and white and black. (C 10; see *Black*, C 1.)
9. Blue and yellow (or orange) and purple and scarlet (or crimson) and white and black. (D 3.)
10. Blue and scarlet and green and yellow (or orange or gold) and black and white. (See *Black*, D 3.)
11. Purple and scarlet and gold. (See *Purple*, A 1; C 1 and E.)

The orange here mentioned is a yellow, not a red, orange. Where scarlet is used instead of crimson, the quantity of yellow must be lessened; and where yellow is used instead of orange, it must also be in smaller quantity. Green too must always be in much smaller proportion than the other colors combined with it, and of a bright hue. Dark greens are only to be used in very exceptional cases, as accessories, or in particular positions. In the following list, I have only catalogued the colors, stating their effect when combined; their arrangement will depend on the design; and the agreement of each color with another in contact with it, will be seen in the lists in Part I.

Blue. (See *Yellow*, *Orange*, *Purple*, *Black*, *White*, *Grey*.)

A (3 colors).

1. Blue and red and yellow harmonize, if in proper propor-