

beloved by the object of his love with affection tender and intense as his own.

As soon as Idalie recovered some presence of mind, with passionate supplications she entreated Ladislas to leave her, to fly this solitary spot, and seek safety amid the crowded streets of Naples. He would not hear of this ; he gently remonstrated with her upon the unreasonableness of her terrors, urging how little probable it was that his passing *rencontre* with Giorgio at Gaceta could have awakened in him such a deadly spirit of revenge as Marietta represented. He viewed the whole thing lightly, attributing it either to the vivacity of Marietta's imagination, which had made her attach a monstrous import to some angry expressions of her brother, or looking upon it as some merry device which she had contrived, in order to frighten them ; and tranquilized Idalie, by assurances that they would shortly see her wild sister return laughing, and full of glee at the success of her plot. In this expectation two hours passed away, but still no Marietta appeared, and it had grown too late to seek another shelter, without exposing Idalie to the slander of evil-minded people. They passed the rest of the night therefore in the portico, Idalie sometimes pale and breathless, with recurring fears, and sometimes calm and happy, as Ladislas poured forth his tale of passionate love. His feelings on the contrary were pure and unalloyed.

Where Idalie was, there was the whole universe to him ; where she was not, there was only a formless void. He had an insatiable thirst for her presence, which only grew intenser with the enjoyment of its own desire ; and he blessed the fortunate occurrence that prolonged his bliss during hours which otherwise would have been spent pining in absence from her. No other consideration intruded. Blessings kindled within his eyes as he gazed upon that lovely countenance and faultless form, and angels might have envied the happiness he felt.

Morning came, bright and serene ; the sun arose, the ocean and the mountains again resumed their magic splendor ; the myrtlewoods and every minuter bloom of the garden shone out beneath the sun, and the whole earth was a happy form made