

beauty and wealth brought her many suitors from among the Jeunesse Dorée of Naples, and it was soon affirmed that the young Marchese Raffaello de Manzi was the most favoured of all. But just at this time, Paolo returned from Messina, and his adventures there and the critical situation in which he stood as a suspected patriot, became the prevailing topic of the day. The beautiful Giulia's interest in her former lover seemed suddenly revived; and on learning the efforts his friends were making in his behalf, she offered to assist them with any amount of money they required. Neapolitan officials then were by no means inaccessible to bribes, whatever they may be now; the Comte Deslandes' rich stores were skilfully used, and Paolo was released from surveillance, and declared a good and loyal subject of King Ferdinand.

It was a bitter mortification to Paolo when he found how much he was indebted to Giulia, and the wealth her faithlessness had given her, for his acquittal. But it was absolutely necessary that he should see her, if it were only, he told himself, to let her know that he intended making some arrangement of his property to repay her the sums she had advanced; and once in her presence the spell of her brilliant beauty and enchanting manners regained something of their old power over him. Never had she seemed so gentle, so sweet, or so much in love with him, and she very nearly succeeded in persuading him that it was for his sake more than her own she had wished for riches, and married the Comte Deslandes. Now that she possessed them, they would be worthless in her eyes if he would not accept them!

As she spoke, all that her wealth could do for Italy rushed on his mind. He never doubted that if he married her, he could have unlimited control over it; never dreamed that she would object to his using it as he chose. He forgot all her treachery and falsehood; he forgot his own truth and honour;—for the moment he forgot Carmina; and

before he left the villa, he was again her affianced husband.

They were scarcely married before Paolo bitterly repented it. Every day he saw more clearly how utterly false, selfish and worthless she was, and to add to his punishment—which he keenly felt was not greater than he deserved—he very soon found that she was wholly incapable of understanding or sympathizing with his hopes and projects for the redemption of Italy; and decidedly averse to her money being used in aiding them. Nor was Giulia much better satisfied. Her capricious fancy for Paolo—born of vanity, and the desire to win back a heart once hers, but which seemed to have escaped from her trammels, fled as soon as it was gratified; and when she found that she need not expect from him the easy indulgence of an Italian husband of the old régime, but instead those ideas of domestic purity, truth and honour, befitting a member of Mazzini's Young Italy, with the firmness and spirit to make his wife, at least, outwardly respect them, she both hated and feared him as a tyrant.

Having settled his business with the Jew broker, Paolo left the shop, and a little way down the lane came on a noisy crowd gathered round a man roasting chesnuts in a brazier or burning charcoal. Just as Paolo came up, a little old woman emerged from the crowd, munching the chesnuts she had bought, and he started as he saw before him the tiny weird figure, the ashen-coloured face, the silvery locks, and piercing black eyes of the wise Olympia.

She recognised him as quickly as he had her. "*Ah! Eccellenza!* is it you?" she said. "You seem surprised to see the old Olympia."

"So I am, mother," said Paolo; "it is long since we met."

"Time never seems long to the old Olympia," said the sibyl; "it is far too short, for all she has to do. Up and down the land, north, south, east and west, she must wander.