

**COLLECTION OF GERMAN
AUTHORS. VOL. 7.
L'ARRABIATA, AND OTHER
TALES; IN ONE VOLUME**

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PAUL HEYSE & MARY WILSON

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OF
GERMAN AUTHORS.

VOL. 7.

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IN ONE VOLUME.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

THE DEAD LAKE AND OTHER TALES . . . 1 vol.
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L'ARRABIATA

AND

OTHER TALES

BY

PAUL HEYSE.

FROM THE GERMAN

BY

MARY WILSON.

Authorized Edition.

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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L'ARRABIATA.



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L'ARRABIATA.
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THE day had scarcely dawned. — Over Vesuvius hung one broad grey stripe of mist; stretching across as far as Naples, and darkening all the small towns along the coast. The sea lay calm. But about the marina of the narrow creek, that lies beneath the Sorrento cliffs, fishermen and their wives were at work already, with giant cables drawing their boats to land, and the nets that had been cast the night before. Others were rigging their craft; trimming the sails, and fetching out oars and masts from the great grated vaults that have been built deep into the rocks for shelter to the tackle over night. Nowhere an idle hand; even the very aged, who had long given up going to sea, fell into the long chain of those who were hauling in the nets. Here and there, on some flat housetop, an old woman stood and span; or busied herself about her grandchildren, whom their mother had left to help her husband.

“Do you see, Rachel? yonder is our Padre Curato;” said one, to a little thing of ten, who brandished a small spindle by her side; “Antonio is to row him over to Capri. Madre Santissima! but the reverend signor’s eyes are dull with sleep!” and she waved her hand to a benevolent looking little priest, who was settling him-

self in the boat, and spreading out upon the bench his carefully tucked-up skirts.

The men upon the quay had dropped their work, to see their pastor off, who bowed and nodded kindly, right and left.

"What for must he go to Capri, granny?" asked the child. "Have the people there no priest of their own, that they must borrow ours?"

"Silly thing!" returned the granny. "Priests they have, in plenty — and the most beautiful of churches, and a hermit too, which is more than we have. But there lives a great Signora, who once lived here; she was so very ill! — Many's the time our Padre had to go and take the Most Holy to her, when they thought she could not live the night. But with the Blessed Virgin's help, she did get strong and well — and was able to bathe every day in the sea. When she went away, she left a fine heap of ducats behind her, for our church, and for the poor; and she would not go, they say, until our Padre promised to go and see her over there, that she might confess to him as before. It is quite wonderful, the store she lays by him! — Indeed, and we have cause to bless ourselves for having a curato who has gifts enough for an archbishop; and is in such request with all the great folks. The Madonna be with him!" she cried, and waved her hand again, as the boat was about to put from shore.

"Are we to have fair weather, my son?" enquired the little priest, with an anxious look towards Naples.

"The sun is not yet up;" the young man answered: "When he comes, he will easily do for that small trifle of mist."