

**ANGELO; OR, THE
PINE FOREST
IN THE ALPS**

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Angelo; Or, the Pine Forest in the Alps by Geraldine E. Jewsbury

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GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY

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THE INFANT ANGELO.

ANGELO;

OR,

THE PINE FOREST IN THE ALPS.

BY

GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY,

AUTHOR OF

"CONSTANCE HERBERT," "THE ADOPTED CHILD,"
ETC.

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TO MY NEPHEW,

STAUROS,

THIS LITTLE TALE IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE AUNT,

G. E. JEWSBURY.

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ANGELO;

OR,

THE PINE FOREST IN THE ALPS.

THERE was once a little boy whose name was Angelo. He lived in a village called Sallenches, amongst the mountains. It was a wild, lonely place; and the mountains around it looked fierce and rugged. A long way down below the village, there was a valley, where there was just room enough for a river, and a narrow road, that ran beside it, leading to the nearest town, which was some leagues distant. Upon the opposite side of the river, the mountains rose steep and straight, like the walls of a giant's castle.

Angelo lived with his grandmother, a very old woman. Her hair was quite white, and was turned

back under a cap; her face was dry and brown, like leather, and all over wrinkles; but her eyes were so large and glittering that you would have been frightened if she had looked at you. Although her figure was very thin and stooping, yet, when she spoke, it was in a loud, clear voice that was quite startling. She used to sit at her cottage door spinning. She was dreadfully cross and ill-tempered, and the children were afraid of her; for she not only scolded them if they came near her, and shook her distaff at them, but she used to mutter to herself, in a language they did not understand. Their fathers and mothers did not like her any more than the children; but they were careful not to offend her, for they said she was a witch, and they believed she could do them much harm. They also said she was more than a hundred years old. She was not so much as that; but, no doubt, she was of a very great age. She was not a native of the place, but nobody knew where she came from. So long as she was able to move about, she used to make journeys from home, to dispose of her spinning, it was supposed, but she never told any one what she