

**TESTORE: THE
ROMANCE OF AN
ITALIAN FIDDLE-MAKER**

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Testore: the romance of an Italian fiddle-maker by Pat Candler

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TESTORE



TESTORE TAKES THE CRIPPLE'S FIDDLE

From a drawing by Gladys Holman, A.R.A.

TESTORE

*THE ROMANCE OF AN ITALIAN
FIDDLE-MAKER*

BY
PAT CANDLER



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Music
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TO MY FRIEND

GERTRUDE WADE OF WESTON-SUPER-MARE

Who holds and cherishes the fiddle, 1707, so beloved by Carlo Giuseppe Testore of Milano, and which played so great a part in his life. Through a vision of this said fiddle I was led to secure it for my friend, though at that time I was ignorant of its existence, and did not even know that such a fiddle-maker had lived.

1821680

FOREWORD

TO THE READER.

During the summer of 1909, eight months after I had been led through a vision to procure the fiddle, 1707, mentioned in this story, and which was so named because it was completed in that year, for Gertrude Wade of Weston-super-Mare, there was vouchsafed to me dreams of its maker which were so vivid, partaking so little of the evanescent nature of dreams, that I was compelled to answer the call by weaving them into a life-story of Carlo Giuseppe Testore, fiddle-maker of Milano. These dreams, or visions, came at various hours, mostly after a heavy day's work, though during seven weeks' stay in The Hague, August to September, 1909, when I was free to wander alone, and at will, long hours, they, with other dreams of bygone centuries and people, became more frequent and still more vivid. Several friends, musical and otherwise, listened so

keenly to the narration of them that I was encouraged to hope that perhaps strangers, particularly lovers of music, and all art in its purest and highest form, would likewise enjoy this biographical story, the outcome of these dreams.

PAT CANDLER

TESTORE

PART I

CHAPTER I

My home was in Italy, and I loved it well.

I was a passionate, impulsive boy, nay, man, for at eighteen I was a man, a babe had lain in my arms, and I was a father.

The dates of the years of my life matter not, since this is but a story of one who has lived, suffered, and passed on.

Ah! my home. It was such a pleasant place, built on the slope of a long hill and surrounded by vineyards.

One room was my own. Its window looked towards the west, and when the sun sank low with his robes of splendour around him, I would drop my tools, and gaze at the glories of the sunset, my heart filled with the vague yearnings which none can express in words.

And oft, while thus I stood, the voice of