

**DI MONTRANZO; OR THE
NOVICE OF CORPUS
DOMINI. A ROMANCE. IN
FOUR VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Di Montranzo; Or the Novice of Corpus Domini. A Romance. In Four Volumes, Vol. II by
Louisa Sidney Stanhope

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LOUISA SIDNEY STANHOPE

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DI MONTRANZO.

A ROMANCE.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

DI MONTRANZO;

OR,

THE NOVICE OF CORPUS DOMINI.

A Romance.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

LOUISA SIDNEY STANHOPE,

AUTHOR OF

MONTRASIL ABBEY; THE BANDIT'S BRIDE; STRIKING
LIKENESSES; THE AGE WE LIVE IN, &c. &c.

This is an act so newly heard,
No gladly a confession of revenge,
That fiends themselves would start at the proposal.

112.

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1810.

DI MONTRANZO.

CHAP. I.

Who can relate the tale, without a tear?

DAYDEN.

.....
Blessed are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger

To sound what stop she pleases!

SHAKESPEARE.

“IT was on the eve of the Carnival, two days after my arrival at Venice, that, in crossing the Rialto, a stranger rushed hastily past me, absorbed in deep reflection: his pace was unequal; sometimes pausing, apparently subdued by feeling; sometimes

VOL. II. 3 hurrying

hurrying on, as though the very shadow of his own form was conjured up into a pursuer. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, I kept him in view, fearing lest misfortune had vacillated reason, lest desperation should drive to the black oblivion of self-slaughter. He perceived not my intention, although I followed him to the shore of the Adriatic—although, rendered bold, I ventured sufficiently near to catch the deep sigh, as it swelled his pent-up bosom. Witness, Heaven! it was not mere curiosity, but compassion, that induced me thus to purloin the secret of his sorrows! To a stranger, pride might have checked the tale of misfortune; from a stranger, the offer of service might have been rejected—I knew the inborn greatness of a Venetian soul, I pitied the internal struggles of a Venetian spirit. Poverty, my heart whispered, was the source of affliction; and, with exulting satisfaction, that source I determined to remove. Instantly I formed a plan of following the stranger to his dwelling,

ing. of gaining from report the extent of his embarrassments; and, with a privacy which might defy the studied efforts at discovery, recall him back to peace: but scarcely had the project gained birth, when a new field for conjecture was awakened; the breeze of evening wafted aside the dark cloak that enshrouded his form, and, by the help of the chaste moonbeams sporting on the undulating bosom of the Adriatic, I discovered the glittering ensignias of greatness. Still he advanced, and still I pursued; until a curved turning in the clift disclosed a small but elegant portico, extending its Parian pillars to the entrance of a villa, whose romantic picturesque beauties might have defied the pencil of Fancy to have surpassed: behind it rose a grove of cedars; while, on either side, the waving heads of the mourning cypress yielded to the balmy breeze: large spreading chestnuts expanded o'er the dwelling, beneath whose shade imagination might picture it reposing. The stranger paused; he folded

his arms upon his breast, and bitter was his sigh, as his eyes, wandering from window to window, seemed in search of some object to rest on. I concluded him to be some romantic lover, come to offer up his devotion at the shrine of his heart's idolatry; and, smiling at my own officious zeal, I was about returning to Venice, when I saw him bend his knee upon the sand, and lift his voice in denunciation. The accents were familiar to my ear—'Yes, he shall die!' he exclaimed, rising: 'Philippina, 'tis you and love decree it!—To-morrow, haughty maid, when yon expanse swells proudly with its freight of beauty; when the Venetian shores echo the sounds of merriment, and love's soft airs die on the ocean's trembling wave, you shall appease the angry tumult of my soul, and steal me into rapture: yes, to-morrow, ere the crested moon withdraws her rays, pride shall have reaped an ample compensation; nor fate, nor hell, a second time, shall blast me!' Again he folded himself in the concealment

cealment of his cloak, and, darting into a path which wound around the cliff, disappeared in a moment.

“ Musing on what I had heard, yet undecided how to act, I lingered on the beach, in expectation of the stranger’s reappearance; but no sound, save the monotony of the waves breaking on the pebbled shore, disturbed the stillness of the scene. One moment I was for returning, and alarming the vigilance of the inhabitants of the villa; the next shewed the impotence of the scheme, when the very name of the being against whom vengeance was denounced, was to me a stranger. Possibly the momentary frenzy of disappointed passion had given birth to a plan, the cool dictates of reason would overthrow; and, in this conclusion, I returned to my lodgings, determining, on the morrow, instead of embarking in the gondola of my friend, to take a solitary ramble towards the villa, on the shores of