

**LEAVES FROM THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
TOMMASO SALVINI**

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Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini by Tommaso Salvini

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TOMMASO SALVINI

**LEAVES FROM THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
TOMMASO SALVINI**



TOMMASO SALVINI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE.

LEAVES FROM THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
TOMMASO SALVINI



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LEAVES FROM
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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH

WHEN I was a little boy I ran away from home because of some fancied harshness, and three days later was found in a distant city and brought back by our old family servant. My father's bearing toward me after this escapade made a profound impression on me; for, instead of punishing me severely, he chose to pass my misdeed by in absolute silence. His kindness caused a complete change in my boyish character, and I resolved to be a source of trouble to him no more, but to seek in every way to gain his esteem and love. I remained with him a year after this, and I have the satisfaction of feeling that during that year I was scrupulously obedient and attentive to my duties.

My father saw that it would be impossible for my brother and me to make serious progress in our studies in the midst of the nomadic life that we were leading with his theatrical company, and he determined to place us at Florence with our uncle and aunt, and to send me to the Law School, and my brother to the School of Fine Arts. It was my father's wish that I should be a lawyer, and my brother a painter. Our uncle and aunt lived in the Via Romana, near the gate of the Boboli Gardens, and it was not pleasant, especially in winter, to walk on every work-day quite across the city from the Via Romana to the Via Martelli, and to the end of the Via del Cocomero (now Via Ricasoli). Our uncle walked with us, and from habit took steps of such great length and velocity that we trotted after him, panting. Occasionally, however, on account of indisposition or business, he had to let us go alone, and then we used to take our revenge. We would walk at our ease, and stop on the Ponte Vecchio to admire the goldsmiths' and jewelers' shops. I won't say that the pastry-cooks' shops did n't attract us too.

When ten years old I felt no leaning to-