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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1884.

PART I.

‘Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream,
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment-day.”
R. W. GILDER.

CHAPTER I.

“A face at once young, grand, and beautiful, where, if there is any melancholy, it is no feeble passivity, but enters into the foreshadowed capabilities of heroism.”—GEORGE ELIOT.

BETWEEN Genoa and Florence is one of the most beautiful bits of the far-famed Cornice Road. On leaving the superb city the railway winds through orange and pomegranate groves, along oleander hedges, across narrow valleys made by hills which are clothed in olive orchards and crowned by Italian pines. It rises and falls obedient to the dictates of nature, yielding to obstructions only to conquer them, and now runs by the foaming Mediterranean, and again crosses a sea-rent chasm at a dizzy altitude. High crags, pedestals for single trees, rise abruptly from the waves that dash against their base; while on some of the larger rocks castles are built, or gray-walled villages, with a bit of beach beneath where fishing-boats lie in deep colouring of red and brown. The people run out in peasant array at the sound of the engine-bell, and, on one of the first winter days in 187—, the inhabitants of the rocky