

ed the heart of Vincenzo, and vaguely suggested to him the idea of death. "If my friend, with a merciful and considerate deception has hidden the truth from me! If Rosalie should be no more! Ah dreadful thought!" His mind now reverted to the tears of the old servant, and he seemed to hear the voice of the departed maiden issuing from the depths of the tomb.

Vincenzo instantly fled from the house in which he had passed so many happy hours; nor had he even courage to turn and look upon it. He seized his friend's arm for support, but dared not interrogate him. The death of Rosalie had become for Vincenzo a dreadful truth, of which he was conscious, but feared to have the certainty. Two months he remained in the house of his friend without ever uttering a word, and taking scarcely food enough to sustain life. At length, having one day wandered into the cemetery, he observed a grave covered with fresh violets. Poor Stefano had just scattered these flowers upon the last resting place of his good and beautiful neighbour whose unhappy death it had been his lot to witness. Vincenzo questioned him, and the good man could conceal nothing from the despairing lover.

The next morning Vincenzo was missed by his sympathizing friend, and for a long time no tidings of him could be obtained. After many months, however it was ascertained that he had betaken himself to a deserted hut, upon the summit of the gigantic Legnone, where he spent his days in wandering about the rocks and snows of that bleak region, until mental and physical suffering had finally ended his miserable existence.

In his portfolio, which was afterwards found by some mountaineers, were carefully preserved the letters which it seems he was in the habit of writing every evening to Rosalie, the same as if she had been yet living to receive them. Should those letters ever be published, they will at least serve to show, how different is the real language of an impassioned heart from the cold style invented by romancers.



HINDOO CRUELTY.

LINGEE DORAJEE, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma, whose beauty equalled the lustre of the finest diamond.

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains perfection in India.

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight."

Yamma's prospects were bright in the star of Venus. In her tribe, women are treated with the greatest consideration: they act an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and, on point of personal freedom, they are under no restraint beyond that which delicacy and the customs of their mothers impose.

Such was the lovely Yamma, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S—. She had had accompanied her mother, in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden-house, which belonged to her father on Colabah.—They staid in the garden rather later than their attendants wished, pleased with cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees.—The golden banana, glittering mangoe, and imperial jack, attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of their silver bells, which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide. The raft was beginning to ply in the lower part of the channel but the carriage-road, along the crest of the high rock, was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams along its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour, with the flow from the ocean; and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw, with terror, that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming, and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries and wept, in pity, more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant, had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this dreadful, awful moment, Captain S— was galloping from the fort; and, hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course so the hackery saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Captain S— being exceedingly fond of field-sports, had ac-