

rough projecting points as she bounded from rock to rock, until she finally disappeared in the lake below. Alas, it would have been a harrowing spectacle for any human eye! And yet a mother was destined to sustain the horror!

She would have thrown herself down the precipice after her poor child, but Stefano withheld her by main force. With great difficulty he then conveyed her to Gaeta, where they remained until the corpse of the maiden was found, and rescued from the fury of the waves. The distracted mother, after bathing it with her tears, caused it to be transported to Domaso. The funeral rites having been duly performed in the little church of that place, it was interred in the cemetery not far from the shore of the lake, to which the maidens of the neighbouring village make a pilgrimage every year to scatter flowers upon her grave.

This unhappy event was studiously concealed from Vin- zzo. Receiving no reply to his letter, nor hearing any intelligence from Rosalie, he came to the conclusion that her mother persisted in her rigid prohibition. Youthful vigor and latent hope gradually restored him to health. As soon as he recovered sufficient strength, he determined, at whatever risk, to see the beloved maiden once again.

Circumstances delayed his arrival at Domaso until three hours after sunset. Finding it too late to go up to the village of Rosalie, he went to lodge at the house of a friend who was acquainted with the state of his heart, and not ignorant of the deplorable fate of the object of his affections. He was a man of prudence and discretion, and as such was held in great esteem by Vincenzo. Fearing that, if Vincenzo were at once informed of the sad occurrence, the blow would be heavier than he could bear, the kind host took an opportunity, during supper, to mention that Rosalie and her mother had gone to visit her father at Palermo, he having sent for her, on hearing that Vincenzo's father had refused his consent to the nuptials. Nor was this statement entirely without foundation; as her mother, unable to endure the sight of places and objects which constantly renewed her grief by reminding her of her beloved daughter, had removed to the residence of her husband in Sicily.

Vincenzo sighed deeply at this intelligence, but observed, that on the following day he would at least revisit the house where he so often wooed her who was dearer to him than life. Meanwhile he began to meditate a voyage to Sicily, and, as usual with lovers, in-

dulged in a thousand dreams of happiness to come.

Early the next morning, Vincenzo, in company with his friend, proceeded to the deserted cottage of Rosalie. Upon coming in view of the well-remembered house, covered with the spreading branches of luxuriant vines, he was seized with an unusual tremor, and his eyes overflowed with tears.

A little dog, which Rosalie had raised with great affection, and upon which he had bestowed the name of Fortunato, came out to meet him, wagging his tail in token of welcome recognition, but with pendent ears and a melancholy whine, which seemed to say, "Rosalie is no longer here." The old servant of the house was seated on the threshold. Her sorrow for the death of Rosalie was little less than that of the mother: for she had carried her in her arms when a child, loved her as a daughter, and was beloved with a filial affection in return. At seeing Vincenzo, she gave a sudden cry, and burst into tears. Vincenzo's companion motioned her to be silent, and covering her face with her hands, she made way for them to enter the door.

Vincenzo desired first to visit the garden.—It was then the beginning of March; a monthly rose was blooming there, in a vase which he had formerly presented to Rosalie. He plucked the rose, and bathing it with tears, exclaimed, "How often has Rosalie presented to me roses from this vase! It was the object of her peculiar care. But how much more fragrant were the flowers gathered by her hand!" Then seating himself upon an angle of the wall, extending along the eastern side of the garden; "Here," said he, "was the dear girl accustomed to sit and watch the road by which I came every second day to make my protestations of eternal love." He wept while examining these dear places and indulging these affecting recollections; but his sadness was tempered by that consoling confidence which hope inspires.

He also wished to see the little chamber where Rosalie passed her innocent nights.—The diminutive room was stripped of all its furniture, nor did he see even the little couch where her placid sleep had been cheered by the golden dreams of love. Upon the naked walls on one side hung a wooden crucifix, and on the other a picture of the saint whose name she bore. The gloom of the little chamber, formerly adorned with simple furniture and flowers, the silence which pervaded it, the sense of solitude and desertion, disquiet-