

"For more than a month, oh! Rosalie, I have been confined to the bed of sickness, a victim to my father's inflexible will and my inhuman destiny. I feel that in a few days I shall be numbered with the dead. Oh! Rosalie, if you have the least feeling of compassion, do not let your faithful lover descend to the tomb without an opportunity of bidding you a last adieu! My father has departed for Como, where he will remain for three days. There is no one with me but my kind and affectionate aunt.

"Pray, Rosalie, pray persuade your good mother to the most holy work of bringing you to see me. Will she deny this last consolation to one who is dying for having too dearly loved her virtuous daughter. If she will yield neither to your prayers nor mine, say to her that duty, and even religion, impose upon her this sacrifice. She may save from death—

"Ah yes! your presence, the mere sight of one for whose sake alone the light is dear to me, the mild beaming of your eyes, the words of sympathy and compassion—who knows but they will remove my strength, and snatch its prey from the yawning sepulchre?

"But at all events, I desire to see you. Yes, I desire, I must see you! I must press to my pale lips that dear hand, of which I am denied the possession. Death will then appear less terrible; and if you once more assure me of your love, it will perhaps enable me to wait with tranquility, the awful moment of dissolution."

What were the feelings, what the agony, of the wretched girl, on reading this sad letter! To embrace her mother, and to conjure her to comply with Vincenzo's request, and then to weep, and weep, and weep,—such was the part to which the unhappy one had recourse. How could the tender heart of the mother resist so many tears, so much sorrow? The despair and grief of Rosalie became so excessive, as to cause her mother to tremble, not only for the life of Vincenzo, but for that also of her daughter.

"Since you are so resolutely bent upon this visit," said the mother to Rosalie, "I am disposed to gratify you; but how is it possible to proceed to Monaggio at the present moment? Hear you not how furiously the storm is raging? Stefano, who has just arrived from Domaso, says, that even the courier from Lindo found it impossible to cross the lake, and was compelled to take the circuitous route by land."

"And we, dear mother, must take this same route; I know it is a long distance from here to Monaggio, nearly fifteen miles—but God will give us strength, my mother, and we shall save Vincenzo. Yes, my mother, we shall rescue him from death; it will be a deed of mercy, and heaven will reward you. I will tell him, that, because he loves me, he ought

to live, as his Rosalie would infallibly follow him to the tomb."

"I will do every thing in my power to please you, my dear child; but are you really aware how difficult and dangerous this land route is in certain places? Does not even the idea of passing the Orange Rock, in the midst of this terrible storm, fill you with terror?"

"Oh! my mother, my mother! is there any peril which can discourage one who loves, and sees the object of that love perishing? I shall walk upon the brink of that deep precipice not less securely than the young kids upon our mountain-tops. As for you, dear mother, you can have Stefano by your side; he is strong and active, and will safely sustain you over the most difficult passes."

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when the two females left their village, accompanied by their neighbour Stefano. They stopped a short time at Dongo, to procure refreshments, but Rosalie could not be induced to partake of them. At Rezzonico they made another short halt, and thence proceeded to Acqua Seria.—The heavens were obscured, the weather was tempestuous, and it was now nearly sunset.—The Orange Rock, formidable in the brightest hour, and most favorable season, was now rendered frightful by the raging elements, and approaching night. Again they started. A strange terror possessed the mind of Rosalie's mother, which made her shudder. She would have given every thing she possessed in the world to avoid attempting that fearful passage, but could not bring herself to disappoint her daughter by proposing to stop. The latter now that she was near her dying idol, seemed to become a different being from her former self. She no longer appeared to see, hear, or attend to any thing; she was not alarmed by the wind, the rain, the darkness. She seemed to be in a state of hallucination, and firmly to believe that the power of love could prevail over nature, and even death itself.

The mother, supported by Stefano, proceeded cautiously along the difficult path cut in the rocks high up in the Orange Rock. Rosalie, absorbed in her own thoughts, followed her, heedless of the peril. They had already passed a considerable portion of the distance, when a sudden cry froze the blood in the mother's veins. Turning instantly, she saw—a cruel sight!—saw Rosalie, whose foot had slipped in the most dangerous pass, precipitated headlong down the dread abyss. No power on earth could now save the falling girl. Her tender limbs were torn and bruised by the