

stance:—One young man, as I have related above, and one only, had visited her in prison—led thither, for he was unacquainted with her, merely by the generous wish to prove his entire belief in her innocence.

This young man left the village suddenly, soon after Rosalie's acquittal took place, after having, for some time, appeared disturbed in mind. A few weeks subsequent to his departure, he informed his relations that he should return no more, having left France for America. It was instantly reported and believed that he and Rosalie had secretly been lovers and accomplices in the murder; that when she had received her legacy she had refused to marry him, and that he had gone away in order to conquer an unsuccessful attachment, and also to avoid all chance of detection: This event put the finishing stroke to poor Rosalie's misfortunes. She was now almost universally shunned; and even her father, when he witnessed her sorrow at the young man's mysterious departure—the effect of gratitude merely—was sometimes induced to believe it was the result of self-upbraiding.

'And is it possible,' said Rosalie, 'that you can think him a murderer, and me his accomplice?'

'Why no—not positively so; but appearances are strong against you both.'

The truth was, that, having repeatedly admitted to his wife the possibility of Rosalie's guilt, he had tried to reconcile his weakness to his conscience, by believing that he might have admitted a truth.

And it was a father whom she tenderly loved, her only earthly hope, who had thus spoken to her! It was almost more than the poor Rosalie could bear—but she remembered that she had a father in heaven, and was comforted.

To remain where she was, was now impossible, nor could her step-mother allow her to stay, as she was told it would be a disadvantage to her own daughters, if she harboured such a creature: Accordingly Rosalie was told that she must seek a distant home.

This was now no trial to her. Her father had owned that he thought she might be guilty—she therefore wished to fly even from his presence. But whither shall she go? There was one friend who would, as her father thought, receive her for her poor mother's sake, even in her degraded state, and to her care, by a letter which she was to deliver herself, her father consigned her. Nothing now remained, but to take as affectionate a farewell of her kindred as might be permitted her—to visit the grave of her mother and her friend, breathe her last prayer beside them, and take her place in the Diligence which was to bear her far from her native village, in order to remain an exile from her home—till He, who is able to bring "light out of darkness," should deign to make manifest her innocence. She was going to a small town in Burgundy; and it was with a beating heart that the injured girl quitted the Diligence, and, with her little bundle, asked where her mother's friend resided. The question was soon answered, and the residence pointed out; but she had the pain of hearing that she was dead, and had even been buried some days. However, she found that her son-in-law and his wife were at the house, and she ventured thither. But no sooner had the master and mistress, in her presence, read the letter together, than they both changed colour, and with an expression of aversion in their countenances, declared that, under her circumstances, they could not admit her into their family; and Rosalie, in silence and in sorrow, turned from the door. Whither should she go now? The evening was then far spent—therefore, for that night, she hired a bed at a small guinguette, or ale house. In the morning she decided on quitting the town, and proceeding on foot to the next village, lest those who had denied her entrance into their house should prejudice the townsfolk against her. Accordingly, she set off quite early in the morning, and arrived, after a few hours, at so pretty a village, that she resolved to stay there, and, if possible, hire a small