

shall know the truth of this; it is essential that you should appear innocent in her eyes. Your conscience cannot reproach you; an involuntary act is not a crime, but if you remain in Venice, guilty or not, you cannot escape the inflexible tribunal of the inquisition. Go, then, Gaetano, and hope for better times, confide in my friendship, and doubt not all will yet be well.'

"Persuaded by his words, but more by the train of events, I consented. My only desire was, that I should say farewell to my father; but this Manfredi would not yield to. Not a moment was therefore lost; all was quickly prepared for my journey, and his valet and two gondoliers, men, brave and determined, engaged themselves for my safety. Manfredi wished to attend me to the gondola, but feeling he had already compromised himself too much, I declared, positively, that I would not depart, unless he renounced such an intention. All being ready, we descended in silence the stairs of the palace, and parted with a deep and mutual embrace; we wept, we could not speak—but we felt our hearts beating against each other, a more eloquent testimony of friendship, than all the language of the lips.

"In the gondola I found arms, and a purse, containing a thousand sequins. It took but a short time to thread the canals, and darkness still reigned, when I landed not far from Mest्रो, near to which, on the main road to Treviso, Manfredi possessed a country villa, where I was immediately conducted by Domenico, the faithful valet. An old and faithful steward was the only inhabitant, and to him, Domenico communicated the order of his master, which was, that he should provide me instantly with a horse, to convey me to Vincennes. The honest Domenico would accept of no recompense, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail upon him to receive twenty-five sequins to divide among the two brave gondoliers, who had striven so nobly to preserve me.

"A few hours after their departure, I obtained from the old steward, the habit of a peasant, and mounting my steed, took the road for the Alps, the foot of which, I reached on the second day of my journey, where, leaving my horse, and engaging a place in a carriage on its return to Valteline, easily gained the little town of Chiavenna. There I took a guide to conduct me into Switzerland.—From thence I followed the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and at last, departed for the capital of France.

"Since my departure from Venice, I had

been ignorant of what had transpired, and was a complete prey to sorrow and suspense. One day, to my great delight, I encountered a young Venitian in the streets of Paris, who had come thither to complete his studies, and from him, I learned that the Quarantine tribunal had condemned me to death, with the confiscation of my present wealth, and all that should hereafter descend to me. I was also informed that Emilia had expressed her determination never to espouse my rival, and received the consent of her father to enter a convent.

"Finding that I dare not return to Venice I resolved to place myself under the principal philosophers of the French capital. and by study, dissipate, in some degree, my melancholy reflections. Although, by the laws of the republic, my father was forbidden to assist me, yet he, nevertheless, contrived that I should receive a sufficient sum for my support. For three years did I thus exist, when I received the news of his death, with the intelligence that his property had been seized upon by the government. Thus circumstanced, I was comparatively destitute in the world, and resolved to seek a living in some less luxurious city, than that of Paris. With this resolution, I departed for Milan, and there found support, by assisting in its university. One morning as I was hurrying along the Servian Place, the common promenade of the Milanese, feeling myself somewhat fatigued, I seated myself on one of the benches with which it abounds.—On the same was seated a woman, whose dress and appearance bespoke her of the common order. In regarding her, it struck me that her face was familiar to me, but when or where I had seen her, I could not recollect. I observed, also, that from time to time, she seemed to examine my features minutely. Suddenly a ray of remembrance flashed across my brain.

"'If I mistake not, it is Bianca that I see,' I said to her.

"'Are you not Gaetano Fiorello?' she cried in return.

"In short, it was Bianca, once the female confidante of Emilia. Since our separation, six years had passed over her head and mine, and many changes had taken place with us both. You may therefore easily judge how many questions we had to ask of each other, and how interesting was our conversation.

"'Emilia! Emilia! lives she?' was the first question which tremblingly I addressed to Bianca.

"'I have quitted Venice these two years,'