

hesitantly took his leave; but not until he had learned from Rosalie's own lips, that her pious mother usually conducted her to the very ancient church of Gravedona on the first Sabbath of every month. This discovery, by affording the certainty of again beholding the lovely maiden, alleviated his sorrow at parting.

Men who have been coarsely reared, and from a state of destitution have acquired wealth, ordinarily feel the value of a good education more than others. Vincenzo's father, who was one of these, had determined that nothing should be wanting in the education and accomplishment of his son. Possessor of a large and constantly increasing fortune, it was his ardent desire, that Vincenzo should emerge from the class in which he was born, and his proud hopes aspired even to a noble alliance for his son. The youth, however, of a philosophical disposition, and naturally inclined to the softer affections and sympathies, fed his well-regulated mind with no vain aspirations.

When the desired Sabbath arrived, Vincenzo was seen in his light bark at an early hour, crossing the banks towards Gravedona. After waiting a long time at the church, he at length discerned the approaching maiden, whose face became suffused with a modest blush on seeing him again.

I will not undertake to narrate their conversation, nor how Vincenzo obtained the mother's permission to visit the humble dwelling. The course of these events may be easily imagined by the reader. I will only say, that through the year subsequent to this interview, Vincenzo crossed the lake to Domaso every alternate day, generally returning to Monaggio in the evening. Love was the pilot of this little bark, Hope led him forth, and Memory cheered his return. Rosalie's ingenuous manners, her affectionate heart, and the brightness of her cultivated intellect, had so fascinated the youth, that he firmly believed he should have loved her with an affection no less ardent, even had she not been, as she was, adorned with singular beauty.

Conscious that his affection was reciprocated with equal fervor, Vincenzo began to take measures for the accomplishment of a union so much desired. The mother of Rosalie was authorized by her husband to dispose of the daughter's hand, and her consent was obtained. But the steady refusal of Vincenzo's father opposed an insuperable obstacle to the marriage. The tears and entreaties of the youth were lost upon the proud and ambitious old man, who obstinately persisted in forbid-

ding what he considered an unequal alliance. At length, in reply to his son's continued solicitations, the father angrily exclaimed, "It was not to enable you to marry a peasant girl, that I have endured so many fatigues in amassing wealth; nor was it that you might ally yourself with the plough, that I have caused you to be so delicately reared."

Aware of the ambitious views of his proud father, Vincenzo had feared that he should find him at first opposed to his wishes; he had, nevertheless, hoped that he would finally yield to his tears and supplications. But this inexorable repulse came upon him like a thunder-bolt. Stunned by the blow, he repaired to Rosalie's mother for sympathy and advice.

"My daughter," replied the discreet mother, "can never become your wife against your father's will. I feel for you, Vincenzo, and yet more do I compassionate my poor daughter, who may not have strength to sustain this cruel intelligence. But honor and maternal duty alike compel me to say to you, that from this day, you must see Rosalie no more, except to offer her your hand with your father's consent. You are too considerate, not to be willing to submit to this indispensable requirement."

At this moment the daughter entered. Vincenzo had not courage to speak to her, but, pressing her hand, burst into tears. Rosalie, at once divining the meaning of these tears, fell to the earth in a swoon. Her mother took her in her arms, and motioned Vincenzo to depart. The latter returned to his father, threw himself at his feet, and solemnly assured him, that, by prohibiting these nuptials, he would destroy his only son. But the vain plebeian, unchangeable in his purpose, coldly replied by directing him to prepare for an immediate journey to Milan, whence he should not return until he had eradicated this unworthy passion from his breast.

His grief at seeing himself deprived of every hope of possessing Rosalie, the severe but just prohibition of her mother, his unwillingness to depart; and, in fine, the struggle of love, anger and despair in his bosom, so wrought upon the unhappy youth, that he took to his bed with a raging fever.

Forty days had passed since the afflicted Rosalie had obtained any tidings of Vincenzo. When one morning she received the following letter, in which she recognized the characters of her lover, though traced with a trembling hand.