

THE ORANGE ROCK.

THE lake of Como, the most delightful of all the lakes at the foot of the Alps, is surrounded by mountains, eight or nine thousand feet high, descending towards the lake, and generally terminating in hills resembling terraces.—Near Nobialo, however, the mountain extends its long chain of high and precipitous rocks quite into the lake. The name of Orange Rock has been given to this mountain, in consequence of the orange colour which the rocks derive from the presence of large quantities of iron ore. The road, which conducts the traveller from Italy into Germany, runs along these rocks at a great elevation above the waters of the lake. It is so narrow, that it can be traversed only by pedestrians, and in some places so dangerous, that a single false step is inevitable destruction. A body of Russian troops, attached to the army of Bellegarde, were compelled to attempt this difficult pass; but a large portion of those Scythian adventurers miserably perished in the lake beneath, or upon the rocks projecting into the intermediate space. A disaster of later occurrence, however, has given a more painful interest to this locality, the narration of which is calculated to excite the deepest sympathies of our nature. The following is a translation of the story as it appeared in an Italian publication, for which it was furnished by the curate of Monaggio, a man of undoubted veracity.

A small village upon the Alps, above Domaso, was the birth-place of Rosalie. At the age of sixteen, resplendent with health, beauty, and youthful spirits, she was the pride of her native village, and the envy of all the maidens of the three neighbouring parishes. Her mother, who had enjoyed the advantages of a city residence in her earlier years, had taught her many accomplishments; and a maternal uncle, a professor of belles lettres in Perugia, had cultivated her mind with great assiduity.

In accordance with the usage of the neighbourhood, she wore a dress of woollen stuff, cut after the fashion of the Capuchins. This singular apparel, used in Sicily by certain devotees of the Saint from whom the maiden derived her name, had been introduced thence by inhabitants of those mountains, who have long been in the habit of repairing to that island for employment. But the belt of polished leather, with which Rosalie confined her robe about her waist, was always bright, and fastened with a buckle of burnished silver. The collar which fell over her well-formed shoul-

ders, and covered her bosom, was of snowy whiteness, and added to the youthful vivacity of her appearance.

Her father led an honest and laborious life in Palermo, where he consoled himself with the hope of returning in a few years to his native hills, to enjoy in the bosom of his delightful family, the fruits of his labour and economy. Rosalie and her mother attended to the cultivation of a beautiful little farm, which had belonged to their family for something like three centuries. The innocence of her life added lustre to the charms of the delicate girl.

A much-frequented fair is held once a year at Gravedona. Among the youths who attended this fair in 1805, for the purpose of amusement, and not for business, Vincenzo

* * * was by far the handsomest. He was a native of Monaggio, a considerable village upon the opposite shore of the lake, and was the only son of a man, who, from a pedlar, had accumulated great wealth by the dishonest means of contraband trade. Vincenzo saw Rosalie as she was negotiating the purchase of some ribands, and was much struck with her pleasing appearance, perhaps her singular dress, although neither unknown nor new to him, contributed to attract his delighted gaze. He followed her through the crowd for a long time admiring her graceful carriage, and that beautiful form which was but ill concealed by her claustral dress. At length she and her mother left Gravedona for Domaso, and still he followed her. Although not generally timid, he was so much awed by the modest demeanor and commendable reserve of the maiden, that he kept at a respectable distance without daring to address her.—Fortune came to his aid, however, and gave him an opportunity to interpose himself between her and an enraged animal, which she encountered in the way. This enabled him to make her acquaintance, and obtain permission of both mother and daughter to escort them home.

Who can portray the blessedness of those moments when virtuous love first dawns in youthful hearts? The dangerous service rendered by her deliverer, awakened, in Rosalie, a sense of gratitude which was but the precursor of a more tender feeling. Her modest thanks were so tremulously spoken, and her ingenuous countenance beamed with such evident sincerity and kindness, that the enraptured youth dissembled not when he declared this the happiest event of his life.

Upon their arrival at Domaso, Vincenzo re-