

to hear something interesting. At length a man recognised her; he was one of the sailors with whom Renzo had at first been associated.

— Tonia, he cried, from as far as he saw her, Tonia, my pretty child, how red are your eyes ! you have cried a great then ?

— Alas ! yes, Monsieur Philippe, and I am very anxious on account of,..... you know who I mean.

— Yes, yes ! I know what you would say ; but take courage, he is saved, I have seen him with my own eyes, scarcely a quarter of an hour ago, and I should not be surprised if he were now at your mother's.

Tonia could not contain an exclamation of joy. Lighter than a fawn, she ran in the direction of her mother's hut, and scarcely had she commenced climbing the steep and narrow path that led us hither this morning, when she perceived her lover slowly dragging herself from rock to rock, pale, breathless and with his dress in disorder. On hearing the young girl's voice he stopped, and Tonia arriving at that moment drew back in affright on seeing the change that had taken place in the young sailor. His features were distorted, his wild look and contracted brow announced the deepest despair :

— All is consumed, Tonia ! said he in a dismal tone, after a long silence.

— Renzo, how happy I am to see you again !

— All is over, I tell you !....no more hope !....death, and death alone !

— What do you say of death ? why do you say all is lost, when you are saved ?

— You know not then ? that I have lost all ! The sea rejected my body as useless prey....but has kept all the rest.

— Poor Renzo, have you saved nothing ?

— Nothing ! boat, baskets, provisions, clothes....all has been swallowed up, broken and destroyed.