

repaired to the garden where he knew the boy loved to walk.

Pedro, who since the death of his former master had attached himself to the family of Monte-Calvo, took a torch and accompanied the count into the garden.

"Rodrigo, my child! where art thou?" the old man cried, but echo alone replied to his plaintive voice.

He became alarmed and went hastily to the arbor situated at the extremity of the garden. There he perceived Rodrigo lying on a bank apparently sleeping. He approached and rebuked him tenderly for his absence.

"Awake, my son, awake!" said he, "why dost thou sleep thus in the open air? The night-dew may be fatal in thy present state of health."

But Rodrigo stirred not. Don Fernando took his hand, and addressing Pedro:

"Come hither," said he, "with the light."

Pedro obeyed weeping: he suspected the terrible truth.

Seeing the pale inanimate face of his son, and touching his icy limbs, the unfortunate father was struck with consternation. He raised the drooping head and pressed it to his bosom as if to warm it again by his caresses.

"My son! my Rodrigo!" he cried in piteous tones, "awake, I implore thee!—answer thy father!"

Rodrigo answered not: he slept the last sleep; the angel of death had passed that way and closed his eyes forever.

When Pedro tried to lift him up, Don Fernando saw a collar fall from his lifeless hands: it was that which had been worn by Louis on the day of his death. This mute evidence proved