

his wife fell with the weight of a mountain of lead upon the heart of Charles Osborne. He refused all sustenance, nor could he hold communication with any person; fears were entertained therefore that he would in the exuberance of his sorrow, lay violent hands upon himself, and every article which might have been made capable of facilitating such a purpose, was carefully removed from his cell.—The sentry placed at the entrance of his prison, had orders to call him every half hour during the night, and in case he received no answer, to acquaint the serjeant of the guard, who was instantly to proceed to his cell.—Such was the state of affairs, when one morning after the burial of Mrs. O.—which melancholy task I had undertaken to see performed—I went to the place where the young and afflicted widower was confined. There, stretched upon a few withered cane-tops, lay the unfortunate victim of tyranny and oppression, alas! sad was the havoc made by the ravages of grief and confinement upon his once handsome countenance, in those few short days. When I last saw him to converse with him, he was the picture of health, blest in the society of his affectionate and beloved wife, happy in the innocent prattle of his lovely child; what was he now? A doomed felon, but barely escaped the awful penalty of death, and for what? for attempting to save his wife from dishonour—his child from misery. Now deprived by the hand of the destroyer, of her he adored, and that lovely infant of her angelic mother. Ah! how much did his case resemble my own, how did I feel for his misfortunes at that moment, and how did I hate his cruel and unfeeling persecutor, ay, in the bitterness of my heart I cursed him; may God forgive me for the sin of that moment. I could have wept as I gazed on poor Osborne's pallid features, which appeared calm and placid, his eyes were closed as if in slumber, an involuntary sigh escaped me as I continued to look upon the sad wreck before me. The noise startled him—he awoke—he stared at my commiserating countenance, and bursting into tears which he vainly endeavoured to repress, broke forth into the following exclamations, 'thanks! thanks! oh! ten thousand thanks, worthy sir, for this additional instance of your never-to-be forgotten kindness!' then as if suddenly recollecting himself—'oh! God,' he cried, 'what will become of my child, thus at one blow deprived of both her parents?'

"'Fear nothing for her, Osborne,' I replied, 'she shall be my care.' I received no answer,

and upon turning towards the unfortunate man, I observed with a feeling of alarm, that he had fainted. I instantly dispatched a soldier who stood near, for some water, and while he was gone, I pulled open the breast of Osborne—a small locket set with diamonds, suspended by a ribbon, fell from his neck—I snatched it up—I examined it—judge my surprise—picture my feelings as I beheld on one side a miniature of my long lost wife, and upon the other were sketched my own features as I appeared on our wedding day. I knew the trinket, it was a present to my beloved Isabella upon that eventful morning, indeed I remembered having drawn the miniatures myself.—I touched a spring, within was a lock of hair which I instantly recognized as being of the same raven hue as that which adorned her head. The entrance of the soldier with water disturbed the train of meditation which followed this discovery, and I accordingly began to exert myself with the assistance of the man, for the recovery of Osborne—in whose fate the late incident caused me to feel a more than usual interest,—and after a few minutes, I had the pleasure to see him revive. I now narrowly scanned his countenance, the lineaments of which I had often gazed upon with a feeling for which I in vain endeavoured to account.—I mentioned to you, I think, in the opening part of my story that his features seemed familiar to me, and now, though pale and emaciated through long incarceration in a damp dungeon, I could plainly trace a strong resemblance to those of my dear Isabella. A new feeling now took possession of me, could it be possible then, that nature alone had prepossessed me in favour of this youth, and that I beheld before me, *my long lost son*? It must have been the miniatures, the extraordinary likeness, all, all assured me that Charles Osborne was no other than the child of whom I had been so suddenly and strangely deprived about twenty years before. But what had become of his mother? Ah! that was a question which harrowed up every feeling of my soul—a question which I anxiously panted to hear answered, yet, as the poor fellow appeared to be very weak, I resolved to suspend my enquiries for that period, and having taken a hasty farewell of Osborne, I left the cell and retired to my quarters."

CHAPTER V.

"*Jacopo Foscari.*—My father!

Doge.—My son, my son!" BYRON.