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*VIOLANTE ; A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.*

A CONSIDERABLE time before the inn on the summit of Mount St. Bernard had attained its present magnificent form, a stormy winter night led several travellers to seek the shelter of the small dwelling which friendly hands had erected on that spot. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and the company, which consisted of young men of rank, or at least of fortune, who were all more or less acquainted, having often before met on both sides of the Alps, gathered round it, to enjoy, over some flasks of old wine, the conviction of having escaped from serious danger. The inspiring liquor soon raised the spirits of the guests, and the snow-storm, which continued to drift against the windows with great violence, became the subject of laughter. The song went round, and every individual gave a specimen of the language and manner of his country, for which indulgence, or rather praise, was bestowed on him by the others, who, for similar communications, met with the same friendly return. This happy harmony caused, at last, the eyes of all to rest upon the only person who seemed unsusceptible of it. It was a young German nobleman, who thrust his discord into the cheerful chorus. Bernwald was his name, and he was known to all the company either personally, or by the favourable reputation which his manly character and noble manners had every where obtained for him. To press such a guest with indiscreet questions,

or to make his silence the subject of mirthful jests, was not deemed advisable ; but the wish to learn what had thrown the youth, formerly so cheerful and social, into this deep dejection, increasing in every breast, some of his more particular friends ventured to ask him, in a sympathizing tone, why he would not to-day enliven their joy, by sharing it.

Raising his head with an expression of mild sadness in his countenance, he seemed astonished to find the social rejoicing silenced, and the eyes of all present fixed upon himself ; he therefore, after a short pause, thus addressed them :—  
“ My friends, my melancholy aspect has interrupted your joy ; I feel that I owe you some indemnification for it ; will you accept as such the communication of the extraordinary circumstance which has cast this gloom over my mind and my countenance ? It cannot affect you so powerfully as it has affected me, who was partly involved in it, and who am most intimately connected by the ties of early friendship with him to whom this occurrence happened ; nevertheless, it may move your sympathy to hear how the delusions of the world brought destruction and grief on the noblest love.”

The company having expressed their approbation of Bernwald's proposal, he began as follows ;—“ Some of you have known the young Count Lindan, and have loved him for his worthy mind, his affectionate disposi-

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